

critique

'Where are we going? And what are we doing?' (John Cage) vs *Critique of Pure Reason* (Immanuel Kant)

reality can deal only
with sensation, does not concern

the surface of boundaries; one can at least play in one's inventions.

On the second trip the cat died, immediately

I started sketching outlines for a solution to our *transcendental problems, in order that
we might better*

continue to the lakes without piercing the flesh of foreign souls

hunting for a touch of intuition, speaking only English to machines

which deal only
with reality, unconcerned

at the surface of boundaries; one can at least play with one's inventions

amid the flowers we stopped to pick – unruly telephones, desperately

making last calls to impermanence

I started sketching outlines for a solution to our *glamorous unity, in order that
we might better*

be equipped for zeal within systematic, blind fields

(our photography musical, always, but tricky within magnitudes

where reality deals
with unreality dealing

with the surface of boundaries) ... here we played with each other's inventions

functionally dark, gradual amid the

concerts, vacations and vaccinations, genitalia: astonishments

I started sketching outlines for a solution to our *purposeful footsteps, in order that
we might better*

change direction, point to the future with a knife

turning the doorknob of foreign countries with our thought

reality dealing only
with sensation, not concerning

the surface of boundaries; one at least can play in one's inventions

sketching outlines for a solution to our *empirical situation, in order that
we might be better*

