World Politics at the Edge of Chaos

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Published by State University of New York Press


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We dance to the rhythms of the universe.
We dance sometimes alone; sometimes in groups,
Each sensing and responding to a slightly different beat in the chaotic rumble;
Each encompassing the whole, yet remaining unique.
Not random error, or noise,
The out-of-step footsteps
follow a path charted in the infinity of time, rational and beautiful,
if only we could see it from outside ourselves.
We live and celebrate life
Made possible in the violent death of stars so long ago—
lost to human memory.
Can we comprehend the reasons and the patterns with our puny minds?
If we can't, is truth then less true?
Can we deny the meaning in complexity because we haven't been able to reduce it to our size?
Can we learn to see the universe without confining it inside borders of our own creation and the accepted meters of our times?
We look for revealed truth and discard what doesn't fit our craving for certainty.
Yet, life is uncertainty—surprise and adventure, the unexpected.
We dance to the rhythms of the universe.
If one dance is lost, all our science can't replace it.
We all are pieces of a puzzle,
our bends and straight lines mesh to make a picture—a whole.
Are our footsteps set for us by some mad choreographer?
Can we deconstruct, then reconstruct, the dance?
Do we truly want to?
Perhaps—
Only if we can learn to visualize, to internalize, life in multiple dimensions, drawn through time.
In a brilliant burst of light and energy—
long since dissipated—
we are born to dance to the rhythms of the universe.