

# Critique of Pure Reason

"Like one man milking a billy-goat,  
another holding a sieve beneath it,"  
Kant wrote, quoting an unnamed ancient.  
It takes a moment to notice the sieve doesn't matter.  
In her nineties, a woman begins to sleepwalk.  
One morning finding pudding and a washed pot,  
another the opened drawers of her late husband's dresser.  
After a while, anything becomes familiar,  
though the Yiddish jokes of Auschwitz  
stumbled and failed outside the barbed wire.  
Perimeter is not meaning, but it changes meaning,  
as wit increases distance and compassion erodes it.  
Let reason flow like water around a stone, the stone remains.  
A dog catching a tennis ball lobbed into darkness  
holds her breath silent, to keep the descent in her ears.  
The goat stands patient for two millennia,  
watching without judgment from behind his strange eyes.

