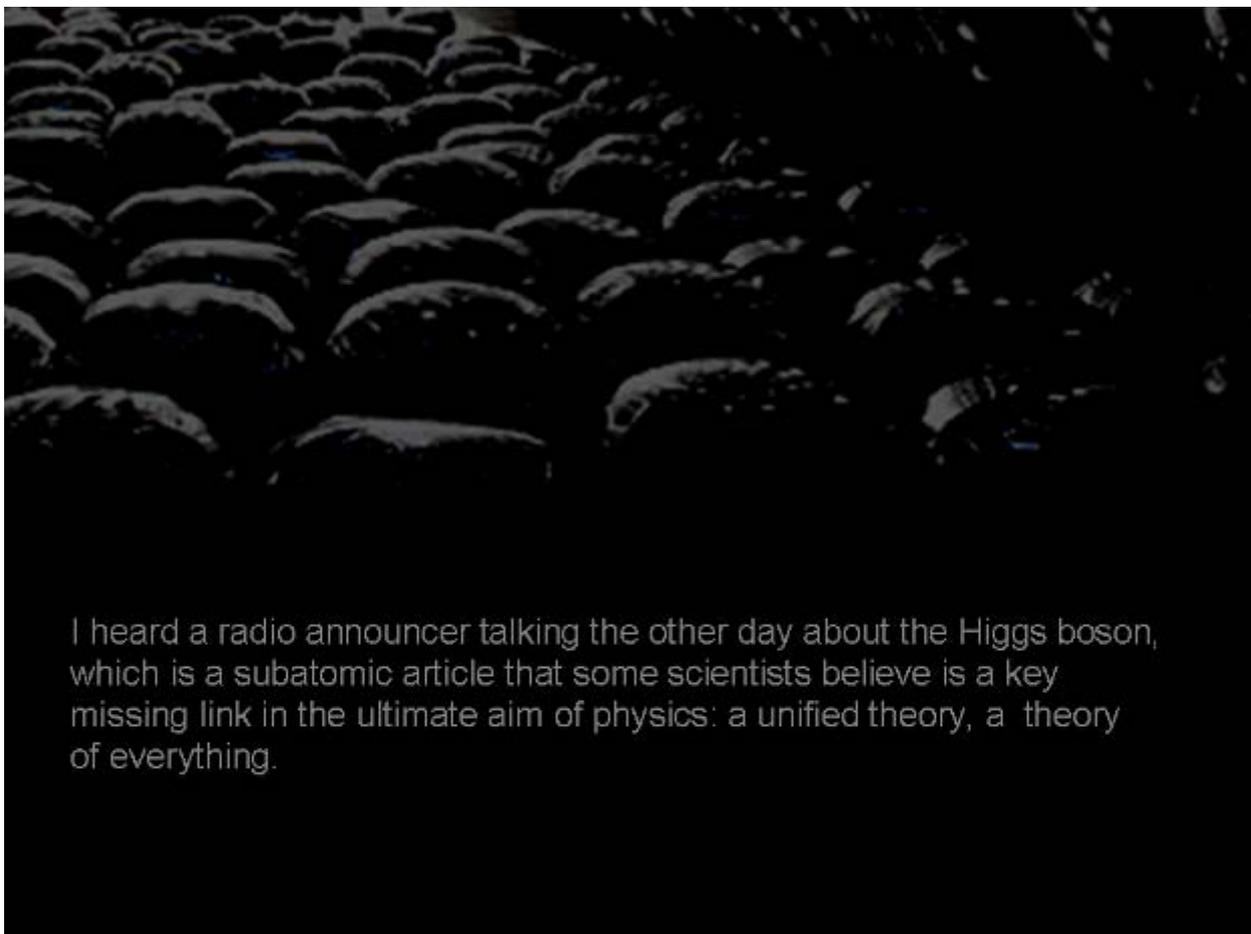


I Have Two Words For You, or When Words Collide

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(A Prose Poem Dedicated to Heidegger's
"Poetically Man Dwells...")



I heard a radio announcer talking the other day about the Higgs boson, which is a subatomic particle that some scientists believe is a key missing link in the ultimate aim of physics: a unified theory, a theory of everything.



The existence of the Higgs boson has never been experimentally confirmed; to do that, scientists think, requires huge supercolliders, which are multi-billion dollar circular concrete tunnels 500 feet underground with circumferences of twenty kilometers or more that send particles crashing into each other at speeds close to that of light.



There have been numerous problems that have prevented these supercolliders from having confirmed the Higgs boson, and the announcer was saying that some scientists have recently speculated that perhaps there is a quality to the Higgs boson that renders it impervious to experimental scrutiny; not just that it is very difficult to verify—that was always obvious—but that it somehow actively discourages or thwarts discovery.



I wonder if there may be something like the Higgs boson in poetry.

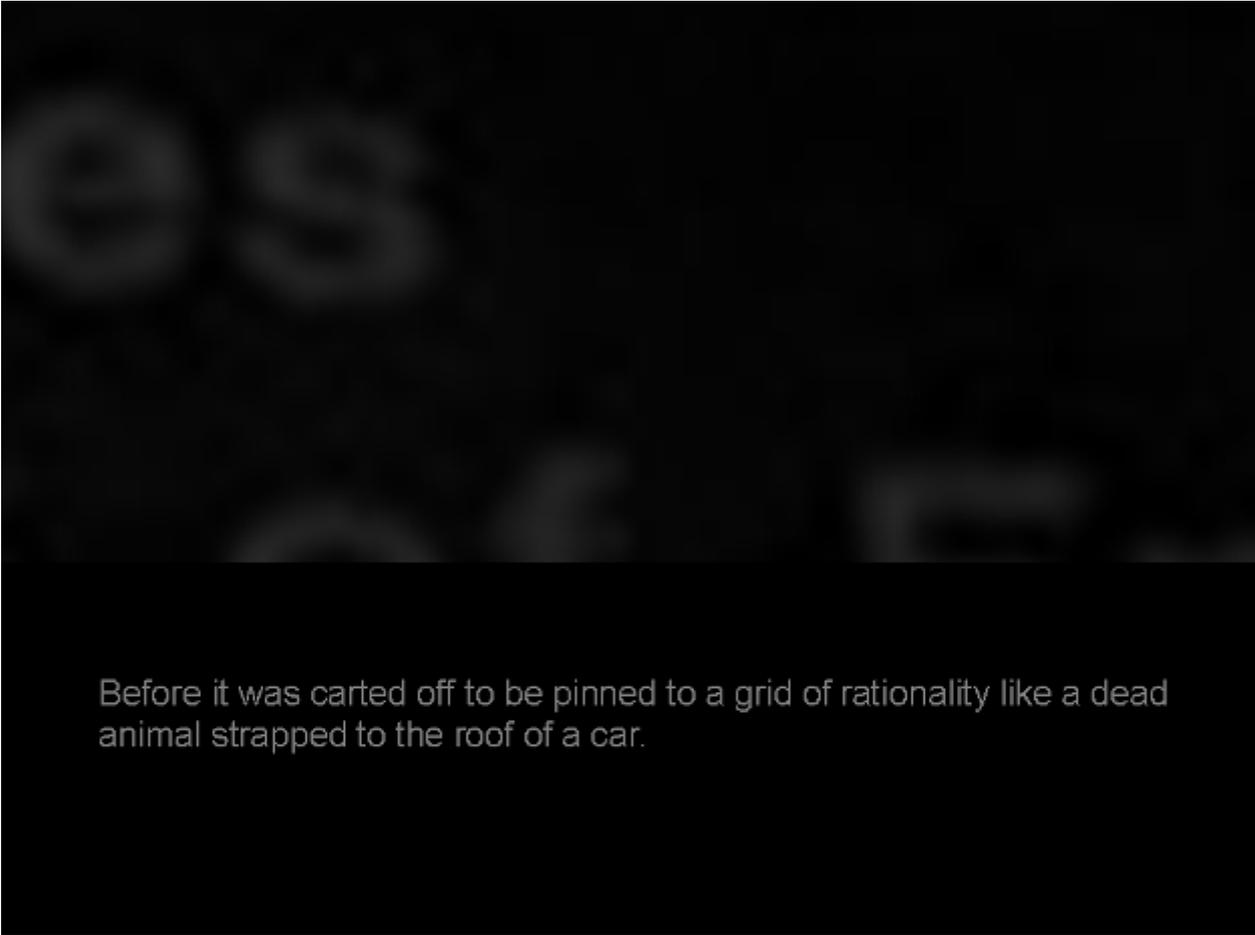


I have this image in my mind's eye of great poets, Robert Wrigley say, or Robert Bringhurst, or Rilke, strapped into some great concrete test facility, firing all their synapses at once, a vast neuronal ignition (something like an idea from another great poet, Lisa Robertson, of lymph cognition), shooting out words like tiny rockets at unimaginably high speeds, enabling them to break free from muddy intention and into pure intension (a distinction also from Robertson) just before they collide.



Afterimages of the terrible forces thereby created might be glimpsed in the tiny gaps left between their words, for which perhaps protective eyewear should be provided, so viewers can press their blackened visors really close up against the micro-crash sites.

There perhaps, between the wrecked words lying on the page, will be found traces of the infinitesimally short white hot light of pure meaning, left from the time before it blinked out.



Before it was carted off to be pinned to a grid of rationality like a dead animal strapped to the roof of a car.



Anyway, if those in their protective eye-gear could be allowed to examine what might remain between these experimental words, would they find something like the agency, or perhaps the cunning, of the Higgs boson?

