

Quid Pro Quo

I.

An example holds itself to a predetermined set.
Here is a window as a window like a window.
Start where you are and find your way back.
The birds eating the breadcrumbs are just
the breadcrumbs before eating. Nothing

is without its predicate or prey. Nothing
like the line with lack of an end to upset
the balance of what is just and unjust.
To the blind, the eyes are not windows.
To the line, you cannot stab back.

The beauty of cycles lies in their backs.
Recurring, unbroken, bound nothing
story. Watch your birds at the onset
for the end is the beginning only just.
The eyes in the back of your head are windows.

Mirrors are not, unless reflecting a window.
When you reflect, the breadcrumbs take you back.
Or the words. To that place of nothing.
Lit up as a winter sun behind clouds just
parting but not parting, as an empty table set.

If a room is windowless, there is no more to set
like the birds and entropic feedback, their just
desserts a denouement, nothing, apropos of nothing.

Michelle Fay Deschenes

from the series *De Civitate Dei*.

A Priori

XVI.

A mirror can ~~only~~ reflect what is already there. Hence, the preset.
And an example is ~~only~~ as perfect as the preset that stares back.
What is meant to be read and what will ~~not~~ be read are in just
the ~~same~~ vein, the ~~same~~ room opened and bleeding out ~~nothing~~
an openness, white upon white, a window opening to a window.

Here is a line of breadcrumbs, from the mirror to the window.
Curtained. On the table, a loaf of bread grows wings. It has upset
plans of escape. There is ~~no~~ exit, anyway. All locks double-backed.
And this for the birds circling back-ways in the sky. A pond adjusts
to absence, sending out ripples for anyone who wants to see. ~~Not~~

for naught, but the idea of mother, a necessity to signal anon,
a leaving or an entrance, a creation of moment. If any wind,
now is the one billowing the curtains, scattering as if setup.
A chair sits pulled from the table, wood worn thin, bareback.
This also signals something. Place, time, a relationship ~~un~~justly

mis-spaced. What happened is ~~not~~ held in stasis, a grand gesture
to the absent performers, existing in a singularity of all, ~~nothing~~
fancy, ~~only~~ an enactment, a matter of law, or law, matter, all wound
inside the word about to be spoken. Yet. There cannot be up

with~~out~~ gravity. Of a sort. As a bird settling ~~must~~ be, on its back, ~~un~~settled.
Or anything that can be just itself ~~must~~ also be other and ~~not~~ that thing.
~~Must~~ also be able to fly, as a bird, and a loaf of bread, out an ~~un~~opened window.

Res Judicata

XVII.

Reset the forth hence. There once was ~~inflection~~ only. Can mirroring
back stare that ~~unsettling~~ as an ~~imperfect~~ only? Is example and example
unjust in what is read, be not ~~will~~, what, and read is not ~~meant~~ to be what?
Nothing is ~~out there~~. A healing and closed room is saming ~~the artery~~, saming
~~a barrier~~ closing to a barrier, lack upon lack, a conclusion, a shutting, an end.

Barrier the mirror to the from, breadcrumb the cycle. There is no
~~onset~~, no ~~bread~~ devolving ~~wings~~ from a loaf under the table. ~~Unertained~~
double-backing ~~unlocks~~ all, anyway. ~~Entering~~, no, is there inscape of chaos
adjusting skies, a pond in constant waywarding, aligning fish for this and
not ~~seeing~~ to want? Not ~~who~~, everyone. For motionless in keeping absence

anon silences the necessity for a mother of ideas. For purpose
unwinds all if, ~~unmomentous~~ of creation, an exit or an entering
upsets if, as gathering reveals the once billowing of now and the
bareback of a thinly worn tree pulls over tables and chairs. Understand
unjust, a divorce of time, place, anything signaling this and also this.

Gesture's grandeur in stasis is not ~~held~~, is what happened, mis-~~space~~.
Nothing is ~~all~~ in singularity, an act of existing, a performance of presence
wound only in matter, law, or law of matter, an enactment of all, fancied
up to be here, yet cannot ~~be spoken~~. To be about the word outside the word

~~unsettled~~, back on its must be, settling as a fish, a sort of gravity without
this ~~nothing~~ and ~~bother~~, also must itself be that just inability to be everything.
A window ~~unopened~~ is an in and breadcrumbs for fish fly, also as ability must.

Respice, Adspice, Prospice

XXVII.

Upset a self determined. Hold an example
windowed like a, as a window. ~~Here~~ is a window,
a way ~~back~~ found. You are where start
is just breadcrumbs eating birds, or
anything purging forth breadcrumbs.

Anything preys and predicates its ~~without~~,
upset ~~to end with a lack~~, like the line
~~unjust~~, just is what the balance
windows, not the eyes, ~~blind to the~~
~~back~~, stabbed, willing you to the line.

~~Back~~ there, in ~~unlying~~ cycles, the beauty of
anything ~~bound, unbroken~~, recurring,
upsets the birds and you watch the story,
~~only just~~ the beginning, ~~the end~~ but
a window ahead and in front of the eyes

a window reflects. Unless, not a mirror
~~back~~, you take the breadcrumbs, you ingest
anything of ~~place where~~ the words, or
justified occlusions, offering warmth like up-
set tables ~~once~~ full, as a parting ~~unparting~~, but ~~not~~

set for more. ~~No~~, there are windows, if a room
just there feeds forward entropy and, like the birds,
anything is apropos of anything, ~~a denouement deserted~~.