DAS MYSTISCHE

Words are tools.
When born, with fuzzy limbs,
they reach out like rails to a haze,
not to infinity.

When we press into the fog,
when we push through
and clear the way with our breast,

we set down the tracks
that were not there,
pioneering fragrant fog
to untouched terrain.

We make a new world
with our words,
castles of clouds,
dustbins of daisies.

The smoky world's
fuzzy limits
are those we make
and, making, find
pressing into the plumes.

While those at the center
will not see you flailing
and flapping into the mystical,
beauteous, bewildering beyond

that dizzied dandies must note
may be nothing at all,
a dazzling nothingness,
as there's not yet a word to tell,

not a word that fails to pass
like flickering fog.

If you want us to see,
take us by the hand,
with soft, slow steps,
over rough ground.
Take us with you.

PHILIP BOLD

For my students | December 9th, 2025