

Ain't no meta. Ain't no nevamind.

by [Scott Cairns](#) in the [January 26, 2022](#) issue

Such hard going to step outside  
immediate matter, to nudge  
the act of interlocution  
sufficiently past the sturdy  
pale as to accommodate now  
anything close to being éxo.  
Hard as it is, one is unlikely  
ever to meet with actual  
success. Still, even failure proves  
informative, as so many  
loads of matter, matter in spades,  
whole shovelful glibbly pitched  
into the yawning enormity  
that spans the heart's adamant hole.  
Holy, holy, holy—wholly  
implicative of something gone  
awry, of something lacking here  
within the . . . what? The heart? The soul?  
Our noetic architecture  
lately fallen in upon itself?  
Lord, your alleged mercy would be  
sore appreciated should you deign  
to have another go at mending  
such wretchedness as what we've made  
of things. Thank God you seem lately  
to have repented of your famous,  
ancient wrath, but, then again, your  
turning away appears—from where  
we stand blinking—a little too  
complete, far too neat. From where we stand  
blinking as we gaze up into

a frozen sky, we cannot comprehend  
your comprehensive quiet, nor  
the countless sparkling lights all  
but laughing amid that bleak, broad  
immensity above, beyond  
which we cannot fathom much.