

NOMADIC



ONTOLOGIES

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NOTES ON NONEXISTENCE

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*Nomadic Ontologies* does not attempt  
to explicate or unravel any ‘mysteries’  
of this collective ontological experience  
that our physical form must endure.  
The poem was originally entitled *Aleatoric Existential Outflow*,  
maybe this explains the ruminative machinations  
that went into composing the work.  
I do not offer a ‘logic’ that could be considered  
exhaustive or even straightforward  
in its unfolding trajectories.  
For that we must turn  
to the scientists, philosophers and theologians.  
I am content with the lot of the poet,  
one who creates painterly landscapes,  
sometimes representative,  
sometimes abstract  
and sometimes fragmented, absurd  
and irreverently irrelevant.  
But, and if I may employ an overused cliché,  
“such is life”.  
And such am I:  
a nomadic drifter,  
(and a poetic one at that).

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*Nomadic Ontologies* is a section from a larger  
work-in-progress, *Notes On NonExistence*.  
*Notes On NonExistence* is larger  
and more all-encompassing in scope  
and should be considered  
an open-ended poetic exploration.  
It currently consists of six volumes:  
*The First Bifurcation*  
*Second Segue*  
*Indeterminate NonLocality*  
*NonDescript Resonance*  
*Hierophantic Alchemy*  
*Esse (Book II)*  
with *Esse (Book I)* forthcoming

“Enamored  
of  
mystiques  
as  
yet  
undefined”

- Vernon Frazer

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*Do not ask  
where existence abides  
in the heart  
a space exists  
and contains  
an irresolvable equation  
that must retain  
its arcane identity,  
for the physical  
cannot hold  
in its mind  
the essence of the whole  
(the essence of the soul)  
it is outside  
the reach of corporeal rumination,  
only a ghost  
known as immanence  
inhabits and inspires  
these forms of flesh and blood,  
and as such must suffice  
to enlighten  
and to open the doors  
of an imagination's evolving*

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Something begins

where this meditation ends . . .

not Eliot's *time present*

*and time past,*

and not the physical experience

we associate with this

torso-knowledge ontological paradigm -

surely there is a reason behind

the girth of columnar shadows

cutting striated paths

thru a late-season sun,

and surely there is a reason

why the many words written

amount to so little knowledge

that history discerns and assimilates -

and why . . .

*the purpose of the garden,*

*its excess of beauty,*

*its commingling with spontaneous passions,*

*salient, innumerable as grains of sand*

*filtered thru a visceral membrane*

*spanning the unanswerable*

*epistemological interrogation:*

*collective facets of humanity's intimate indeterminacy*

*shining jewels remaining extant and*

*lucid in the mind -*

. . . so might there have been

another incarnation,

another agglomeration of energies,

a form within which

this consciousness thrived ?

or possibly, the truth is too much to absorb

in the present planes of time,

the synergistic infillings

and the many manifestations

following blinded cycles

of a disjunctive karmic illusion -

Immutable truth seems  
inaccessible to the mind,

*intentions rest in the ego . . .*

do you see a discernible background  
to the voices mixing in the din  
as silence and storm clouds  
approach  
unnoticed ?

I am unaccompanied by the reason  
time passes (as it does)  
also unnoticed  
the fog refuses to lift  
the mind wanders  
scurrilously down avenues  
inhabited by the obfuscating spectres  
that technology and theology aspires to theorize  
and to disclose. . .  
the reason for being:  
the burden of proof  
ultimately lies  
in the abstract:  
that quantity of immanence  
which breathes  
but does not articulate  
in words or images  
that can be fully apprehended  
by form  
embedded in this dense medium's corporeal foundation;  
  
thus such a mystery  
upsets the ontological apple-cart  
while it shapes the fate  
of an experientially evolving reality:

*a life perpetuating  
under the gun of unknowing -*

I walk down the street,  
a higher order of business  
    to attend to,  
what gives *this* form . . .  
a present state of irreducible matter ?  
                    indoctrinated pretense ?  
                    a sort of shadowland verity  
that passes for reality . . .  
    dimensions returning a mirrored reciprocity,  
    a subsequent resetting the space-time continuum -  
        impassioned rhapsody  
        the worlds inside the mind  
states of grace that spurn the words of description  
    the way of all flesh (quantum inscription)  
a transparent plasticised illusion:  
    spirit-forms passing into materiality,  
    reanimated astral denizens  
        on an inconsequential terrestrial outcrop  
        of (seemingly) ontological significance,  
questions that remain ultimately unanswered:  
    faces in a crowded solitude,  
    streets of quiescence  
        and desperation:  
    Thoreau's thronging status quo  
        the place where immanence fails  
        to materialize  
    passion's irredeemable outer edge . . .

indecisive at first endeavor,  
a fuzzy epistemological logic informs  
    the speculative soul:  
    a life inside  
    a reformulated queue,  
chimes in high-wind warnings  
and a persistent angle of drag  
from a dulling karmic fog-horn resonance:  
    life from alternate planes encountered ?  
        if not why then, a curious ill-ease that  
        quicken the pulse  
            of a present-day apprehension ?



The anguished ending of Mahler's 9th,  
or the madness of Van Gogh  
encroaching slowly  
in a garden of sun-drenched irises,

the karmic path laid out  
before this that conceived  
of its own mortality,

the singular and the collective  
the ghost of a present  
and a past  
struggle for an autonomous freedom  
that instinct understands  
but seems to allude assimilation;

the four winds gather  
and disperse  
polarizing the mass consciousness,  
tolerance remains applicable  
only to the aspiration of the few  
who see it as more than just words on a page  
to be turned in apathy -

if, as Eliot penned,  
our ending is in our beginning,  
then the kernel of conception  
holds the key to understanding  
more of the self we see  
reflected in the face of another's anguish,  
then maybe the root will bear the fruit  
of every hope  
that is held  
deep in the heart -

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It is a day without rain,  
its lack of passion  
i equate with struggle;

why this strange segue ?  
why  
like mountains  
manifesting to the eye,  
their girth does not change  
night  
transforming indiscriminately  
the blood  
rushing to the extremities,  
thence to define . . .  
the sublime  
burdened by the crutch of language:  
ultimate insufficiency  
appearing under the point of this pen -

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Bound to this,  
but is it beauty  
that divests  
itself  
as a presence  
filling  
the latter half  
of a page. . .  
?  
the unwritten  
is not  
corporeal  
yet present  
to the mind  
and evident  
in a heart's  
unsullied outflow

DISSONANT ONTOLOGICAL INTERLUDE

:

unrest at the heart of this  
isolation  
the vacancy of mind  
intoxicating  
the fleshed-out latitudes  
the root of the cause  
the conflagrative nature (is)  
the heart of unknowing  
the form that inhabits the spirit  
the spirit that fills the void  
vague spaces  
the face history replaces  
the pendencies of faith  
defending dogmatic assumptions  
the life that does not exist beyond  
the fray of conscious inbreeding  
the grey acrid seepage  
the clog of memory  
the face history displaces  
the romantic's sputtering aspirations  
the palsied fly  
insane at the transparent doorway  
the porous edge that breeds  
the life the prodigal leaves  
the question of immanence and shadow  
the unrest at the heart of  
this . . .

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