

**The twelve hours
on the clock
constitute the
only jury with
real authority.**

LOGOZO A

**Be careful what
you give the drain.
It may someday
come back to you
as rain.**

LOGOZO A

**To see the world for
what it is you must gaze
out the window a long
time—until it becomes
dark out and you can
see only your reflection
looking back at you.**

LOGOZO A

**Sometimes you look
in the mirror and
someone stares back
at you in fascination.
You wonder what they
see that you don't.**

LOGOZO A

**Belief is just
another door
left unlocked
at night.
Believe me.**

LOGOZO A

**A throw-away society
must have receptacles
for all its waste.
Pails for its garbage.
Belief for its
loneliness.
Wars for its anger.**

LOGOZO A

**The clock seems to
ripen on the wall.
You wait for it
to relinquish its
twelve magic seeds.
You wait and wait.**

LOGOZOA

**Only your
feet can read
the runes of
destination.**

LOGOZOA

**The worms of
happiness may
feed on the
joists and
support beams.**

LOGOZOA

**You wait at the
bus stop a long time.
The bus comes and
takes you where
you want to go,
but somehow
you can't leave
the waiting behind.**

LOGOZOA

**If you want to
build something
that lasts, make
its foundation of
water and its
walls of air.**

LOGOZOA

**Beware
the signposts.
The route between
two people
changes every time
one of them takes it.**

LOGOZOA

Our world runs on
words. The perfect
renewable fuel.
But think how
the emissions have
coated reality year
after year.

LOGOZOA

You are not
an exit. Don't
try to escape
through
yourself.

LOGOZOA

A stubborn part of you
will always insist
on being lost in
the concrete and glass
forest, frightened by
the metal birdcalls,
terrorized by
the prowling bus stops.

LOGOZOA

Words must age,
must ferment
and decay a little,
in order to say all
they have to say.

LOGOZOA

Just when you find a
platform-compatible
philosophy that runs
OK on your life they
go and upgrade
the hardware again.

LOGOZOA

You make a name
for yourself so
you won't have to
learn your
real name.

LOGOZOA

**Your happiness
knows nothing
about you.
It's just there for
the refreshments.**

LOGOZOA

**To guard against local
data loss, you distribute
yourself across the
system, uploading little
pieces into friends and
acquaintances, old
haunts, favorite songs
on the radio.**

LOGOZOA

**Down the corridors of
your body wanders your
soul, half-hoping to find
a room of its own—
a chamber of serious
illness, an atelier of
deep physical pain.**

LOGOZOA

**Who's that looking
in at the window
of opportunity?
Is it you or
the person you're
afraid to be?**

LOGOZOA

**In case of fire,
burn brightly
while you can and
inscribe the sky
with your smoke.**

LOGOZOA

**There's a little
winding path
lined with shady
maybe trees that
bypasses the harsh
glare of yes.**

LOGOZOA

**When you look
out the window
can you see
what's dreamed
by the wall?**

LOGOZOA

**If mistakes are
such clever
teachers,
why do we never
graduate from
their school?**

LOGOZOA

**High windows are
dangerous. When
you look out you
see a shamelessly
low world.**

LOGOZOA

**If you think the light
of day reveals
everything, just
look up on a clear
afternoon. The blue
sky above you is
an illusion of daylight.**

LOGOZOA

**You try to examine
the route you're
taking, but your
footsteps keep
getting in the way.**

LOGOZOA

**Each door just opens
onto another,
though you may not
recognize everything
in between as
anteroom.**

LOGOZOA

**Don't judge
the allegiance
of the wind by
what's waving
on the flagpole.**

LOGOZOA

**Only when the
network is down
can you fail to see
each workstation
for what it really
isn't.**

LOGOZOA

**Sometimes you can
get there only by
the path that begins
in the back of the
mind and ends
just at the tip
of the tongue.**

LOGOZOA

**You worry about your
worth as if your life were
to be fed into a vending
machine. But what if
instead it were to be
dropped into a wishing
well or strung on a
necklace of shiny coins?**

LOGOZOA

**There are drawers
and folders
designated for every
class of misery,
while happiness just
sits out on the
desktop.**

LOGOZOA

**When fortune
sings to its lute
beneath the
wrong window,
the music sounds
its sweetest.**

LOGOZOA

**The sky makes
only one flight
a day and goes
nowhere.
But it goes there
so completely.**

LOGOZOA

**Just because the
road has no more
questions doesn't
mean the traveler
can stop
answering.**

LOGOZOA

**You are the door
that shuts you out.
You are also the key
that fails to open
you. You need
someone to let
you in.**

LOGOZOA

**A road that can
accommodate
only one vehicle
is not a road.
It's a parking
space.**

LOGOZOA

**You set off into
the network's dark
forest, knowing
you'll get lost
forever and make
your way home
at the same time.**

LOGOZOA

**What's the hurry?
If getting where
you're going were
really the priority,
you would have
checked yourself in
to the earth long ago.**

LOGOZOA

If you spend too much time erecting shelters to keep out the elements, eventually you won't be able to tell the difference between a sound roof and a clear day.

LOGOZOA

Even the truest words fail—but so beautifully that we rate them above our mute successes.

LOGOZOA

Truly accurate language ordains each word as the minister of its own apostasy.

LOGOZOA

If the body really is a door at the end of a lifelong hallway, does it lead in or out?

LOGOZOA

All our eloquent words record only how we flee from nothingness as if heroically pursuing reality. Who do we impress with the figurative bravery of our literal cowardice?

LOGOZOA

Only when everyone has left the theater does the real play begin.

LOGOZOA

**Routine paints
over your days
to hide their
transience.**

LOGOZOA

**In the forests of bone
there nests an old
truth. Older than
flesh and blood.
Beyond the reach
of the mind's
brush fires.**

LOGOZOA

**We study the
night sky because
our desire for
knowledge is
outweighed by our
desire for mystery.**

LOGOZOA

**The game is rigged
and the score will be
forever hidden from
you. You keep on
playing to find out
what makes you
keep on playing.**

LOGOZOA

**There are no
apocryphal waves
in the sea.
The colors of
the sky can never
be misspent.**

LOGOZOA

**The only chain you
can't break is the
one that fastens
you to something
with links of wind
and cloud.**

LOGOZOA

**Opportunity
knocks but never
wipes its feet.
What dirty little
secrets does it
track in?**

LOGOZOA

**Anything seen
from a great enough
distance is called
equilibrium. Anything
sufficiently magnified
is called turmoil.**

LOGOZOA

**You win some
prizes only by
walking away
from them.**

LOGOZOA

**The contracts
of the eye
aren't binding
until desire gets
its kickback.**

LOGOZOA

**Your body is
still tuned to an
ancient note that
doesn't always fit
the music now.**

LOGOZOA

**The sun doesn't
appear until
the night gives up
looking for it and
goes away.**

LOGOZOA

**The past
always has
its hand
out.**

LOGOZOA

**There are alleys
in back of your
mind where
even fear
dares not go.**

LOGOZOA

Once upon a time, some words set out to make a name for themselves. They progressed descriptively down the page, wrestled with an idea or two, and never despaired of a meaningful conclusion. Finally, at long last, they reached you.

LOGOZOA

**You live your life
in translation.
You have no choice.
The original vanishes
with each passing
moment.**

LOGOZOA

**The most solid
convictions
are held by
containers with
holes in them.**

LOGOZOA

**The sun should sink
forever when it's
dropped into the
bottomless hole of
night. That it doesn't
is the real meaning of
every story's first
sentence.**

LOGOZOA

**Those who can
interpret the
languages of
silence get
no rest.**

LOGOZOA

**Bodily pleasure
is the corpus
in which you
periodically look
up the basic terms
of existence.**

LOGOZOA

**Flesh is
a cry in
the mind's
wilderness.**

LOGOZOA

**The sky gives itself
away one breeze
at a time. And so
it makes each tree
and power line
a part of it.**

LOGOZOA

**Poetry is
a yellow rose
in a world
without yellow.**

LOGOZOA

**Help! I'm
being held
prisoner in a
writer's study.**

LOGOZOA

**Only the armor
of vulnerability
protects you from
the fierce hordes
of being all alone.**

LOGOZOA

**No matter how you
mark it up with that
blue pencil, regret,
your story comes out
the same. Only the
acquiescing invisible
ink changes anything.**

LOGOZOA

**Don't be fooled by
your maps and mileage
markers. It's the Earth
that is measuring you.
Hence the dirt on your
shoes and the dust
in your lungs.**

LOGOZOA

**The laws of
happiness
can be onerous,
so you're given
a dispensation
called laughter.**

LOGOZOA

**Remorse is a
one-armed violinist
who composes his
sad, beautiful songs
from the notes
he can't play.**

LOGOZOA

**The voracious
televisions of
eight o'clock
hunt in the living
rooms. Man's only
natural predator.**

LOGOZOA

**When lovers
give each other
their ignorance,
we call it
understanding.**

LOGOZOA

**So what's death
really like? you
ask, nodding off
But sleep, death's
golfing buddy,
isn't talking.**

LOGOZOA

**Unfulfilled
desire is
never wasted.
It's recycled
over and over.**

LOGOZOA

**Perhaps
success is
really just
failed failure.
What then?**

LOGOZOA

**Sometimes beauty
is the page that
obscures the writing,
the instrument that
conceals the music,
the color that
blocks out the light.**

LOGOZOA

**What endures
on the page is
the comforting
absence of
blankness.**

LOGOZOA

**The keenest pain
comes from inside,
and not even
the thickest skin
can keep the inside
out.**

LOGOZOA

**The greatest
distances are
the ones
measured in
units of leaving.**

LOGOZOA

**The fence
can't keep
the gate
out.**

LOGOZOA

**Sometimes anger is
a thick salve you've
applied to your
sorrow, even though
the wound must
breathe to heal.**

LOGOZOA

**Perhaps you
just need to
let your self go
so it can come
to you.**

LOGOZOA

**Sometimes the fog
rolls in off the Harbor
of Togetherness and
obscures the people
we thought we were.**

LOGOZOA

**When lives cross,
it may be years
before you know
what's shorted
out.**

LOGOZOA

**In the empire
of the mind,
all roads lead
to roaming.**

LOGOZOA

**When your
story is over,
will the silence
that follows be
yours as well?**

LOGOZOA

**You plant shade trees
inside yourself, but
telephone poles come
up instead. You listen
for your inner babbling
brook, but instead
you get a dial tone.**

LOGOZOA

**Your body merely
bookmarks your
place in yourself.
Getting back to
the story is up to
the rest of you.**

LOGOZOA

**Every now and
then you catch
the truth with
its hand in
your pocket.**

LOGOZOA

**You write your life
in a language
you don't know,
agonizing over
every blindly
placed comma.**

LOGOZOA

**Why go through
life as if it were
a red light?
Or a lover's
address book?**

LOGOZOA

**You come
back from the
mansions of sleep
with your pockets
full of silverware.**

LOGOZOA

**How should you
describe the Earth?
As what holds you up
or what blocks your
view of the stars when
you look down during
the daytime?**

LOGOZOA

**Upon the altars
of belief we've
wastefully
slaughtered
so many innocent
gods.**

LOGOZOA

**The ear longs above all
for music. And so for the
world's cold reticence
it accepts such sonorous
but implausible excuses
as waves upon the shore,
wind through the
branches.**

LOGOZOA

**When sunlit calm
tightens around
the lavender flowers
to keep the gray wind
out, you must look
at them with still,
lavender eyes.**

LOGOZOA

**The unwary may never
find their way out again
once they've wandered
into the thick, dark
answers that begin just
beyond the outskirts
of the Big Questions.**

LOGOZOA

**Truth is
one part truth
and nine parts
habit.**

LOGOZOA

**The compelling
answers are the
ones that leave you
standing out in front
of them with your
keys locked inside.**

LOGOZOA

**Sometimes existence
falls asleep on the job
and lets in more than
what is actually there.
Or is it you who fall
asleep and let your
dreams in?**

LOGOZOA

**Nothing's as
colorful as
the mind's gray
pencil. Or as full
as its blank page.**

LOGOZOA

**It's not safe to go
into the water
until you've
learned to distrust
the theories of
wetness.**

LOGOZOA

**We need to
believe that
two half-wrongs
make a right.**

LOGOZOA

**If a moment
of pure joy
included someone
to feel it, it would
no longer be pure.**

LOGOZOA

**Living a lie
or living on
stolen truth—
which is the more
honest course?**

LOGOZOA

**When your defining
edges make no sense,
you hope you'll
turn out to be a piece
that fits into someone
else's puzzle.**

LOGOZOA

**What are these
words buried in?
It's the holes made
by your shovel
that you read.**

LOGOZOA

**Is life just
an illness from
which death
eventually
recovers?**

LOGOZOA

**Joy carries around
a huge sack that it can
stuff the world into.
Despair carries a tiny
cage into which it can
put nothing—except
joy.**

LOGOZOA

**Death doesn't scold.
It doesn't give out
warnings. It treats us
all as adults.
It treats us all as
equals. That's why
we prefer life.**

LOGOZOA

**Yes and No are poorly
staffed regional operations
that do business only
during decisive hours
of the day. They are
often confused with their
more active and influential
sister institution, Perhaps.**

LOGOZOA

**When two fallen
leaves dance
in the same gust
of wind they are
united by their
separateness.**

LOGOZOA

**You can
never fully
understand that
you can never
understand.**

LOGOZOA

**The future can
give you anything,
because it is itself
nothing. The past
can give you
nothing, because it
is itself everything.**

LOGOZOA

**Illness is how
your body
explores
itself.**

LOGOZOA

**You keep on using
reality, even
though its
competitors
sometimes offer
better deals.**

LOGOZOA

**When thought
collides with
antithought, they
annihilate each
other in a brief
illuminating flash.**

LOGOZOA

**Mere footsteps laid
end to end can make
a road. But the great
roads are made from
sturdier material:
words laid end
to end.**

LOGOZOA

**O mighty Jupiter,
teach us of the
incomprehensible
detachment of the
heavens by sharing
a single cold thought
from your ammonia
and methane mind.**

LOGOZOA

Sometimes you just
leave your life
in a safe spot,
like an unpublished
manuscript that you
hope someday
to discover.

LOGOZOA

Wisdom
sometimes
comes from
knowing what
not to know.

LOGOZOA

A single word
passed from one
mouth to another
becomes a story
with two
characters.

LOGOZOA

Belief is the
mortgage on
humanity.

LOGOZOA

All the
discarded
boxes are
joined at
the emptiness.

LOGOZOA

Sexual desire is
a hole in reason
that we
constantly try
to fill—a moist,
inviting hole.

LOGOZOA

Your curse is that you must build each day from scratch without instructions and learn how to use it. Your blessing is that you must build each day from scratch without instructions and learn how to use it.

LOGOZOA

Is the present a corrected version of a once-anticipated future or the unedited original of a remembered past to come?

LOGOZOA

Only the man drowning in it can escape the shimmering blue allure of the sea.

LOGOZOA

Understanding is gradually washed away by the mind.

LOGOZOA

A bomb is not an implement of erasure. It's a seed that will grow in ways you can't imagine.

LOGOZOA

You sublet your body to your lover for those few ecstatic moments. God, if only you could live in it like that!

LOGOZOA

**If you crack the safe
of who you are,
you won't be able
to identify the prime
valuables. Only friends
and lovers can
pull that one off.**

LOGOZOA

**Any feeling that has
roamed the wild for
years may not live
long in captivity.
Be careful what
you put into words.**

LOGOZOA

**Your mind carries
around a better
version of you,
like a stuffed toy,
to comfort itself.**

LOGOZOA

**The more accurate
the map, the more
it will mislead you.
Your routes are
made up of deviations
from themselves.**

LOGOZOA

**The ocean speaks
only in waves
and tides. But it
doesn't mean just
wind and moon.**

LOGOZOA

**A tree standing atop
the highest hill
knows nothing
of achievement.
Until it's cut down
and made into
trophy bases.**

LOGOZOA

Every time you scrub
your skin or unburden
your mind or strip down
your life, you become
more yourself. Or
do you just become less
of the world?

LOGOZOA

When knowledge
just won't reach,
do you get out
the frayed
extension cord?

LOGOZOA

Anything can be
made to withstand
the rain. Anything
except the rain
itself.

LOGOZOA

Your deeper
nature struggles
to emerge, but if
it gets out will it
still be yours?

LOGOZOA

You are a
flesh-and-blood
ultimatum issued
to the intransigent
soul.

LOGOZOA

The sound of the
violin. How can you
explain it except as
a remnant of some
lost world made
entirely of midnight?

LOGOZOA

**Go ahead, just take it
one day at a time
as if “it” were medicine in
convenient temporal form.
But sometimes you also
need to gorge on it,
abstain from it, squander
it, make love to it,
kick it around a little.**

LOGOZOA

**Only after
you’ve touched
bottom can you
know how deep
your life runs.**

LOGOZOA

**The mind
colonizes
the unknown.
But empires
never last.**

LOGOZOA

**When you leave
things unsaid
they tell their
own story rather
than yours.**

LOGOZOA

**Every victory has
an “or” in it that
the victor would
rather not think
about.**

LOGOZOA

**Someday memory
will rise up
against the past,
yet even
revolutions are
forgotten.**

LOGOZOA

**Always take along
a change of mind
when you go out
into unsettled
whether.**

LOGOZOA

**Essence is
a big spoon
that occasionally
stirs the names
to keep them
from sticking.**

LOGOZOA

**Don't be taken in
by the propaganda.
All belief is at
bottom nothing
more than belief in
the need to believe.**

LOGOZOA

**The hardest-won
knowledge is the
unknowing of
the unknowable.**

LOGOZOA

**Stop sleep
from
monopolizing
the dreams.**

LOGOZOA

**What good is
making it
to the top if
you want to get
to the bottom
of things?**

LOGOZOA

No matter how reliably
the world revolves,
you never end up back
where you began.
No matter how far it
hurtles through space,
you never depart
from anything.

LOGOZOA

If you manage to
get your life
graded and paved,
don't be surprised
when someone
puts in a tollbooth.

LOGOZOA

Here you are,
sandwiched between
meaning and not,
a semiconductor
charged up with words
that regulate the
semantic flow between
one side and the other.

LOGOZOA

Every time you
revise yourself
you create a
new editor you
have to please.

LOGOZOA

It's not enough
to know
something
merely by
knowing it.

LOGOZOA

Don't build
a wall just so
you can put
in a door.

LOGOZOA

**What scavenger
wanders just
outside the fence,
living your
discarded
opportunities?**

LOGOZOA

**Fate is the
hole that
free will digs
itself into.**

LOGOZOA

**No matter what
the transaction,
life provides only
one receipt: a page
torn from
the calendar.**

LOGOZOA

**Achievement
is the tax
you pay on
the void.**

LOGOZOA

**The bridges you
cross before you
come to them are
all that connect
you to that fabled
place: tomorrow.**

LOGOZOA

**The troll under the
bridge of middle age
takes his toll only by
making you wish
you'd spent your
coins when you
had the chance.**

LOGOZOA

You bury part of yourself in the backyard only to have another part of you dig it up after nightfall.

LOGOZOA

Your body stands between you and the world, stepping aside only for moments of great physical pleasure or pain.

LOGOZOA

Your flesh pursues you everywhere, but it won't catch up until the very end.

LOGOZOA

When you watch the little girl blow out the candles on her cake, do you realize that if time played fair it wouldn't have given you only your past few short years while giving her an entire lifetime?

LOGOZOA

Art is the technology of the soul.

LOGOZOA

If you want to take a good hard look at the world, take off your world-colored glasses.

LOGOZOA