

**Manuel Ortega Abis \ ILLOGISMS****Illogisms****1. Absens Absentem Non Deficiat**

Absence  
Is a unit of distance  
Measured in yearn.

A yarn  
Of memories  
Equals  
One yearn.

Absence  
Does not solve  
And creates, instead,  
Word  
Problems.

Absence, therefore,  
Is a basic  
Human  
Formula  
Based on the proposition  
That death  
Is only  
For the gods.

\*

In a controlled setting,  
Absence  
Is directly proportional  
To distance.

The greater the distance,  
The deeper the absence.

Imagine a graph  
Where death  
Has a value  
Of zero.

\*

A moment  
Is a qualitative  
Variable  
Of absence.

A moment of absence, therefore,  
May be equivalent  
To either a positive  
Or a negative  
Yarn of memories.

As an exception,  
If a positive yearn  
Is equal  
To a negative yearn,  
Then the sum  
Is zero.

It must be duly noted  
That virtual  
Death  
Is exceptionally possible  
In a moment  
Of absence.

\*

As a general rule, however,  
Absence  
Does not solve  
And creates, instead,  
Word  
Problems.

As exemplified in the illogism:

Absens absentem non deficiat.

Absence of absence is no absence.

## **2. Aurum Et Aurum Non Est**

Time.

Time escapes  
While she captures

Another  
Hour.

After all, she dutifully reminds me—

Today  
Is a picture

Of tomorrow

Taken yesterday.

Time, the pursued,  
Is also time, the pursuer.

Consider the time  
I am writing  
While I am reading  
This poem.

It is no metaphor  
That I shall have  
All the time in the world  
To remember my own timeless  
Moments.

It is no simple feat, therefore,  
To seek  
A passage of time  
Among passages.

\*

Time.

While she may free herself  
Through the cracks  
In between  
And within  
The words themselves,

She, too, shall all the while  
Be confined  
To what she has eventually left behind.

In  
Meaning.

While she may wear  
The many masks  
Of rhythm  
And lurk behind  
The many mirrors  
Of rhyme,

She shall inevitably seek her own passage  
Among passages.

It is no metaphor  
That she can play  
Both hostess and hostage  
Even to my desperately dying language.

\*

Yet, time stops.

After all, how else can she remind me  
How I can dance even without the music?  
How else can I sing without the song?

Except with my beating heart.

Time stops  
And everything else  
Becomes a heartbeat away.

When time stops,  
Death is deemed only for the gods,  
Absence as an idle threat  
And distance—the great ransom.

As she demands of me—

I must find her  
Passage  
Among passages.

\*

At midnight,  
The wall clock inside my room  
Raises both hands  
To surrender

Time.

Like a world traveler  
Accosted at the checkpoint  
And asked for her passport  
Or a password,  
Time is asked for  
A passage among passages.

Yet, as she escapes  
While she captures another hour,

I can only watch  
And shall never catch

Time

As her seconds pass me by.

Her disguise is impenetrable.

She is the relative  
Turning stranger  
Every hour.

After all, time is in a zone  
Of her own.

As the illogism goes:

Aurum et aurum non est.

Time is gold  
Without the gold.

### **3. Non Modo Lapis Est Lapis**

Stone.  
Stone grows.  
Stone grows cold.  
Stone grows cold-blooded.  
Stone grows cold-blooded killer.

Sling – and stone shall slay giants.  
Slide – and stone shall bury lands.  
Slip – and stone shall break journeys.  
Cast – and stone shall condemn people.

Stone grows cold-blooded killer.  
Stone grows cold-blooded.  
Stone grows cold.  
Stone grows.  
Stone.

\*

Stone  
Basking  
In the sun.

Underbelly  
Crawling



With worms.

Imperforate is  
Boredom—the burden  
Of power.

\*

To imagine  
Words  
Hewn  
In stone.

Good  
As stone.  
Good  
As our own  
Flesh  
And bone.  
Good  
As our own  
Imagination.

And we saw that the words were good.  
But, in a world of hunger, we knew  
No one can live  
On words  
Alone.

So we sliced the words  
Off the stones  
Until they turned

Good as bread.

Then we ate bread  
Good as imagination.

And when there was no more bread,  
We ate stones  
In a world of hunger.

And when there were no more stones,  
We ate words  
Until there were no more  
Words  
To imagine.

And when there were no longer words,  
We ate  
The flesh  
And bone  
Of our own  
Imagination.

\*

A stone is a pebble  
To the old  
And a rock  
To the young.

Non modo lapis est lapis.

A stone is never only a stone.