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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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.

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

Only your
feet can read
the runes of
destination.

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

Routine paints over your days to hide their transience.

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

You win some prizes only by walking away from them.

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

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

Truth is
one part truth
and nine parts
habit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

Illness is how your body explores itself.

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

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

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

Belief is the mortgage on humanity.

LOGOZOA

Wisdom sometimes comes from knowing what not to know.

LOGOZOA

All the discarded boxes are joined at the emptiness.

LOGOZOA

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

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

Understanding is gradually washed away by the mind.

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

The mind
colonizes
the unknown.
But empires
never last.

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

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

Achievement is the tax you pay on the void.

LOGOZOA

Fate is the hole that free will digs itself into.

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

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

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

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

LOGOZOA

Art is the technology of the soul.

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA

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

LOGOZOA