

COUNTER-TEST

With its stars of ink the book is a universe in motion which our eyes fix.

People of the Book, we will never have a house. We shall die in words.

Interpretation is bound to act on the fate of individuals and of the world. It gives their destiny a new course, taking full responsibility for it, being ready to suffer the consequences and pay the price.

Also, interpreting the Book means first of all rising up against God to take voice and pen out of His power. We have to get rid of the divine within us in order to give God back to Himself and fully enjoy our freedom as men.

Simplicity is the wisdom of summits.

From the outset it has been my own story unrolling before my eyes.

It cannot be yours because of course our routes differ, even though we share night as the womb from which we were one morning ejected.

All coincidence is leaven for existence against its dark finality. We moved the same milestones, but never knew where we were.

Riveted to space, to the place reserved for dreamers, we rest, delicate starfish, on the very bottom of the soul.

To accept life means proposing an explanation of existence. But which one could we adopt? They are all contradictory.

Purity of being at the two poles of innocence.

We intuit life only in its flight. Tomorrow will be another moment of the source.

Alliance of slack time and time woven. We shall never read the pages rejected from the book.

The space of a spark prolonged. Mock amazement.

You will not find God where He expects you, but where you expect the dawn.

You make awkward steps towards God—you run towards Nothing.

Divided, I will be innocently human, as opposed to God, wise and indivisible.

Not-knowing has knowing as its esplanade where God disclaims competence.

My hands are full when you give me your hand.
A feather of spray will never fly out of the well.

Night outside. Inside, lack of air, the flame consumed.
What darkness always weighs on the unsubdued paths of the soul.
Truth has no place. It is a glimmer of unlivable places.

You only sleep with one hand. The other spangles your sleep.
Skylights, skylights . . .

I aim to be, someday, seen.

What remains to be thought (the fruit) follows what has been thought (the tree). But there is something else unthought which is the irreducible desert where our steps are weighed down with the day.

Entering into God's thought means thinking the unthought.

Could divine presence, as glimpsed by the mind, be thought at the heart of the unthought infinite?—But all thinking rids us of God.

One writes before or after God.
God is the blank present.