



Image from Pexel

Richard Anthony Furtak

Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?

In Spinoza's view, you might assume
the snow longs to persevere in its
own being – yearning forward with
its *conatus*, vehement. But no:

like Parmenides, his ancient clone,
Baruch says any change you see
merely *appears* to be. That it's
with a Milesian echo – all H₂O.
The heaped -up alpine peaks, their rich affluents.

But how could water wish to fade into mist?

Struck Dumb

And when your vehicle for being here,
for being-in-the-world, is rudely forced
into captivity – when cylinders
filled with hollow fibers, in machines,

are “literally” keeping you alive –
to quote the MD – *then* you may be able
to save the possibility of being.

A while prior to fright’s impetus,
before the doomsday rooms, all you could see
appeared unreal – what the clock displayed
could not have been the time. Somehow, you fell
into a parallel realm, where – waking from
a dream – you find yourself not *here* or *now*
– but in a realm that falls short of existing.

Zetetic Reveries, #3

You slipped from quivering into a dead sleep
– when matter was a necessary evil –
along a stark, dry valley. Nameless weeds
brought up mnemonics on an unkempt field.

Unlimited, the universe at night
emitted silences. Tomorrow’s eyes
assembled. It was then, or not in time,
to make a tangled music out of sighs.

With everything and nothing to be done,
a few anomalies remain behind.
Pieces of being, which have come to us,
possess arresting places in the mind.

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