

Hymn

Let nine days be nine months, each devoted to a Muse, so I may begin my thirty-fifth year,
halfway through my life, on a good Friday

Let today be Cleio's, beginning an attention and devotion to existence, just what's before me to
do

Let these days be pure, pure of all stimulants: caffeine, THC, alcohol,... so I can attend to the
day and night's dreams clearly

Let me put my plans and anxieties aside for now, even if only for today, and attend the real
rather than the imaginary or ideal, for now

As I was conceived a purely physical being, two gametes mixing the molecule at their hearts

I a child of pure desire, Desire and Grace who attend the Muses Hesiod sings

Let today be merely and only material, passive in the face of the world

Let a new life begin, in *medias res*, where all beginnings occur and are started and started out
from

Let Zarathustra guide these nine days, and let Schopenhauer retire into the 0 of his Universal No

Let me be borne to life out of a need, a desire, a joy

Let the sun burn away all the dark patches, even into my blood, turning the melancholy gold or
quicksilver

Let me emerge from this Underworld, this World of the Dead, without a glance back, bringing
my Love out into the starlight, of either night or sun.