

the dao

we verb before the  
cease  
less face  
less dao

some of us  
mudpuddles  
some  
slipknots  
some  
ships logs

Ago  
A gog leaning  
in  
A god

As if to catch  
word in a flame  
worm on a hook  
swarming  
mayflies  
in the underarm  
of day

As if of Day  
as if of day & night  
following day  
following  
night & day following  
night

twin shadows  
from which which  
world  
is rent/  
dao houses  
like brothers  
sea & sky  
mirroring  
bluely  
what's left  
of aimless  
sensibility ?

dao's bound  
less  
ever-expanding  
futuraity  
alterity  
god-closing

in  
even on distinction  
between

word & thing  
dao we don't  
need

Odysseus  
to have ever left

Helen  
to sprinkle men  
in her red

weave, moonlight  
beneath earth's red  
tomb

or Jesus  
crashing through  
the raw

white pines  
of tables in the market  
(place)

as if he were  
water, with its delicacy  
or force

eddying the small  
of love's back  
or crippling the entire

fleet  
universal  
someone's

'omniscience',  
'omnipotence'  
does not recount it/  
suffice

dao untamable  
is no person's  
mastery  
or like-person's  
sorcery

& yet flows  
and is at rest  
on its rock (this,  
our)  
like a cricket  
& the air  
it breathes

& is what is both  
empty & full,  
hungry & sated,  
wild & tame,  
completely/

at home in its  
loneliness  
beneath  
refulgent stars,  
the color of salt  
before  
a wound,  
the sound  
of noise before  
void  
dao is  
as if

in that white noise of  
childhood's fuzzy  
television  
it had glimpsed them,  
the stars & their  
harmonies we failed to  
hear

and the contours seen  
on the emerging  
human face that would  
be our love & death  
and all the tragic guillotines  
of symphonies washed  
over us their waves,  
flooding open  
with the dawn, that complex  
knot containing all  
happiness and sadness  
not as labels  
but as they really were  
to exist behind the eyes,

before the face  
had learned from sensation  
after sensation  
to pull them (write them)  
and I was no child  
anymore—

dao is to be  
at harmony  
with one's nature  
with nature

there no condition  
of its success.

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