

What's *Lebendig*?

Welcher Lebendige, Sinnbegabte, liebt nicht vor allen Wundererscheinungen des verbreiteten Raums um ihn, das allerfreulichste Licht—mit seinen Farben, seinen Strahlen und Wogen; seiner milden Allgegenwart, als weckender Tag. / What living person, gifted with any sense, doesn't love, more than all the wonderful appearances of spread-out space around him, the all-joyful Light—with its colors, beams, waves; its gentle presence, as waking day.—Hymnen an die Nacht, trans. Dick Higgins

Marks in, walking home, looking
in the used book store,
stroking the one friendly, fluffy
cat, intervening in a theological
dispute at the cash quoting

Spinoza in Latin and Daisetz
Suzuki summing up an evening's
philosophical chit-chat: "That's what
I like about metaphysics—nobody
wins!" —stopping by the last

independent English-language bookstore, browsing
the poetry and philosophy, weighing
whether to buy a volume
or two but resolving just
to get the book I

ordered, paying off the dentist
for the new gold crown,
noticing Spring's first green lush
after two weeks rain now
in intense sun, shaking up

a double martini or two,
commenting *cante jondo* on Facebook
to buck up a heartbroken
friend, priming a new withering
blog post "our postmetaphysical age"

sending me to *Metaphysica Alpha*
One: "the senses are loved
for themselves, especially sight," reading
Hymnen an die Nacht aloud,
"Du kommst, Geliebte—" as Petra

opens the door, parsing that
first sentence together (...who doesn't
love over and above appearance
spread out light, its colours,
rays and waves, gently everywhere

like the dawn?), philologizing *Lebendige*,
“he shewed himself to them
alive”, “Son of the ever-*living*”,
the senses of *Sinn* in
Sinnbegabte, *allgegenwart*, (omnipresent) everywhere.