

HAPPENSTANCE

"Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards."

--Milton

I remember one cold clear night...I was sitting in a large open window of a high-rise dormitory, listening to the crystalline stillness, outside, of winter in suburbia. Nothing but the sound of distant streetlights crackling through the chill...And the realization, as Rilke once said, that *You must change your life...*

I'd been reading Marx and Hegel, about the misappropriation of one's labor, how the hard-won victories wrested from Hera's earth are inevitably taken from one, palmed off by another, and then "compensated" by some pittance...How the senses of touch, taste, smell, sight, sound—all once divine, pure, ringing and clear, shimmering like some eternal prodigy (*you and your labors, one and the same*) slipped away...Adam Smith's "invisible hand" turned some thief of the night...

Looking over the sterile bedroom community I'd once envisioned myself a part of—as a lawyer with the two-and-a-half children, some Golden Retriever dog abounding and the requisite wife-chattel awaiting with dinner—some deep unspoken sadness befell...words from my state-of-the-art stereo loudspeakers drifted...*Nights in white sating, never reaching the end...Beauty I've always missed, with these eyes before, just what the Truth is, I can't say anymore...*

The song from the "Moody Blues" stirred unsettled feelings: in my heart the stormy romances with stubborn women mirroring my soul, loosing the moors of male-female, *yin-yang*; in my mind the solitary pursuit of that All Important Grade Point Average. Lonely nights of study having driven away those most important—usually standing right before me—in favor of those ephemeral goals of some scholarly professor's alleged Understanding...

Love had come and gone...traces still wet upon my lips...I'd found and lost Beauty...Now I knew I must leave, set out for the Coast, for that long arduous search for Truth...

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