

**RACHEL BLAU DUPLESSIS**

**FROM NUMBERS**

## The Fourth Room

"Color itself is a degree of darkness"  
and numbers a degree of light.

the first  
is Goethe

the second  
is who we are,

thus--us.  
Our little scope so hard to be.

Our galaxy is not decoded  
mystery. It riddles us.

And our universe  
will eventually run out

on us; we will  
have run down first.

Why does that leave us  
Inconsolable?

Numbers and colors will abide  
and energy to fuel and charge

another startling slide  
or zoom or boom,

another galaxy beyond  
our farther side. Another count.

And numbers will remain.  
Or so we postulate

bravely counting up  
and counting down  
and coloring in.



Proverbs useful for everyday life.

1. Nothing takes only five minutes.
2. Scavenge the exact Edge and but also remain Askew.
3. Study Sybjectivity.
4. Beauty and ugliness are temporary slides of position.
5. Cherish native plants.\*

\* From five odd trees, the only ones saved from the destruction, orchards with a lovely fruit have grown.

Where do I stand on depth

7C  
5.



is a little hard to say. But on  
redundancy? What I just said.

The commutative

+

$3+4$

is the same

as  $4 + 3$ .

But not to me.

When I was around seven  
( $7\frac{1}{2}$ , or eight in actual fact),  
no one could do *anything*  
to convince me of that.

Those numbers  
appeared extremely  
different in those different  
places, even their shapes were.

And the claim that together  
they allegedly produced  
the same total  
just didn't add up.

That, anyway, was my opinion,  
which, despite little objects  
rearranged on a tablecloth,  
I held to at inordinate length.

Doesn't sequence  
have some bearing on fact?  
Doesn't the order of elements  
inflect their being?

Of course now I acknowledge  
that seven is right. But  
how can adding or "times-ing"  
be "reversible"

when actual time is not?

+

x





The Third Room

RBD July 2011

Yan Tan  
Thethera Methera

fingerling hand  
pentagrammic Pip

Yain Tain  
mirror measure

silly methan  
sillier pleasure

whither weather  
Thethera being

one sheep leaping  
cheesy era.

Ena mena  
mona mite

Bas cal ora  
(olive bite)

onesey twosey  
selfie sluff

singlet zagging  
ziggurat.

Piles ofnumeri  
neated up

uncle uncial  
angel pelf

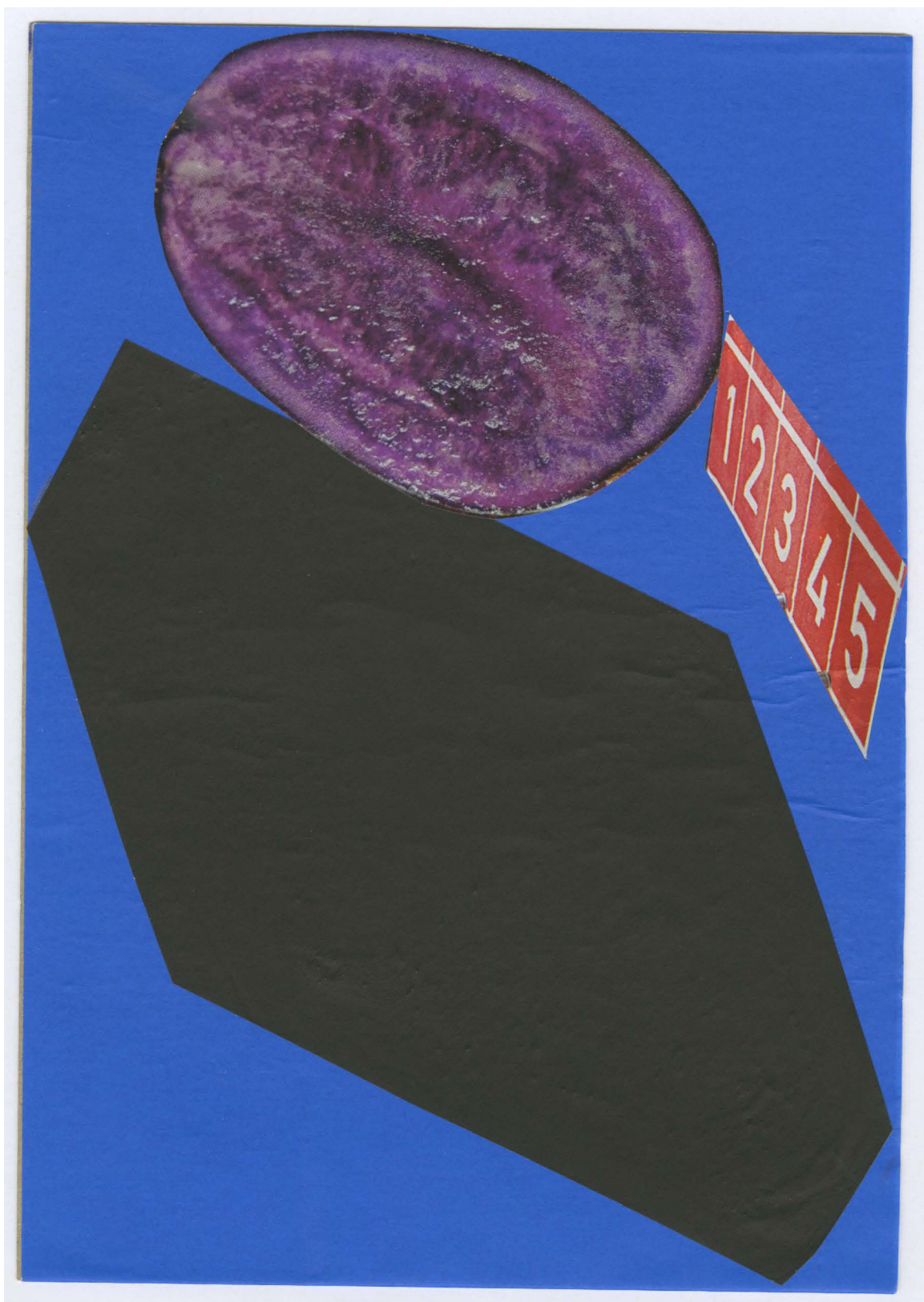
eeno oino  
crowning self.





## Dark matter

Dark matter exhales this room  
and forms another. 'The atoms  
do not have a place to rest.'  
We float among themselves, ourselves.  
What we must breathe are digits but  
past the edges of our hands  
numbers begin.  
These look like single flatness  
but illuminate imponderable accounts  
of what we're in:  
analyze colors on surfaces,  
reckon a large-ish zone incalculable,  
granulate atomic textures.  
And assign an almost  
unhearable breath  
to matter's darkness that  
hovers "there," stolidly metamorphic,  
pulsing sheerly invisible through time as  
apparently timeless  
during [our] everything and  
alongside [our] nothing.



And the universe is built on a little shim of  $\pi$ .  
This endlessly incalculable makes a "perfect" circle.

The colors  
create their own shadow, they  
have dimension, they can wait.

Poetry, the opposite, half the opposite, the half-truth of the opposite  
will ruin the clarity

already ruined

by ideologies of "the exact."

This was an experiment in opacity  
teasing exactness with these endless little shims.

I open the dream.



