Othoparadoxy: Part III

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Orthoparadoxy, continued

by Michael Theune

Terms like *supreme fiction* betray the grand religiosity of the Moderns. Many today would settle for, say, an *enabling intuition*.

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The new distance is intricacy.

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God moaned, *They take my wings for coattails*.

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Much of history could be read as a record of the humanities we inflict upon each other.

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Icarus reports, *Where the sun lives there are only snapshots of windows*.

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Against the erotics of knowledge: *Getting it is not the same as getting some*.

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The poet describes conditions; the great poet conditions descriptions.

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Too much poetry is propaganda for the Interior Ministry.

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Breaking the window to stop the sun from shining through—

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The sentence has changed slightly: *Death by proliferation.*

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The first commandment of postmodernism: *Cover your mouth when you speak.*

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Eros is eros is eros.

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Science points out that Icarus actually died by freezing and suffocation. Still, we get the point.

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What is it in an understanding that at once can blunt the edge and clip the wing?

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All religions are based on the too-easy distinction between the guide and the temptation.

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A Buddhism primer: *Don’t take death so personally.*

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A pointillist rendition of a target.
In his *Cures for Love*, Ovid recommends falling down in a public place as one cure; people will help the broken-hearted get on their feet again, and they’ll feel better. I agree with Ovid’s prescription, but the reason to fall down is to stay down—that’s the cure.

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Don’t think, look! (Wittgenstein) Don’t look, paint! (Kandinsky) One might add, Don’t paint, shoot! One might add, Don’t shoot, spy! One might add Don’t spy, surrender! But then one would have gone too far.

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The future seen out of the corner of one’s eyes.

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Too many poems are ambitious but not delicious.

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A dead heart must be pounded violently and precisely.

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Asked if he could be a torturer, he had to say no. He did, however, regard this inability as a weakness.

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Disputed territory is the garden of philosophy.

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Madness only lacks a few disciples.

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I know there is something greater than I, but without me it wouldn’t matter quite so much.

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Carpe diem. Or, better yet, let the day seize you.

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_To live is to defend a form_ (Holderlin). O to turn this thrashing into a lunge!

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Flux is victorious but cannot accept the award.

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Aurelius on anatomy: _Arms not for reaching but for balance._

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Thoughts are like nights: the clear ones are always beautiful and cold.

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The whole world? I would take anything for it.

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One must love another world merely to see this one.

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Nothing gives off more dust than stars.