Eunoia Eye to Eye: A MoMa Sestina

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Eunoia, this is not a new aesthetic or epistemology about beauty, what ends undergird Wittgenstein’s wit, pronouncements of logic, any subject under Novalis and this noonday sky, of the theory of symbolism trumping names, of the theory of types being categorical squares, pointy corners overlapping, inward spiral into an nth number of trapezoids colliding, more intoned inside, artifice as objects seen sub specie aeternitatis, happy despite eulogies and euphemisms, or toasting revisioned lives, what possibility got shored up and unraveled, red mountain of origami tigers dissolved in acid rain, timed to end November, feast days from St. Martin’s to the long road home, warm inside over Rudolf Stingel’s oil and enamel, forever untitled, clean, pristine under Isaac and flammable evergreens, and fathers simplifying things, hands over an old hangar where theory died, muted mirrors of the same, buoyed names easing into veins, a new tractate, of artists talking to artists, about renaming us as Orsini did, as if tapping Austen on her rough crinoline, lily skin and naked shoulders to shimmer her politics, scabs hidden, layered hem over oval pouches, old coins strapped to the shin, knobs for knees, tassels ending in a ring around her ankles, tattoos of rock pigeons peeping through, under Ancona’s bridge of dreams, where Angelo Ferretti sits forlorn, waits inside empty-handed, pensive, open to meet halfway, across twin stairwells inside, undercroft covered in linen, soft folds, each floral motif inscribed, named, never pointing somewhere else, like our lost hours, or puzzled faces under orange whorls, of No. 2, Pollock redrawing its setting sun, million bulbs and intensely, light of coals from kilns, length of the Cardo finding a dead end as if it needed to rest, Gerhard Richter’s Antelio glass as definitive, over everybody’s outstretched arms, big palms beckoning or begging for leftover Ungers and Unwin blueprints, their umbrella vault, Indic relics housed inside, numinous in their backlit shapes, awkward form, edges, shards, sharp ends,
overhang of raw emotion, like Luy Tuymans' pink ballroom reddening, and
in relief, a dollhouse and a fortalice falling into Noguchi’s garden of names,
an allegorical portrait, Alessandro Allori as Mercury slaying Argus under
eleven of Jupiter’s orbits, his hundred oracular eyes a sea of blue under
unused panels of basswood and sheet metal, on which we stand, hover over
Narcissus, himself over a loveless lake, an opaque pond by his side, and
our prayers too, that no one is left behind, to die, limits and regret inside,
in a labyrinth of rivers, the closing of our eyes to forget history, as named
as every mural and painting here, like Juno surrounded and alone, the end
like backdrops dropped in, under Wittgenstein's solidity, doors bookending
our afternoon, where faith and hope sit side by side, over us returning and
wondering what being in love looks like, inside this sun terrace unnamed.

* The epigraph to this acrostic sestina is an excerpt from the poem “Chapter E” by Christian Bök. The author's 2001 book, Eunoia, is a “univocal lipogram, in which each chapter restricts itself to the use of a single vowel”, the title itself being the shortest word in English to include all five vowels. Eunoia means “beautiful thinking”. Within Wittgenstein’s philosophy are indications of an aesthetic theory, with the idea that “ethics and aesthetics are one”. The Latin phrase “sub specie aeternitatis” translates as “under the aspect of eternity”.

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