

**THE SUBLIME
OF INK BLOTS**

Poetry is always
there to show you
that no one really
knows the English
language, or any
other. That would
be like having
reached the furthest
perimeter of the
universe, or having
found the last color
of paint and seen it
in combination with
every hue and shade.
If space exploration is
unaffordable for you,
consider poetry. It's a
mortal approximation
of omnipresence. If
someone tells you they
found the limit of language in a formula, tell
them you're going on
holiday to the moons
of Saturn. Connotation is
the gravitational principle
of our most distant stars.
Shining shining shining