

# 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.

