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Etudes for Karl Jaspers

“Thought

founders

upon reality”

and in its recoil knows

the quicksilver ground

the horizon's

jagged signature in lightning

In flash by

diaphanous flash

reason given

and taken

veiled

averred

It is not by gentleness that I awaken

I have been taken

early on

by the cipher of the silver

smoke tree in my night

The pupil of the symbol opens

When we seek mere object we meet mere illusion

It is only natural that language lifts the tree

It is supernatural
that natural language lifts the tree

The cipher bellies
the figment of measurement

and yet it lives in the circle of the tree

– a lattice filled ovoid
about which

my thought
first orbits

then weaves

It is a blow to thought

when thought passes itself

breaks

with itself

and is an open mote

a new motility

– A potent cipher

where thought first foundered

When we think we know how to read

that is when the text seems most oblique

arcane, without title or clue

and because of its edge

Thought founders and yet
the afterlight of questioning is gentle. Jaspers

tells me true questioning is a wooing

One might woo
the stars
pursue
the universe with romance

“It is possible to address one another as though in a
language which I do not understand as yet but can
come closer to understanding without having made
it my own”

Is it possible?

Can I speak to you
in a language I hardly know
yet in my freedom know
as the speech of your freedom

Let me cipher
a leading language in you

Let me speak freely
of what I do not know

and in so speaking
know you

freely