

## BEGINNING AFTER THE END

There are thoughts we can anticipate, glimpsed in the distance along existing thought pathways.

This is a future that is simply the present, stretched out further.

There is not-yet-thought that never arrives—yet here we are thinking it in the paradoxical flicker of this very sentence.

If we want thought different from the present—if we want to change the present—then thought must be aware of this kind of future.

It is not a future into which we can progress.

This future is unthinkable. Yet here we are, thinking it.

Coexisting, we are thinking future coexistence. Predicting it and more: keeping the unpredictable one open.

Yet such a future, the open future, has become taboo.

Because it is real, yet beyond concept.

Because it is *weird*.

Art is thought from the future. Thought we cannot explicitly think at present. Thought we may not think or speak at all.

If we want thought different from the present, then thought must veer toward art.

To be a thing at all—a rock, a lizard, a human—is to be in a twist.

How thought longs to twist and turn like the serpent poetry!

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Or is art veering toward thought? Does it ever arrive?  
The threads of fate have tied our tongues.  
Tongue twisters inclined towards nonsense.  
Logic includes nonsense as long as it can tell the truth.  
The logic of nonsense.  
The needle skipped the groove of the present.  
Into this dark forest you have already turned.  
I take *present* to mean *for the last twelve thousand years*. A butterfly  
kiss of geological time.

