

## Doubt

by sylph *Saturday, May 9 2020, 12:36am*

international / poetry / post

if perversity had a name  
what better than doubt as its paralyses,  
numbs and doubts itself, indeed doubt doubts itself

today we name it post-modernism where everything is  
devoid of objective meaning, indeed the entirety of  
existence is doubted as it is all subjective to the post-modernists

but what is subjectivity subject to? its own perversions,  
illusions and doubts, not a good basis for continuity  
and expansion

and so lost people live in a lost meaningless world  
tho desire is impervious to post-modernity  
as it is of the emotions/passion, beyond intellectual nit-picking  
and the circular trap of the mind chasing its own tail;  
and if perchance the tail is long enough to catch  
then the bite is inflicted by self onto self!

academicians burble about post-modern  
subjectivity, poor lost fools, as there opinions are also subjective tho  
they refer to texts written by men who doubt themselves

indeed, there exists a Truth that cannot be assailed by  
opinion, conjecture or post-modernity but is it real  
outside the meanderings of academic minds and their  
sheepish subscribers -- followers and leaders are the dog and the  
tail  
frantically chasing itself to nowhere

but truth simply is, without any qualifier or signifier to signpost its  
location  
and so easily escapes the circular assaults of trained puppies

it must be immutable, self-defining and beyond intellectual  
comprehension  
but above all, beyond location or measurement! did I give it away?

indeed infinity is the only truth that endures without taint  
and its progeny, existence, endures like its progenitor  
so this immutable thing must have something to say/express,  
as it endures and nothing meaningless endures past

the latest academic theory, which always seem designed to  
attack/subvert  
previous theories in the fashion game of academia

so i went to existence for solutions only to find it spinning  
and whirling like a dervish, which was its meaning --  
a spiral is not circular, trapped  
like men's minds or dog's tails

but when i attempted to encode its meaning it spun away from  
my keyboard and page but i caught it nevertheless but not with  
mind  
or any other sticky snare but with the fluidity behind the mind  
known as consciousness,  
which is not a matter of being or non-being as it is unrestrained,  
continuous  
and cannot be anchored

so i would leave it on my mantelpiece next to the small statue  
of Nataraja dancing the universe into existence  
and out of existence simultaneously " "

Truth is evasive and experiential, not subjective vaporous thought

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.hopto.org/news/poem-1003.html>