



On Earth As It Is

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## Meditation 3 NO. 38

Shane Anderson

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# on earth as it is

*prayer as story, story as prayer*

HOME

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*photo by matthew simmons*

## *Meditation 3 NO. 38*

*Shane Anderson*

Eel, harpoon curries, antlered in darkness to in on foreskin ornately flaking, foreskin tenderly peppered, against cap-a-pie mirrored swords also, ornately left oh dear out, inkhorn fish left in, coat hangers could coagulate fat could deflower inside warmth more flower; eels antlered in darkness galore when ornately could coagulate fiddlesticks in oily and deer lick could flower forever; this beyond caked ornately flaking in tenderly stacking, antlered in sparkling so ornately or harpoons if itching around also bladders more unless stewed eels sharpen, eels ornately even between cap-a-pie sharpened, harpoons not in below could mirror fat flake, blankets could but dusted blankets not even though lightly, harpoon between the time to sleep, whichever even apart from lightly could whet fat settling, even darkness caked from ornately even in should even though, although, eels as though accordions, eels have inordered once before bladders oily as eels without finger keys or in; this, foreskin could but shoulder, even in since encrusted ornately or shells even in as though barring harpoons neither could mansion bladders not even before eels could mirror fat not even from harpoons tenderly mansioning, eels ornately darkness egg-like piebald eel chips, this addles eels soft, eels ornately or in darkened flaking. Eels could save looking glass fat could traffic fat not even like snipped within lightly then could crack fat flake, after harpoons cap-a-pie, ornately even between even fuck darkness foggy in fat only if if limbed inkhorn fish even in, eel every like harpoons tenderly mansioned could mirror fat flake, each flake amidst darkness harpoons drapes over—cap-a-pie even if flaking, even by, what harpoons tenderly mansion—ornately, in as accordions inordered barring neither until wherever erected, fat not could mansion congratulations like if whenever manicured, bucks, toothed, accordion past man-keen to stingray lightly, eels inordered in white in case to neither mutilate eels narrow ornately coagulating folding: that antlered in mushy given ornately or goodness in as nutting, nothing antlered in as at fat could while spearing ornately neither deceiving eel organs by deer licks if mutilated.

\*

AND = EELS, var.  
GOD = FLAKE, var.  
THAT = ORNATELY  
NATURAL = WHILE  
DECEPTION = ORGANS

IN = HARPOON, var.  
REFLECTION = SETTLE, var.  
AM, var. = IN  
I = TOO  
WORKMAN = DEFLOWER

\*

And, in truth, it is not to be wondered at that God, at my creation, implanted this idea in me, that it might serve, as it were, for the mark of the workman impressed on his work; and it is not also necessary that the mark should be something different from the work itself; but considering only that God is my creator, it is highly probable that he in some way fashioned me after his own image and likeness, and that I perceive this likeness, in which is contained the idea of God, by the same faculty by which I apprehend myself, in other words, when I make myself the object of reflection, I not only find that I am an incomplete, imperfect and dependent being, and one who unceasingly aspires after something better and greater than he is; but, at the same time, I am assured likewise that he upon whom I am dependent possesses in himself all the goods after which I aspire and the ideas of which I find in my mind, and that not merely indefinitely and potentially, but infinitely and actually, and that he is thus God. And the whole force of the argument of which I have here availed myself to establish the existence of God, consists in this, that I perceive I could not possibly be of such a nature as I am, and yet have in my mind the idea of a God, if God did not in reality exist—this same God, I say, whose idea is in my mind—that is, a being who possesses all those lofty perfections, of which the mind may have some slight conception, without, however, being able fully to comprehend them, and who is wholly superior to all defect and has nothing that marks imperfection: whence it is sufficiently manifest that he cannot be a deceiver, since it is a dictate of the natural light that all fraud and deception spring from some defect.

—Shane Anderson, Rene Descartes

Shane Anderson lives in Berlin and blogs here. Other work can be found in *Abjective*, *Everyday Genius*, > kill author and the playbill for Matthew Barney's KHU.

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