

Oraxial

Stanimir Panayotov

HEAR THE GNOSTIC WINDS of unknowing:
knowledge that stutters in the sludge of the slow.
decrepit reasoning, ruined discrepancy - a flow
under the thunder of nobody's awe.

Noema and Oracle bound by the number:
past the Numeral Psyche - no one bids adieu.

this axial age runs the nothing of nature -
and the knowledge oraxial dismembers the gods

of a bygone matrixial rage.

this is Oraxiom: a poem of Nemo,
the axiom of grief - this was Oraxiom:
the mindless parerga of an anonymous thief.

know the shit of cogito, see the murder of non,
your lugubrious season comes to naught: your

oraxial grief is infinitely none.

philosophical workers walk the landscape of meaning and
past all the horizons any seer loses all vision alone - the sham
of all Oracles is now perpetually being undone by Axioms and
Oraxioms unilated in the black cosmosis of nobody's non-