

Episode Ninety-Nine - The Epicurean View of Justice

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BOOK IV lines 796-829

Below this instant, this split-second, lie
Times almost infinite, which reason knows
As presences, and in each presence dwells
Its own peculiar image, all of them
So tenuous no mind is sharp enough
To see them all, must focus, concentrate
On only one, so all the rest are lost
Except the one mind has determined on.
Mind does prepare itself, and hopes to see,
Anticipates the next successive image,
And therefore finds it, as it must. Don't eyes,
Looking for things almost invisible,
Prepare themselves, strain, squint, and concentrate,
And only so discover what they seek?
And even in things quite obvious, your mind
Must be attentive, otherwise they'll seem
Far off in time, in space. Is it so strange
That mind keeps overlooking many things
Save those to which it pays immediate heed?
Another thing we do is fool ourselves,
Become the dupes of logic which derives
Giant conclusions out of pygmy clues.

Images may be inconsistent things.
A woman, so it seems, becomes a man
While we are watching, or an ugly one
Grows beautiful, a young one old, and so on,
While slumber and forgetfulness preserve
Our lack of challenge or of wonderment.

Another fallacy comes creeping in
Whose errors you should be meticulous
In trying to avoid—don't think our eyes,
Our bright and shining eyes, were made for us
To look ahead with; don't suppose our thigh-bones
Fitted our shin-bones, and our shins our ankles,
So that we might take steps; don't think that arms
Dangled from shoulders and branched out in hands

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