

# **Enough! Dance!**

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## 1

The ghost of Turgenev crying  
“Enough!”  
Is in my ears  
My activities are glorious  
While several seasons  
Fighting disease  
Living closely with personal existential uncertainty  
My body is marked  
There is a thin line  
Across my left eyelid  
A scar from where it was removed  
I am tired of this  
There is a book  
Being written  
The first section poems like this  
I wonder if it’s my last  
I don’t know

## 2

All things are possible  
So say Shestov and Fondane  
Yes, all things are possible  
Including the impossibility  
Of my writing another book after this  
Yes, all things are possible  
What is most possible though  
For all life  
It seems is impossibility  
So says the stories found in fossils  
Similar to what Camus affirmed at Tipasa  
I am surrendering nothing of myself  
Whilst ever learning with arduous patience how to live

### 3

I prefer Genesis to Exodus or Revelations  
Creation and preservation are more desirable to me than salvation and gnosis  
I don't want to be resurrected Carrion reanimated by necromantic forces  
But to survive and become new, become different  
When Babel falls  
The totality collapses  
Confusion and diaspora are apparent  
Babel has, again, fallen for me  
And I find myself in the bewilderment

### 4

Fondanean heroism: to admit spiritual defeat and to take courage and persist regardless  
I playfully compare myself to Odysseus  
With every victory and seemingly easier terrain  
There are new challenges, fights and mountains  
And Sisyphus  
Returning to the existential uncertainty  
Of what might grow within me  
Is a very similar mountain

### 5

Look at this  
Athens and Jerusalem  
Jerusalem and Athens  
Have either really escaped Romanisation and empire?  
Camus favoured Athens  
Shestov Jerusalem  
I can nomadically wander into and between both  
Though neither feel like home  
And amidst this empire I feel to wander

## 6

I am alive  
This flesh and body  
Here is where wisdom resides  
And perhaps lingering disease  
What wisdom does a tumour reveal?  
What unspeakable mystical awe is to be found in bodily corruptions that threaten  
the habitats they reside within and cannot survive without?  
The awe is one of awfulness  
Of violences that language cannot articulate Civilisation and its diseases

## 7

What madness, irrationality, absurdity and insanity it is  
To consider dance,  
Bespaloff's freedom from history in l'instant,  
Goldman's preference over revolution,  
Nietzsche's means of not losing the day,  
A folk medicine practice,  
Embraced by many mystics,  
As cure for this disease  
And how wonderful it is  
If only to imagine  
Babel falling with a dance of the living

## 8

Turgenev's ghost whispers "enough!" again  
Have I written enough  
Is dancing enough?  
What is possible and what impossibilities does possibility contain, if possibility is irre-  
ducible and potentially infinite – an unspeakable and barely imaginable anarchy  
of creativity and freedom?  
The eternal return to the present and presence and overcoming and life-preservation  
and freedom/choice/responsibility/anarchy  
I wonder what music there is to hear out in the world

The ghost of Tom Waits singing Martha is in my ears  
I am going to festival and see folk, friends, loved ones I've not seen for years this  
weekend

## 9

I walk from my house to my car,  
About 100 yards,  
There is bird song  
Tchaikovsky is playing on the classical radio station when I turn my car on  
I prefer Chopin and Liszt I can listen to them on the train,  
Through my headphones  
Dead composers  
Somewhat reanimated  
Through necromantic technologies  
Sat at the train station  
The crows cawing is a welcome sound

## 10

Remembering the book  
I am writing  
Remembering Turgenev's "enough!"  
Am I coming to an end with philosophy,  
Favouring poetry, stories, music and dance?  
Will this be my last book?  
The possibility of it being impossible for me to write another book of philosophy,  
Of it being no longer possible for me to try at speak the unspeakable as I've been  
speaking,  
Feels possible and uncertain  
Fondanean heroism is admitting spiritual defeat and continuing with courage regard-  
less  
This defeat is not resignation or renunciation  
But rebellion and revolt,  
Which is life (Libertad's affirmation)  
Metaphysical anarchy

Speaking the unspeakable  
Impossibility is possible  
“Enough!”  
Dance!

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