

## **Auto-da-fé**

I would not like to suggest  
a faith in the pure triumph  
of intellectual endeavor.  
Surely one mind, like the basins  
that form the inverted topography  
of a mountainous sea,  
can only hold so much.  
And surely, within the confines  
of any hypothetical cosmos,  
there is more than enough water  
to overflow these.  
And I can't be referring to size  
when a chalice of spirit  
might be raised to the lips.

But if a man could make room for himself  
among the gods, surely the endeavor  
is a sacred task, which like any  
holy errand, should be undertaken,  
dared only, with the proper attitude:  
a respect, if not an understanding,  
for all that one single mind  
will never possess

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