

Struggling with Hegel's Phenomenology of Spirit

by XXXX

No one takes me seriously because I am an idiot.
I sing, “Noume-noume-noumena—ding-a-ling-an-sich,”
snapping my fingers, being a cool cat about it.
No one is buying it. It's all wrong. All show.
Where is the system, what's it all supposed to mean,
the crunchy core that is surrounded by a soft
creamy layer of hating your life and complaining?
I bite into your philosophy and there is no snap,
no crackle, no pop—I tap your idol with a hammer
and it is hollow, so I smash it into shards.
Dance on it until your feet bleed. Dance
the Hegelian Shuffle, the Kantian Foxtrot,
the Schopenhauer Swing, the Aquinas Boogie:
One foot in, one foot out: what is the difference
between in and out anyway? So we stand still
to the rhythm of our own ignorance in 3/4 time.

