The Cave
Of course there is a cave
of language
run across on the way
out

Or 1 might say
there is of course
a woods cast in a cave
we notice only
on our way to the efes
1 may enter
or 1 may pass
or 1 may already have been in the woods

So that the mouth
of the cave
is the efes

& the darkness in the cave is the shadow
of the woods
fallen upon us
& perhaps then we are gathered here within the book whose walls we cannot see for all the leaves, & as we take our leaves the leaves take us back. The efes are a portal & a mouth & an O. The efes are the final stand of trees. Beyond them lies a forest, the book or the woods. Already the leaves are at 1’s back! & still we ride the †monster’s shade!
Like the book, the cave produces & reproduces itself, or produces & reproduces the woods. As well they reproduce the means for their consumption. As any book calls its readers into being, &c., & swallows them up. Which includes its so-called writer, its material & its labor. This is not all the cave projects—just as the walls, floor & ceiling are projected, so are the projectors, the cast, the crew, the ghosts & the †monster with their shadows, shades & the very leaves & every tree. Thus we are the contents of the cave. Thus we are the cave. Leaving is as simple as that 1 thing we all do. Simple as the shade.