Martinalia

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Marginalia
—after Edmond Jabès

Beneath the streetlamp, snow sweeps
From dark to dark. *To speak of facts
Is to go beyond the world.*

*To speak of the world is to go
Beyond facts.* The godless night,
But still the search for a certain word—

A stack of books with spines like strata.
Arguments settled like dust.
*Where the world ends, does the darkness?*

*No one could say.*
*The Book of Night opens with and contains
Each longing.* *The archangels*

*Protect those who seek the truth.*
*They make the truth
Impossible to find.*

The rustling of a page is the rustling of a wing.

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