

Finer, ~~more~~ unknowable (a line from Celan)

We know that mind and matter strongly separate  
To a formal undecidable proposition  
There is no yellow in the impulse  
No note displays its chemistry  
Her scent has no distinctive wave  
Her lips no known vibration  
And touch and pain only she endures the quality  
Of sensations never seen in any text.

This is Being and Holderlin's god  
Allowing each his path  
Which not negated leads to joy  
And makes us god-like with no concerns  
For you or I but tasking that freedom  
Of pure growth and objectivity  
Is wonderful if you can bear it,  
Till seeing you or me grow older  
Or my dear mother loved by all  
Now finer, more unknowable  
"Can we meet once more on a day  
Which holds the past in its arms?"