Itinerant Philosophy: On Alphonso Lingis

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What I to you
I loved you
But you also meant nothing to me

You were nothing but
A box jellyfish
The edges always coming out to meet the water

A skin of water, not water-blue
So that there was nothing we could find like ourselves

And nothing like a center
So that the animal was not a beak
But a movement forward

So that speech was not a thing to say
But a thing to be attracted to
What silly songs we did find then
And when I went swimming through the pond
I was a transparent body
That went to you

And when I went flying through the air
It was your distinction, not similarity
That called to me

And when I died and my awe
Completely upturned
I held myself, my breath

My spiritus
Which had always swirled around you
In clear folds I knew of, the skin

So that the only indication
Of another world
Were the rain and snow

And when I was reborn again
I was only an infant
But still, you asked me to dance with you

And I did dance with you, my father
Do you remember us both, both babies
Moving closely around the sky

In the icy wind
In the orange water
Full of flies

In the sunny terrain
Of black hills
The home
The home we knew
And even if it takes a while
I will meet you there again