

Din & Sit: Cuts of Phi on *Sein und Zeit*

The As Is Near Hear Is As Again

Left-Handed Variations

Cuts of ϕ

Needles and Throne: A Haydigger's Song

Dinsitinson

Dnieper wrestlers run.
Emily Dickinson

THE AS IS NEAR HEAR IS AS AGAIN

noema		noetic
	<i>the</i>	
anomie		noesis
gnome		noumena
	<i>as</i>	
no me		physiognomy
chrysoprase		christian-raised
	<i>is</i>	
matter-made		mister maze
burden		green grass
	<i>near</i>	
bury 'em		the ass's ass
sophistries		chyroplast trees
	<i>hear</i>	
deathless eaves		the bees of be
one for all		a few have more
	<i>is</i>	
steal the sun		some have none
Iscariot		circumspect
	<i>as</i>	
mis-marry it		your bark is wrecked
dim nid nid nodding		list nil nil nulling
	<i>again</i>	
last fall fall filling		dine sit din drumming

LEFT-HANDED VARIATIONS

We care because we are.

It's not that things are are they:
It's the *are* not the *they*.

You need to die to be with yourself.

We care because we fear—

(chitchat doesn't)

and fear protects us from being in awe.

The flower is its bloom, is its postponed rot.

You are entangled if
you maintain

You are most in the world when you are dead.

if you contain,
you are entangled more.

The fall is being thrown—

a recluse has the universe no less

CUTS OF PHI

You know before you
know to ask. I ask that act
is one possible.
Is disclosure choice?
Is music understanding?
To carry a tune is one
possible to disclose.

Wind from the south is warm and worth a long
night outside. Weather is physic enough,
witness the cold and us in it.

The furnace, on a feedback loop,
is roaring now. All is happening at once:
the once is never.

Falling pray and pulled in by death
for a bracing swim we are against
gravity. Witness tune the mood made

that made stars. Though death is coldshod
and sunshorn, though it comes
with the future, the future passes it by.

In the creek, the wood was a dead dog, wet rock, then wood again.
The hill was summer and fall, then had snow on it.
Snow was never the same snow twice.

Humans followed a track that was never the same fall twice.
They called it history.
It lead to every door.

The doors stretched for miles to make the shape of a nation.
The nation was before nation and citizen before city.
The city rose and fell, then had fire on it.

Citizens were never the same dead twice.

late again mate again
turn off the right
late again gate again
give back my sight

and again ann again
set out the π
and again mad again
let this dog lie

patrinomy patrinomy patricide
you can't read the writing on the other's hide
matrimony matrimony matricide
you can't take the other from the other's side

word again warn again
bodies expire
word again warm again
close to the fire

passed again missed again
find the next prime
that again this again
nailed inside time

Count effects from cause you get:

the number of walls in a will,
ills in alive,
the number of millers who cheat on their bills
and tillers who cheat on their wives.

Fate is a bald eagle tearing carrion north on Highway 63
scarlet-headed turkeyhawks in a mudflat bend of the Missouri River
three snakes in the grass when the weather's springwarm enough to trust
all stages of frog, the eating and the rotten
flies at the neck
halo of insects anywhere Missouri summer
an owl is outside the window now.

Not that it's not what we think it is;	The one in the other is the same one; no one is your father and its other—nothing is its wife and your brother. The fire is your family in the center of a name. The name precedes the family but not the fire.	A father who was dying took his dying son to fish. When the day was noon the son caught one on his line. When he landed it and tried to tug out the hook, a small fish slipped out instead.
the <i>is</i> is not what we think <i>is</i> is.	The fire is preceded by a star with skies. The formal not the latter is disguise for the circle walked around your matter; a small fire inside dies as you die, loyal to your wife and brother, your cousin, and the other nothing that is your mother.	
We are and it's not what we think.		

Startled, he dropped the bigger fish which would
have flipped free had not the father caught it between his shoes.

The son looked at the silvery fish. It spit out the hook and said, "Set me
free and I'll grant you a wish." Without thought, the son tossed the fish
back into the pond. "Why'd ya do that?" the father yelled. "What about the
wish?" "I'm happy here," the son replied. "My wish comes with the future."

The father picked up the bigger fish and tossed it back into the pond.
"Good luck," he said.

One has no time.
Nothing like kin or kind.
Move the mass according
to the math.

*it occurs
as it occurs
it recurs as it
recovers*

To care for
is a clock;

To assure
is to give time;

To endure
is to resolve.

bet on
fate
it's a
good
bet

Getting ahead of yourself is leaning unless you're leaving.

On a moody day you can hear your mother call.

The ratio of a radius to a dream of the radius.

Hold your worth and call it an oath.

A fact is a fact as a timepiece is for keeping.

A temple is covered over.

Can a foe be disguised as
the present?

Your ways are numbered to your days.

NEEDLES AND THRONE: A HAY DIGGER'S SONG
(to the tune of Frere Jacques)

aletheia
aletheia
mitda-sein
mitda-sein
augenblick & mister dicht
augenblick & mister dicht
dang zeit dong
dang zeit dong

DINSITINSON

Being is a late arrival
when Time says it's time to go.
Being is the cold that kills
when the sun is starting to grow.

Time is a mood in German
space is cornered in lines.
Being is dawn painted on
the mind's metastatic stein.

They give their gifts in portions
some are fatal some are later
they let you have the last word
when your say no longer matters.