

# **The Absence of Zero**



**The  
Absence  
of  
Zero  
R. Kolewe**

**44 quartets & 34 interruptions  
in 16 parts**

Book\*hug Press  
Toronto 2021

FIRST EDITION

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# Book\*hug Press

**In memory of**  
**Christina Baillie (1958–2019)**  
**&**  
**Ward McBurney (1962–2019)**



$$R^{\rho}{}_{\sigma\mu\nu} = \partial_{\mu} \Gamma^{\rho}{}_{\nu\sigma} - \partial_{\nu} \Gamma^{\rho}{}_{\mu\sigma} + \Gamma^{\rho}{}_{\mu\lambda} \Gamma^{\lambda}{}_{\nu\sigma} - \Gamma^{\rho}{}_{\nu\lambda} \Gamma^{\lambda}{}_{\mu\sigma}$$



4



& if I interrupt myself  
again or for the first time—



# 0.0.0.0

The line moves. The shadow moves.  
Early winters almost remembered. Not exactly  
how to empty out the teaching  
where relativistic effects are important:

filling time with pages instead.  
Not yet & then after there is a word.  
A family of curves, coastline doubling back to television snow.  
Orion first. Exploitation

of electrical demand / power factors / naive presence—  
without clocks how small time is church bells & canonical hours  
in the induced topology. A map, a proper map,  
so the submanifold may not intersect itself.

Uncertain if there are figures without boundaries,  
leave pages blank, nothing uncovered  
distance scattering error quantum error & so  
beginning with unrecognized constellations—

## 0.0.0.1

Quick motion all corners in this cottage or gentrified row house  
love & strife or is it love & disease or theft & early transcendental.

Then its translation reads

a chain of alternatives unchosen / losses

reminding myself that I can delete this rewrite substantially—  
at this old pine table quiet street slight wind  
recollection returns, breathing becomes difficult again, wearying,  
relative to its centre of mass & also relative to

having lost my way in connections but not connected.

Dreaming a different garden, shady, an oak & an owl  
at once without certainty leaving me  
if you are real or the children's voices

parallel transport to covariant derivative to geodesic.

Without memory rust or other words

aureole, variable, wind again, warm skin.

Set them down on the red chair at the top of the stairs.

## 0.0.0.2

Lane warm lit windows in the twilight woods torn clouds thin moon.  
Light shifts. Light slants, conciliate or another word  
being tilted in another direction  
how thought comes into mind or memory & arcs out.

Wind bending the trees in the east burning information.  
The cat sleeping, dreaming under the desk lamp where it's warm.  
That would say each independent & whole  
no garden voices words not quite heard correctly

under fading dust wrappers sky blue cloth fine with no markings or  
annotations to return to  
good as reading great books copying lines down from the radio who has a  
radio—  
with an undertone of ecstatic grammar.  
Flew off silent in the cool of the morning now

should be or is it will have been  
unrecognized names wasted teleology or a diary  
pencil burin Swiss micrometer no words but a tone of voice that fades—  
& after that what does zero mean.

### 0.0.0.3

By hand, imperfect concentration but applying it directly.

The neighbour's porch light on across the street.

Change in a field relative to the parallel

moonglow on blackout streets. Bodies & body parts. Erased.

The angular velocities of stationary observers are constrained.

Then an airliner, & a car horn,

the trees filling in the patterned sidewalk & quiet I get distracted.

Lacework of quotation. Another notebook. Time. Weather.

In the absence of a metric

with sunrise moonrise later

& these aren't my ruins to stumble over

or fast & then clocks & wind.

Not being able to touch this—

I would like a chalkboard to write on to erase time & again.

The unkempt awkward folding flap of wings after they land

is memory & you can forget something never remembered.

## 0.0.1.0

Like writing by hand but nobody's hand no the hand of electricity—  
At this old pine table quiet street slight wind  
last. These indices are symmetric  
in unusual coordinates an artifact of viewpoint centrifugal

having lost my way in connections but not connected  
more difficult than coming through nothing  
gives the time required to travel  
at the trestle table beside the high windows the fox & the lion—

& after that what does zero mean.  
A chain of alternatives unchosen / losses  
after strife or love swerve to silent  
astronomy answer questions with evasion anything like truth.

What you want is explanation & at some time or point  
a net of geodesics not causation self-similarity.  
That time seems impossible, unrepeatably now.  
Apples dried up into sketches.

## 0.0.1.1

So a list of losses at canonical hours  
ending with time beginning  
thick paint, without a determined design watching  
or coloured in bright tropic orange green or dark blue—

to the mark chalk or ash or plumb line blue  
is also a unique function  
a positive constant of order unity given by  
the gravitational deflection of light &

one might expect the occasional close  
delusion of black & white.

Wet streets after rain meeting no one  
at once without certainty leaving me

with the measured annual variations of  
an epiphany. How to answer that? With leaving,  
a chain of alternatives unchosen / losses  
distance scattering error quantum error & so—

## 0.0.1.2

The time after  
exists without you.

Forget. These aren't your memories anyway.

A snowball thrown into the Grand Canyon by an 8-year-old.

At least I'll fill this page always one more thing,  
geodesic grain & ashes of words mainly numbers  
there are too many sheets of paper not  
the same & not the same a path of scatters —

there are too many sheets of paper.

Do I refuse recollection or is there nothing to remember?

Who lives there now? A character from an old book.

Branches unrecognized decisions different lives

still down your tools compass square green mechanical  
galaxies with distances greater than  
no path retraced eyes closed wanting not  
so loss creates & holds what is lost.

## 0.0.1.3

Argument or conspiracy, perhaps endearments, seduction—  
the ashes of stories memories of fire & the sound of fire  
is about to break the time  
this undertaking requires a knowledge of.

Over years & so the rose garden & everybody knows the ruined chapels  
country houses broken cities  
& the comfort of banality more tempting not fire—  
Sublime melancholy! Is that the remainder?  
Not fire but its deep blue core.

No garden voices words not quite heard correctly.  
Elliptical, allusive vague light  
unrecognized names wasted teleology or a diary  
like writing by hand but nobody's hand no the hand of electricity—

as a function of proper time measured on  
loss creates & holds what is lost.  
Sit with my back to the tree leaning looking up  
words instead of feeling or real thought.

## 0.0.2.0

A positive constant of order unity given by  
midday. Unopened books unfinished doubt  
salamander quick in the flames the coals ash jewelled eyes—  
by hand (time & weather) the sky.

The fox turning back just look  
irreducible mass is irreducible  
this answer is independent of location.  
The same & not the same a path of scatters.

Who lives there now? A character from an old book  
could fall away & all there in momentary apex modernism  
the relationship between exterior derivatives.  
Did she follow the fox or the lightening says nothing.

Not fire but its deep blue core.  
10 years ago, a complicated timepiece,  
next a master clock  
like writing by hand but nobody's hand no the hand of electricity.

## 0.0.2.1

Threads through scratches on this soft wood  
this energy is being dissipated internally  
living starlight paper geometry & secrets.  
The soft comfort of small hunger

revising light fall freely & unconstrained.  
This close to the end come back to it:  
use these metric components & the components  
forget. These aren't your memories anyway.

How it becomes cliché or stuck not dissolving,  
buy old watches disassemble them & determine by practical observation  
a thrush was singing but it's quiet now.  
Canonical memories. More winter pages.

It's blown away & sure you could catch the torn page  
cathedral window test-pattern colour chosen by chance.  
So & always information, decay,  
& either the well was very deep or the fall very slow, plenty of time —

## 0.0.2.2

Continuous action begun in the past & continuing,  
falling & disappears in the dry cold air sublimation,  
mathematical notation for events, coordinates & vectors.  
If self falls apart in pebbles or bread crumbs—

The cat sleeping, dreaming under the desk lamp where it's warm.  
Feather of breath on skin  
the sun's glare on this page until I adjust the blinds.  
Unrecognized names wasted teleology or a diary

emotion tangled up in cool not colour / scatter.  
A few children wondering at the clotted clouds  
midday, unopened books unfinished doubt.  
Uncertain if there are figures without boundaries

another recollection or expectation questions  
if it is a homeomorphism onto its image is  
always in the present tense. No going back. The house anticipated at the end  
of time & weather.