

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 glibly 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.