

Word[†]

[†] Or, in one prose translation, True that; (which) that's that is underwritten in white.

And black: since Word, being a word, self-applies, Word says true to itself. Stays true to itself. Can climb itself out of range of anything else it might mean. Can survey a summit, see itself self-consciously seeing: itself at first, but (when the self-mirrored mise en abyme beams too bright, the light escapes and) then appear the downmountain views with alpine clarity: there is a World.

A World worn thinner than mountain air, by most ways the faithful profess their love of the(ir) (God's) Word. The Word they say came severally as words, then singularized. But if there is only one Word to say, who can say differently?

We see? / the mess // they wish? / away. The mess of talk and backtalk, reason and reason's releases, showing and telling and living: in sight of the cliff, that mute butte, with each of our names on it. The mess no amount of library evangelism will ever erase from library-book margins.

This footnote would like to apologize for being in the rain shadow Word saw, looking down, relieved to be for a few apical moments, wordless.