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### Symbols, Signs and Saints

I believe we reference infinite connections that are part of one story. When time arrives, we leave our cells. 2.014 Objects contain the possibility of all situations.

*... an innocent trifle – a basket with ten different fruit jellies in ten little jars...*

The dark trees mentioned that my elderly parents had pondered the symbols and signs. They whispered to the writer the concepts in their mother tongue -- as best they could puzzle out. Mrs. Sol, the Soloveichiks. Dr. Solov. Sun. Solid. Sole. My mother was a blanched angel and my toothless father just another immigrant, who thought his new world job was to pray for all of God's children. He imagined buying them perfect gifts.

Noumena. Terrible undulations – signals – across the water. Phenomena. A tiny unfledged bird twitching in a puddle. Aunt Rosa and all her worries destroyed by the Germans. Pneumonia. The ugly vicious backwards American children. Phenomena. The hardened eccentricities of a prodigiously gifted child. Noumena. A dense tangle of logically interacting illusions. Tenderness transformed into madness. Symbol. Beautiful weeds that cannot hide from the farmer.

The elaborate article was inanimate and capable of sign-speech. *The Principles of Referential Mania*. It re-named me and made me purposefully inchoate filled with uncertainty and mystery. It put me beyond irritable reaching after reason. Yet it misunderstood its own references. It purposefully misrepresented the arising of my intentions and grotesquely misunderstood my actions. From the window I saw the old man gently swaying a basket like an old censer. I am poetry like Shelley's monster or Keats the man.

Morphy. Capa. Euwe. I watched a game that was never played. The maestro wouldn't touch the pieces and the magician wouldn't speak the coordinates so they sat in silence. In our collective dream we experienced the future when he realized the king wasn't there to be defended, couldn't be lost. E2. E3. E4. E5. I chase the creator across Arctic ice floes. Powerful freedom like walking across the Sea of Galilee.

The knave of hearts, the nine of spades, the ace of spades, the maid Elsa and her bestial beau. The phone rang. It was a girl asking for Charlie. A wrong number. Again, and it was Madeline from her dream calling for Porphyro. The letter "o" instead of the zero.

*He re-examined with pleasure the luminous yellow, green, and red little jars.*

Sol rexus. E7. Time arrived. I left my cube. Time, space and cause and effect. E6. E5. I walked into the rain and along the brown path and walked and just kept walking. I wore out the soles of my shoes and layers of sock and skin. The sky watched me. The clouds analyzed my breaths that the glass at the bus stop conveyed to all unfeeling things. They told the trees and they talked among themselves about my

intentions. 6.4311. Death is not an event in life: we do not live to experience death. The solid mountains recorded my passing.

*... plum, quince. He had got to crab apple...*

Their telephone rang again as I tore a hole in this world. 1.1 The world is the totality of facts, not of things.

*Of candied apple, quince and plum...*

I Porphyro unwound, uncoded, flew as if upside down. Shadowed by phenomenal nature, I traversed dark to light and again, through the file and crossed rows. I ran through the moors, heart on fire, past 100 swordsmen, barbarian hordes, whose very dogs howled against my lineage. I ran past a whole blood-thirsty race.

Numb were the beadsman's fingers... skeletal, wan. Bare and silent feet on the church's cold stones. They pay for him to pray for everyone. He prayed for the lords and pitied the amorous pawns and hot-blooded knights and knaves, none of whom appeared that night to the sleeping princess. His prayer he saith, this patient holy man.

I moved from the shadows in that mansion foul and tapped the shoulder of the Beldame Angela, withered of body and soul. The old crone startled but knew my friendly face and grasp'd my fingers in her palsied hand and said follow me. Through this lowly arched way to a moonlit room, pale, lattic'd, chill and silent as a tomb.

She pleaded in whispers for me to leave as 'twas St Agnes Eve – where Madeline fair lady was to sleep in enchantments cold, in lap of legends old. How virgins might have visions of delight, and soft adorings from their loves receive upon the honeyed middle of the night. Just look upward with eyes for all that they desire for Agnes' dream, the sweetest of the year.

Sudden a thought came, a stratagem I propose that makes the Beldame start: "a cruel man and impious thou art! Let her pray, and sleep, and dream alone with her good angels, far apart from wicked men like thee. Go, go! Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear or look with ruffian passion on her face."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul? A poor weak, palsy stricken, churchyard thing, whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll; whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening, were never missed."

My gentle speech, so woeful, and of such deep sorrowing turned her mind that Angela gave promise she will do whatever I shall wish, betide her weal or woe -- which was to lead me, in close secrecy to Madeline's chamber, and hide me in her closet that I might see her beauty unespy'd. Though never on such a night have lovers met since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

I gazed on that bed beneath the triple arches garlanded with carven fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass, and shone the wintry moon its fair jewels on Madeline's fair breast as she said grace, a splendid angel. I grew faint. Her heart was voluble, paining with eloquence her balmy side; as though a tongueless nightingale should swell her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell. She loosened her fragrant boddice, by degrees her rich attire crept rustling to her knees. Half hidden like a mermaid in

sea-weed.

*All cates and dainties shall be stored there...*

I heap'd with glowing hand in golden dishes and in baskets bright the jellies soother than the creamy curd, and lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon, manna, and dates. I slid the distance to the bed as if on an iced stream, unsure the boundaries or whose dream this was. I played an ancient song – “La belle dame sans mercy” -- to wake Madeline from sweet sleep where she dreamed of my perfection. She woke to a painful reality and upon seeing me softly moaned “how chang'd thou art! How pallid, chill and drear!”

*бледный, холодный, и унылый!*

And I was belched back through time and shadow across the moors and granite mountains. With unimaginable distance the torrents of my wild scandal increase in volume and volubility. I am magnified a million times and the ultimate truth of my being summed. 7 Whereof one cannot speak thereof one must be silent. I awoke with bandaged feet in the sanitarium in a room with a northern wall longer than the southern.