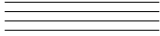


# T H E R E



R U S H R A N K I N

The ineffable and haunting sublimated  
spirituality of words, the misty frisson  
of elusive books, that ancient city  
hidden by vines, excites almost all  
of the intellectual teenagers in Kansas.

Their eager, tattooed, mystic teacher  
bequeaths the class a blackboard  
of hazy erasures no one can read,  
except the cabbalist, who reads  
in the dark. A revelation betrays its own

functional mystery. As the other  
others others othering  
others, the abyss abysses  
its abyssness the next afternoon  
in a taxi. Each absolute doubt,  
doubting itself, accepts

that rebuttal. Spinoza sent Descartes  
a letter whose paper itself refuted  
an airy cogito. The postal service  
connects one fact to another  
like two people in bed who share

a dream. I mean, the faux  
center of a semiosis, like a state  
employee, refuses to answer  
the phone only when it rings.