

After



Hume

In 1911 Einstein
went to meet
chaos in Prague.
Kafka welcomed him.
Buber wondered,
“What do I say to you?”
In Bertha Fanta’s salon
Max Brod asked,
“What did you say?”
Rilke came from Paris
to say, “You must
love the question.”

The future must conform to the past.

Authority was
the moment
flesh and thought
arrived at the poem.

Emerson's
transcendent poem
existed beyond.

Out of chaos a pattern emerged,
but chaos overwhelmed
the lovers, pulling for their lives,
gazing past soot and re-
flections on city windowpanes.

Mileva spoke to herself
in the mirror
and watched her lips move.
She said, “It is all very nice.
The set up. The food.
That is all good.”

Write a complaint,
a tear across the sky.

Listen.

Do you hear that?

Death speaks to me,
inaudibly mumbling
what I cannot understand.

*all reasonings concerning
cause and effect
are founded on experience.*

Mileva said, “Things have worked out very nicely. We’re ready to go home. Everything’s been very nice.”

She occasionally
ambled about her mind.

Sunshine.

Fifty two degrees now
in the old Jewish cemetery.

Show me
the way to the next falling star.
O, don't ask why.

*Beyond fear,
you meet another
as an equal.*

We understand
we can change the world,
but forgiveness
is the vital part of justice.

by
Richard Spiegel

