Tractatus Illogico Poeticus

1.	The dream is everything that is the case.
1.1	The dream is the totality of images, not of illusions.
1.12	For the totality of images determines both what is the case, and also
	all that is not the case.
1.13	The images in the illogical space are the dream.
1.2	The dream divides into images.
1.21	Anyone can either be the case or not be the case, and they will regret
	it all the same.
2.	What is the case, the image, is the existence of the subatomic duality
	paradox.
2.01	In illogic everything is accidental.
2.011	It is by accident that I find myself in the cemetery of spent hours.
2.012	Time in the cemetery is lost and the epitaphs illegible.
2.0121	It would, so to speak, appear as accident; when an illusion that could
	exist on its own account subsequently a state of affairs could be made
	to fit.
2.1	Predestination is a lie that finds its truth function in coincidence.
2.11	Coincidence totalises and quilts disparate signifiers temporally,
	spatially, and metaphysically.
2.2	The picture is a model of reality.
2.21	Every model has its corollaries and can be made to yield inverses,
	converses, contrapositives, metaphors and parallels.
2.211	A model that exists can be used to establish parallels.
	(So as it stands established in the Tractatus Logico Philosophicus: "The
	Logical picture of the facts is thought", it leads us to conclusion:)
3.	The illogical picture of the images is Poetry.
	(TLP: 3.03: We cannot think anything
	Unlogical, for otherwise
	We should have to think
	Unlogically.)

3.01	The goal is to think illogically and not unlogically. The former is its own method, the latter is a mistake in the workings of logic.
3.1	Poets are shot dead
	In city squares
	With flowers still
	In their hands
3.11	Poets are found dead
	In car crashes
	With train tickets
	Unused in their pockets
3.12	Poets are posed dead
	Staring vacantly
	With dead eyes
	Helpless as their poetry is misused
3.13	Poets are found dead
	With their heads shoved
	Inside ovens
	Impulse said the coroner, Abuse screamed the body
3.14	Poets are drowned dead
	When their bodies
	Wash ashore
	Ariel's masts broken now
3.15	Poets are found dead
	After days of coughing
	Blood, Adonis
	Whose name was written in water
3.2	There easily arise confusions of which P
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2.24	And contradictions of which POETRY is full
3.21	Long winding lanes
	Endless canopies of black electric wires Crisscrossing through on house and then the next
	Crisscrossing through on house and then the next
	Hiding the sun

The houses twist and turn

	And I can remember the streets of Tangier
	In my oh so old and tired city
	Raindrops blur out the world
	In a small café
	The overhead lights come on
	The amber from the street lamps
	Cast soft orange veils of light over the silence
3.22	A particular method of writing may be unimportant, but it is always
	important that this is a possible method of writing.
3.221	What other creature has need for symbols and words
3.222	Who else is looking to fill in the Silence?
3.223	When has light been sought after under the sun
4.	Poetry is the insignificant proposition.
4.01	It is a model of reality as we think it should be.
4.02	Man poses the capacity of constructing, deconstructing and
	reconstructing verses.
4.03	One understands the truth if it is in alignment with our prejudices.
4.1	Is time subtly discrete or is it continuous?
4.2	Dead Poets
	Speak to us
	In rivers of ink
	Dead Poets
	Sing to us
	From old records
	Dead Poets
	Show us the way
	Marking Miles
	Gravestone Epitaphs
	Dead Poets
	Wait
4.21	The book of dead poets is heavy
	with regret
	Dead poetry falls flat against
	the screeches
	From the Poetry of the
	Dead

4.211	The living lead
	A posthumous
	Existence
	When
	They are Muzzled
4.22	The colourless haze
	Of silence pervades
	Our every waking
	Thought
	Silent watchers shaking their heads gently
	The soft wind
	Washes over her
	The little dead girl in the rose bushes
4.3	A marching band sweeps the streets
	Under the watchful eyes of the garrison
	In the empty square of the conquered town
	Their instruments wait under the flag at half mast
	Slogans on the walls painted over now
	Silently voice their protests to the sky
	Now everybody just stares and whispers
	Waiting for the curfew's last evening call
4.31	Why are you sitting there Poet?
	On the pile of rocks that once were a library
	Why are you standing there Poet?
	On the bridge watching the bodies in the gutter
	Why are you walking there Poet?
	On the empty street in the memory of a town Why are you sleeping there Poet?
	Far away from the death of the maddening crowd
4.4	Poetry and Philosophy are allies in the service of Good
4.4	Or are they
	Consorts serving a different master Consolation
4.41	In order to understand the essence of the proposition, consider Anti-
	Poetry and Anti-Philosophy. The general rule by which the antithesis
	separates form and shape without losing purpose, and ultimately
	returns to the thesis from whence it came.
5.	In keeping with Godel's and Tarski's results – Poetry cannot be defined
	in Poetry.

Incompleteness

Passers-by

Anti-Trees cast a shadow

Over

The Anti-House

Exploded

L

Υ

R I

С

Scattered close by

Perpetual unrest

Embedded shrapnel words

In unsuspecting flesh

5.02 Razors in logic are blunt

Against disorder and illogic

Signs which serve one purpose

Are poetically meaningful

5.03 'Ceci n'est pas une poeme'

But neither is this only mere representation

5.1 In the coal mine of everyday language

Words, Sentences, Clauses, Propositions

Repeat themselves

Without signifying anything

Meaning is lost in the everydayness

Of use

Like the well-worn coin with fading

Faces

And men who climbed into those dark wombs

Of coal dust and death and despair

In the cold earth

Were never heard from or heard of again

5.2 The limits of my Poetry are the limits of my world.

5.21 These limits are set in the three **Spatial dimensions** And one dimension Of Time 5.22 The limits of my world are enshrined in events and not in things. 5.221 The crash of waves Over the mountain side A Lover's last glance As she steps off The coach of Memories The leaves falling gently To the clouds A Kiss 5.3 Neither space Nor Time There lies an eternity Before the entropic death Of me and you How to fill the space Between what I feel And what I say 5.4 Poetry in Motion in Change in Rivers in 5.5 The Poem itself Syntactical chess in four dimensions Axe throws on sheets of strange books The Poem itself Foreign sounds made familiar Familiar sounds made foreign The poem itself Unoriginally original Originally unoriginal

The Poem itself
The Poem itself
The.Poem.Itself

5.6	What is the general form of the Poem? Plato's Polyhedra? Heraclitus' River?
	It is in the asking of a question It is in the search of meaning It is in the exhaustion of the possible
	It is in the will It is
6.	The general form of Anti-Poetry is (
6.01	
6.1	Not all nothings are created equal.
6.11	Silence
	Curfew day
	The echo of the keys
	rings out against the buildings
	Silence punctuated
	By the sounds of birds
	And of leaves moving
	in the daylight, Undisturbed
	Silence
	Spilling out of windows
	Out of the doors and out of
	houses overflowing
	Down the empty road
	In little rivulets of gold
	The lonely fall of a yellow leaf
	Spiralling
	gently
	to the
	ground
	Tiny black nameless birds
	Hopping between the wires
	As old pigeons wizened by age, one-eyed
	Look at them go
6.2	How loud my typewriter
	I never knew

Lost in the noises of the city

I lost something in the hills

It rings out now , Cover your ears Cower in your two by twos In your three by threes

Hear its barbaric YAWP

6.21 Curfew day

Where is the homeless man who gets his free afternoon tea around this time everyday?

The shops are all closed.

What belly and what bridge serve as his abode on this

Day?

No marches today No protests against the regime

No voices No songs

No one's head down on the street on which to spit

My orange pips

No aeroplanes in the sky at which to mutely stare

And Marvel

How sweet to see

How strange to be

6.3 The general form of dissent

Is this Tractatus

The localised form of Poetry

Is everything

A non-entity's heart

Speaks

Its truth

In every non-event

6.4 Lost on you

Insubstantial voices

CUT

The riptide

Blue & White

siht ot noitulos ehT)

melborP

(gnihsinav eht ni nees is

6.5 The vision

The New Vision

Blossoming

Within the Silence A wounded voice

Waits

(Throw the ladder

Away)

7. Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must never be silent.

Akshat Khare