

# days of rational belief and mythical thought

*by strannikov*

“progress” is our myth  
that the future we possess,  
that our pasts are dead.

buildings older than  
entire nations still stand, stone  
staircases still trod.

photography shows  
just what telescopy tells:  
all we see is past.

plays, poems, and prose  
composed centuries ago  
continue to speak.

the past is not dead:  
if it were, we'd have no words  
nor could we hide stars.

our futures still mute,  
we do not hear in advance,  
our sound is so slow.

“history” ebbs not,  
flows not: our sentiments do  
but with vigor slosh.

“égalité”? where?

never in France, nowhere else,  
no ideal world here.

“reason” itself now  
counts as a myth, such a vain  
and elusive trait:

you sometimes still hear  
rational lunatics sing  
moving hymns to “truth”.

“truth”, fanciful “truth”,  
“truth” itself some less than myth,  
some less than “half-truth”.

(if “truth” does exist,  
it continues to exceed  
both our reach and grasp.)

Holy Science says:  
“our tall cathedrals console  
with hieratic truths,

and with lethal truths:  
with our hieroglyphic math  
do we conquer all.”

science and math lie:  
these cannot tell truth entire,  
Reason's halfwit slaves.

medieval the new:  
days of rational belief  
and mythical thought.

once poets restore  
their tongues, then can they speak 'twixt  
shadows and their things.

