

WATER
MARKS

Keith
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Philosophy may in no way interfere with the actual use
of language; it can in the end only describe it.

For it cannot give it any foundation either.

It leaves everything as it is.

WITTGENSTEIN

§ 1

Even if his dream were
actually connected with
the noise of the rain, he will
not accept the *It is*
raining of someone asleep.

§ 2

It is raining.

§ 3

Periods of dream, however—
in, for instance, protracted
fatigue—will erupt into
the waking eye.

§ 4

It takes a horizontal
world to prop
the blueness of the sky. I
cannot lay a foundation, but must
build on one.

§ 5

Names bother him. Certain
ways of talking turn
his stomach. Until he
sticks them on as labels:
'I am the house
that built.'
(Earthquake gardening.)

§ 6

In the farthest
clearing, misunderstandings
still spring up.

§ 7

No description
satisfies him. When he
says what happened,
he no longer finds it
characteristic.

§ 8

Rain is coming
down so as to flood the ill-
drained streets, destroying
ideas of outside. Even
if his dream were actually
connected

§ 9

Woven, the net, without
really thinking—is
the process
blind? It is all
edge, all surface. If you
want to be
taken in,
go deep. A
random or a systematic mistake
'explains' everything, whereas
all he wants to know lies
spread to the horizon,
unpronounceable.

§ 10

Water, if quiet, may
reflect clouds, a
battle, elaborate
ruins, the typical flora.

§ 11

Pieces of a game—king queen,
castle—protect him from
his old enemy: the fascination
of drifting terms.

§ 12

'Look here, at this ' —there
you have the form of a
solid sentence. Note, at the same
time, that everything changes at
each instant. Ah but each
step I take, however
uncertainly, gives so much
constancy
to the waves I'm
working my way through. Look, now,
at how the street
glistens under the rain,
and those creases of light in the
sky are like nothing on earth.

§ 13

Even if his dream

§ 14

If I ask, 'How
are the arches
fallen?' does it not bridge
questions
of blue sky and foundation?—
for at least this holiday.

§ 15

To use words in
such a way that no
frontier closes on them.

§ 16

N.B.: there *are* more
insects in America.

§ 17

From certain angles, one may see
what the water reflects and
also the bottom of the lake—like
a world and its
memory—but also, in spots,
the surface itself, which
does not seem
to divide anything from
anything, but simply
presents itself as
surface—serene and still,
such a surface as a god might
walk on (it
supports so easily the deepest
hues), such as
might tempt a man to step

§ 18

And there *are* things of which—for
some reason—it is
difficult to remind oneself.

§ 19

Shall we, with our
fingers, set about
repairing a torn
spider web? Such expressions
establish a style—a form
of possession.

§ 20

Don't
go away. This rain
could be for you a
memory, a fiction,
a metaphor, an allusion to
the universal flood—carrying
expectations of Noah's ark
and the invention of
the rainbow. 'This' rain stopped
somewhere around § 10, and before
extensive revision. In what
sense can I still
speak of *actual*
rain, even if

§ 21

And who will care about dirty
water, running in
dirty gutters, down some past or spurious
'now'? (Cf. these usages: '*Now*
that Wittgenstein is dead . . .' '*Now* that
the poem is coming to
an end . . .' '*Now* logic must
take care of itself