

Reality is a scandal.  
The same scandal as death.

Both are equally inaccessible to our thinking, our orientation. And just as we transform death into a social, cultural, historical construct by designing religions, philosophies and rituals that try to embed it in our ways of thinking and behaving, we try to construct reality for ourselves by using the arts and sciences , everyday wisdom and poetry that pretend to us that we were able to conduct a discourse about them, to grasp them with our words and ideas, to explore them, to understand them. This grasping, exploring and representing is in fact an "presentation", a show, a performance, something put in front, something put in front of reality, something that has the precise purpose of preventing us from seeing what really is behind it.

Indeed, what begins right next to us is as distant and inaccessible as the universe: in moments when we perform the ritual of "poetry," we twist our necks to stare at it and project some of our petty desires and longings onto it, again, to avoid the embarrassment in which the cold and infinite redundancy could track us down (because we can't track them) stretching from the starry sky to our very closest environment, the simple view out of the window.

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