

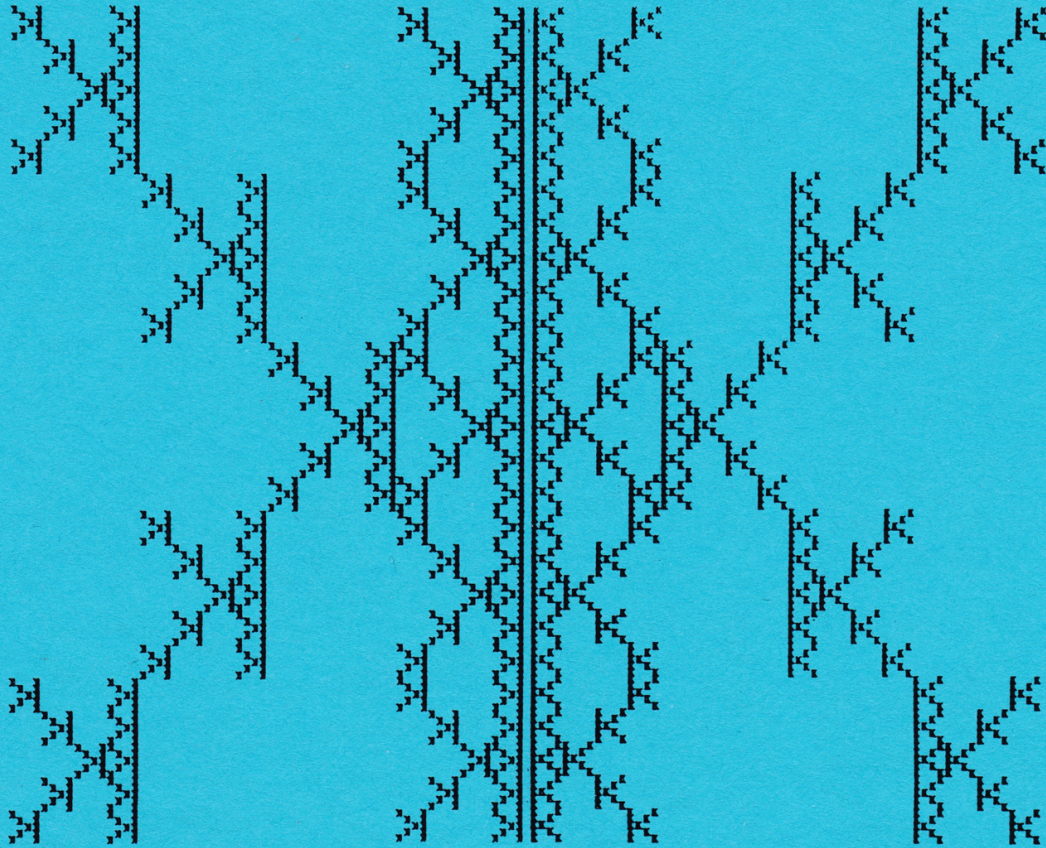
from

FIELD

STUDIES IN

CRYSTALLOGRAPHY

Christian Bök



krystallos

think words in a way that makes the space of silence in between
them crystallize unchecked across the still, reflective surface
of the mind until all thought is no more than a fading skein
of frost upon a sheet of glass.

katharsis

speak words in a way that breaks the ice, the voice ascending
sharply to the perfect pitch, at which the pane of silvered
glass explodes, its shrapnel lacerating any space of silence
in between us, in between us.

kalokagathia

write words in a way that photographs the fraction of an instant
when the mirror shatters and the image imprisoned in it tears
itself from itself only to reveal behind it still another mirror
destined likewise to be smashed.

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