

# Tractatus Illogico Poeticus

1. The dream is everything that is the case.
  - 1.1 The dream is the totality of images, not of illusions.
    - 1.12 For the totality of images determines both what is the case, and also all that is not the case.
      - 1.13 The images in the illogical space are the dream.
        - 1.2 The dream divides into images.
          - 1.21 Anyone can either be the case or not be the case, and they will regret it all the same.
2. What is the case, the image, is the existence of the subatomic duality paradox.
  - 2.01 In illogic everything is accidental.
    - 2.011 It is by accident that I find myself in the cemetery of spent hours.
      - 2.012 Time in the cemetery is lost and the epitaphs illegible.
        - 2.0121 It would, so to speak, appear as accident; when an illusion that could exist on its own account subsequently a state of affairs could be made to fit.
          - 2.1 Predestination is a lie that finds its truth function in coincidence.
            - 2.11 Coincidence totalises and quilts disparate signifiers temporally, spatially, and metaphysically.
              - 2.2 The picture is a model of reality.
                - 2.21 Every model has its corollaries and can be made to yield inverses, converses, contrapositives, metaphors and parallels.
                  - 2.211 A model that exists can be used to establish parallels.  
(So as it stands established in the Tractatus Logico Philosophicus: "The Logical picture of the facts is thought", it leads us to conclusion: )
3. The illogical picture of the images is Poetry.  
(TLP: 3.03: We cannot think anything  
Unlogical, for otherwise  
We should have to think  
Unlogically. )



- And I can remember the streets of Tangier  
 In my oh so old and tired city  
 Raindrops blur out the world  
 In a small café  
 The overhead lights come on  
 The amber from the street lamps  
 Cast soft orange veils of light over the silence
- 3.22 A particular method of writing may be unimportant, but it is always important that this is a possible method of writing.
- 3.221 What other creature has need for symbols and words
- 3.222 Who else is looking to fill in the Silence?
- 3.223 When has light been sought after under the sun
4. Poetry is the insignificant proposition.
- 4.01 It is a model of reality as we think it should be.
- 4.02 Man poses the capacity of constructing, deconstructing and reconstructing verses.
- 4.03 One understands the truth if it is in alignment with our prejudices.
- 4.1 Is time subtly discrete or is it continuous?
- 4.2 Dead Poets  
                   Speak to us  
 In rivers of ink
- Dead Poets  
                   Sing to us  
 From old records
- Dead Poets  
                   Show us the way  
 Marking Miles  
                   Gravestone Epitaphs
- Dead Poets  
                   Wait
- 4.21 The book of dead poets is heavy  
                   with regret  
 Dead poetry falls flat against  
                   the screeches  
                   From the Poetry of the  
                   Dead



5.01

Languid faces

Incompleteness

Passers-by

Anti-Trees cast a shadow

Over

The Anti-House

Exploded

L

Y

R

I

C

Scattered close by

Perpetual unrest

Embedded shrapnel words

In unsuspecting flesh

5.02

Razors in logic are blunt

Against disorder and illogic

Signs which serve one purpose

Are poetically meaningful

5.03

'Ceci n'est pas une poeme'

But neither is this only mere representation

5.1

In the coal mine of everyday language

Words, Sentences, Clauses, Propositions

Repeat themselves

Without signifying anything

Meaning is lost in the everydayness

Of use

Like the well-worn coin with fading

Faces

And men who climbed into those dark wombs

Of coal dust and death and despair

In the cold earth

Were never heard from or heard of again

5.2

The limits of my Poetry are the limits of my world.



5.6 What is the general form of the Poem?  
Plato's Polyhedra?  
Heraclitus' River?

It is in the asking of a question  
It is in the search of meaning  
It is in the exhaustion of the possible  
It is in the will  
It is

6. The general form of Anti-Poetry is ( )  
6.01

6.1 Not all nothings are created equal.  
6.11 Silence

Curfew day  
The echo of the keys  
rings out against the buildings  
Silence punctuated  
By the sounds of birds  
And of leaves moving  
in the daylight, Undisturbed  
Silence  
Spilling out of windows  
Out of the doors and out of  
houses overflowing  
Down the empty road  
In little rivulets of gold  
The lonely fall of a yellow leaf  
Spiralling  
gently  
to the  
ground  
Tiny black nameless birds  
Hopping between the wires  
As old pigeons wizened by age, one-eyed  
Look at them go  
6.2 How loud my typewriter  
I never knew

Lost in the noises of the city  
I lost something in the hills  
It rings out now , Cover your ears  
Cower in your two by twos  
In your three by threes  
Hear its barbaric YAWP

6.21

Curfew day

Where is the homeless man who gets his free afternoon  
tea around this time everyday ?

The shops are all closed.

What belly and what bridge serve as his abode on this  
Day ?

6.22

No marches today                      No protests against the regime  
No voices                                      No songs  
No one's head down on the street on which to spit  
My orange pips  
No aeroplanes in the sky at which to mutely stare  
And Marvel  
How sweet to see

How strange to be

6.3

The general form of dissent  
Is this Tractatus  
The localised form of Poetry  
Is everything

A non-entity's heart  
Speaks  
Its truth  
In every non-event

6.4

Lost on you

Insubstantial voices

CUT

The riptide

Blue & White

siht ot noitulos ehT )

melborP

( gnihsinav eht ni nees is

6.5

The vision  
The New Vision  
Blossoming  
Within the Silence  
A wounded voice  
Waits

(Throw the ladder  
Away)

7.

Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must never be silent.

Akshat Khare