The Non-Library

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07: Meditations

The introduction of the heart

At the heart of all things,

The radical center,

The Stillness that Is, the Mountains & pale naked sky.

The introduction of self to self, of rude

Awakening
To music without sound, force,

Without words.

The drone.

The radical center, and its emanate,

Its emanate in amity; a story always

Contains sadness.

The Library catalogs each story and names it.

It has its anthropology of the name,

but rather it makes a taxonomy

Of the human divine. Less divine than really

Everyday Life,

The survival of the meek, the ones

In flight or taking refuge light their

Fires in the evening across the valley floor.

The snow has muted

Every inch of the kingdom this evening.

The lights, the torches, do not flare

Up one-by-by but rather all
At once;
Simultaneous full floral fires
From the peasants in rebellion
When the moon is covered.
Not individual or collective
But egalitarian in its amphiboly, not and
And and
But the beyond of conjunction.
Imagine the lost books of antiquity
Restored, memorized and recitated to their development,
Their waxing as organic and natural;
The counterhistories only sprout up as obscenity
To the reality of injustice. The hauntology
Evoked by a murmur, a photograph,
*The Cheese in the Worms*,
Every morning No-Mind to the
Original face, just sitting.
Movement of sadness slipping along signifiers,
Hart Crane threw himself overboard,
Albert Ayler went to drown
In the East River.

The torture of the Library
Continues. The Non-Library, not antagonist
But antidote, dwells at rest
In a location not far from
You or your friends. It is
Waiting and
Is the sound of the river
As you are sitting attending,
Every Icon celebrating its end,
The mother twilight song
Gathers every wolf to
The bonfire, the Unnatural
And the Natural ignoring what
Has been made the law by the Wise and

The Good. The Wise and the Good

Know nothing of stupor or evil, and for that

We can be thankful,

For in the stupor and the evil of the

Bonfire’s light, the Iconoclasm

Inherent across the span of God, of

I don’t believe in God,

I believe in something much larger,

That Silence of the meadow

And the empty city

And the contours

To know

The city by moonlight,

To spend time with the moon,

To dash the Sun,

Or the Sun as every instance

Of Being and Appearing
Together,

At the Radical Center

Between experiment from

The cult of experience’s dogma

To the fools’ skepticism

Every performance an exception

To the endurance of time and existence

Pronounced neither one nor as many

Nor as explanation,

Between experiment as a bridge

From the unknown to the know, just

So many answers in search of questions or

Interrogation seeking

Its victim,

An experiment housed

In the gesture from the known

To the unknown, of

Speech that says enough and says
No more. To take leave
Of the philosopher-kings,
The poets’ profundity,
The Ironies of the Library,
The radical non-sequitur

Across its host
In the night to not properly
Explain mystery but to
Be according to mystery where (No)
Hand guides you save Love
Unbound, unconditioned

From the predicates of suffocation
That every Archive screams through,
The Christians demanding every
Witch to come forth to daylight, the caul
Removed from the babes’ heads and hacked to death,
The genocides every church establishes, for every
Deterritorialization a reterritorialization,
And for this one

Enacted together

Submit the rebellion

Of peasant fires across

Time, the ultimatum of not only survival

But Joy inhabiting

The interior and exterior, the variance of

Amplitude or intensity without distinguishing

Save one from count-as-one, the Bomb of

Non-Violence, the biblioclasm against

The Word of God and the

Non-Book never written. The Space out of Time or

Time out of Space, that grayness

Depicting twilight liminality which

Asks nothing in exchange but

As occurrence of the Impossible,

In sweet knowing, a closeness to the present,

Who I asked to stay with me but will not,
Who I prayed would return,

Who I demand self-sufficiency,

Who what will be the Future,

The intermediate fire that services

As intercession of Void and fullness in

One volume at the drone

Of the bottom of the world,

The bottom of the world in banality

Married with Abstraction’s Queen,

Abstraction’s Queen beholden to Memory,

The Imperfect Perfection delimiting my dreams from

My failures as they are recounted,

The continuous vastness as microcosm

Inherent or parasitic of the Soul

As Nothing across one shape, two shapes, or

Many, every geometry another approximation

To the circumference.

In me more than myself, the Workers
Composite against the coming storm falling

Across the walls of the city, the trees

In shock from their slumber,

The drunken waste of a reactionary foregoing

His dreams and he who cannot

Sleep, the eyes of the madman

Leading Terror to the fray;

Every personage or permutation located

In the frame cannot submit to the

Frame, the parameters of a mathesis

Articulated in a sphere of noise to

The steps of the Library and its holdings. To

Make for the desert, to suppose an

Intelligibility strike or an

Apophatic atheology

As communication as in

Communion, communitas

Demands of us the activity or
The exercise to suspend
Human suffering,

Finally.

The non-consistency
Of a practice against the Library, to
Introduce a simplicity of
Identity in the last instance,

To accord knowledge accordingly,
All things through, with and in

The Heart at the Heart of all things,

Which takes up itself
And crashes into the sea

To renew the world without renewing,

To inaugurate the New Library,

The New Life,

The radical center of a human

Bursting from its captivity

Because it must
Without question,

Without answer.