

In plumes and scales to fly and crawl,
Put on mascara, fluffy dresses,
Attempt to play like beast and fowl,
Forgetting interstellar spaces:
Try, my philosopher, this world.

And all your wisdom came to nothing
Though many years you worked and strived
With only one reward and trophy:
Your happiness to be alive
And sorrow that your life is closing.

To find my home in one sentence, concise, as if hammered in metal. Not
to enchant anybody. Not to earn a lasting name in posterity. An un-
named need for order, for rhythm, for form, which three words are
opposed to chaos and nothingness.

Berkeley-Paris-Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1981-1983