

poem proceeds that the landscape exists apart from the ego, disconnected from the ego's feelings about it. Thus, though the sound of the leaves seems to indicate that it is part of a brisk activity ("It is a busy cry"), it is nevertheless a sound that concerns someone other than the listener. Though one may hold, or, at least, repeat the idea that the ego is involved in the rest of existence, it is difficult, listening to the sound of the leaves, to feel thus involved. It requires an increasing effort to project the concerns of the ego into this scene, to feel that one is part of it. Instead of a connection with the rest of existence, a sense of "being part," one feels the vitality of an irresistible given, "life as it is" without regard to the concerns of the ego. Since the cry of the leaves occurs without regard to the concerns of the ego, it signifies neither the presence of divinity communicating itself to man through nature ("divine attention"), nor an ephemeral evocation of a more than human ideal ("the smoke-drift of puffed-out heroes") read into the sound of the wind, nor any sound that can be construed in human terms. It is the cry of leaves that, without fantasy, cannot be interpreted as being anything other than what they are ("that do not transcend themselves"), that signify nothing beyond the sound they make ("the final finding of the ear"), beyond their physical reality ("the thing/ Itself"). Since the leaves signify nothing beyond their physical reality, their sound not only does not concern the listener, but has absolutely no meaning in human terms, and so "concerns no one at all." The poem, then, is about the discovery of an absolute reality beyond the mind. As one becomes isolated from the landscape, the landscape takes on increasingly the character of an indifferent, alien reality. The ego must be projected into reality for reality to be involved in its concerns, and as the ego recedes, both the nature of reality and its indifference become more evident.

"Reality Is an Activity of the Most August Imagination" (*OP*, p. 110)

"The Most August Imagination" is that of reality itself. The "big light of last Friday night" was that of the moon mentioned in the final line. The night was not one of a traditional and outworn artifice, such as might be seen in Vienna or Venice—it was not a traditional reality that has come to an end, static, like an artifact from a glassworks, but a reality strongly in process, on the forward edge of time, as the evening star marks the revolution of the earth. It has the strength of splendor and magnificence (not merely their appearance as in Vienna or Venice), a "glory" that is felt in the self ("a glittering in the veins") as the landscape emerges out of the darkness toward the car, moves through the field of vision, and dissolves behind, either in the distance, or in the change of the scenery, or into nothingness, as it passes from that immediate apprehension in the present by which we perceive existence itself. These "transformations" are "visible": it is reality itself, not the imagination, that creates these metamorphoses. Reality approaches, silvery in the light of the moon, at first not clearly discerned, and, as we are on the point of capturing its substance, dissolves away into nothingness. The landscape, reality, is something that surges toward us as we move through it, and recedes away from us—the "solid" is "insolid," a process rather than something static. "Reality Is an Activity" that, in its fluidity, resembles the fluidity of the imagination ("moonlight") in its metamorphoses. This fluidity ("lake") is composed not of water or air, but of reality itself.

"Solitaire under the Oaks" (*OP*, p. 111)

The only possible difficulty of the statement itself in this poem is in lines six and seven: "One knows at last what to think about// And thinks about it without consciousness." This, obviously, does not mean that one is unconscious of