

Inti Yanes-Fernández

# ALLE ONTOLOGIE



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*Alle Ontologie [...] bleibt im Grunde blind  
und eine Verkehrung ihrer eigensten Absicht,  
wenn sie nicht zuvor den Sinn von Sein  
zureichend geklärt und diese Klärung als ihre  
Fundamentalaufgabe begriffen hat.*

M. Heidegger

# I

In the beginning of Being the god tore down  
The curtain of perception,  
Geometrical balance between substance and modes,  
And man opened his eyes to the singing of birds,  
To the brightness of light and to the darkest  
Fright of the deep night.  
In the beginning of Being  
The rock still was rock and the road  
Still led to the quiet fountain  
Surrounded by gracious blades of grass  
And the laborious art of ants and worms.  
At a stretch of the hand, before the eyes,  
All kinds of fruits, and birds, and stars,  
And docile animals grazing in open fields.  
And the animals were animals and the tree *the* large tree  
laden with sap and autumn...  
And the word was not a barrier between man and his pain,  
And love and happiness and horror and despair.  
Today was just today and tomorrow *tomorrow*...  
And engendered the god your face of moon and ocean,  
In your eyes etched his promise  
And in your mouth his curse  
Your body was a spring of isometrical waters  
To which the wildest beasts subdue themselves to quench  
Their thirst of centuries ahead.

And He saw all was beautiful and clean  
Like his own soul befreed from emptiness and greed.  
Yet a solitary ghost felt the bite of your genesis,  
Overwhelmed by your essence he loved you at all cost,  
With cross, betrayal, Olympus and gnosis,  
He went through the mystery of presence  
Trying to reach the core of your appearance,  
But in the chronical silence of his madness  
Configuring kaleidoscopes of sadness  
He discovered the infinite that lies  
Between the *here* and *there*...  
And yet there's no fragmentation  
He was sacred Paradise of Sameness,  
Hunter and hunted knew no conflict  
Mortals and gods enjoyed the peace of no-thing...  
But the Angel of Time was always moving  
Over the liminal silt of what was not akin,  
In the beginning of Being there's always something!  
And consciousness awoke with image and desire  
And the beat of becoming embraced the heart of things.

## II

Nothing as real as a chimera.  
I dared to talk to a ghost  
And turned myself into a shadow errant.  
And came to you from the last rain of Izumo,  
Hoisting the chalice of enlightenment  
—Of no avail, the Light never descended—  
Yet embracing the entelechy of your absence  
I remained loyal to you almost like Sôemon  
In *that* Double Ninth day,  
Dwelling in the mist of autumnless Chrysanthemums.  
Yet in front of me always your distance  
—Day after day, sharper  
Than the dagger of my death—  
And the deaf whisper of *the* single thought  
Courting my perplexity.

### III

Nothing as true as a dream.  
The angel descending torching kingdoms.  
Angelus Novus Angelus Aeternus  
The light burning the light.  
The sun killing the sun  
Deadly wings swallowing cities  
O economy of meta-rational quantities!  
O commodity of plurals vis deorum immortalium!  
natura, ratione, potestate, mente, numine,  
sive quod est aliud verbum!  
The Angel of Time came wearing her Kabuki vestments  
And said "I Am"  
and the Ark of the Covenant burst into laments.  
Yet lies told through the spine  
Where no house no origin  
no sordid world of rectitudinous  
From underneath ruins of Truth the ghost came out  
Debris of men  
She said "I am so many! – my name is multitude"  
And when I cried the Lie receded  
And out of mercy the Angel the most cruel  
whispered in my ear:  
"Aeternus vere solus Deus."  
And I fell down on my knees and cried again  
"Is *that* the Truth?"

And I saw chorus in despair begging the Angel:  
“Bring the Lie back – Bring the Lie back”  
And I said “Look! They are at it again!  
The mortals playing their mortal game.”  
Her wings upon my eyes “cope” she yelled  
“cope with the duplicitous”  
And the chorus was not  
And laughing disappeared  
From a mirror of blood to the other.  
The image is all and time eternal–  
Nothing as real as a chimera.



## IV

By night,  
On the winter-dry tree of my besieged soul,  
A lusty worm is looking for sustenance—  
Voracious feeds on presence  
Throws up absence  
O bizarre metabolism of figures  
Subtle sunrays trespassing the dark  
Dancing the silence of words that wither  
gagged in dungeons of habit and fear.

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