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Flyxion

Independent Researcher

Based on the life and work of Ibn Rushd (Averroes, 1126-1198)







Intercalatio: De Loco et Rebus

The courtyard is rectangular.

Stone defines it.

The ground is paved in alternating slabs, light and dark, not perfectly aligned, but consistent enough to be taken as intention.

Water runs through a narrow channel cut into the center.

It moves slowly.

A basin interrupts the channel.

Circular. Shallow. The surface reflects only what is directly above it.

Along the edges: columns, evenly spaced, not identical. Their bases worn differently. Their capitals intact.

Between the columns: air. Light. Dust suspended.

The walls hold markings. Not all are legible. Some are shallow, as if traced once and abandoned. Some are deeper, repeated until the surface gave way.

One mark appears again:

□

It is not emphasized.

A door is set into the far wall. Wood. Reinforced. Closed.

The handle shows use. The hinges do not. The threshold is worn.

Above: open sky. No obstruction. Light entering without interruption.

A sound is present.

Not continuous. Not absent.

#### Drip

The source is not immediately visible. It is not concealed.

In the corner: a vessel, empty or nearly empty. Its interior marked by a line indicating a previous level.

A second vessel nearby. Not aligned. Closer to the wall. Unmarked.

The difference is small.

It remains.

No one enters.

No one leaves.

The arrangement persists. Not perfectly. Sufficiently.

Drip

Nothing is explained.

Nothing requires explanation.

## Incoherentia I: De Pulsu et Causa

Midday in Córdoba. The light falls not gently but with incision, dividing the courtyard into regions of clarity and remainder. Limestone returns the sun without mercy. Edges declare themselves. Surfaces admit no ambiguity.

Beneath a stretched canvas awning there is arranged a table of modest dimension yet exact proportion. Upon it are laid instruments not in ornament but in sequence: brass, linen, ceramic, water. Each object occupies a place that is neither arbitrary nor explained. The order is sufficient.

Averroes sits cross-legged. The posture is not affectation but economy. His hands bear the record of repetition: ink embedded in the folds, faint scars crossing the knuckles where blade has met resistance. He does not display them. They are already known.

Before him, a man of labor. The shoulder is swollen, the skin drawn taut and bright with heat. The body speaks in gradients.

Around them, students in a semicircle. Their arrangement is not symmetrical, yet it resolves into balance. They lean forward not in unison but in convergence.

At the rear, a figure remains still. Hood drawn. Presence withheld rather than concealed.

Averroes takes the patient's wrist. Thumb and forefinger find the pulse without search. His eyes close, not in contemplation but in subtraction.

There is no sound of the pulse. Yet the air acquires a rhythm, faintly, as though breath itself had been persuaded into measure.

He releases the wrist.

He does not immediately look at the wound.

He looks instead to the basin of water. Then to the angle of shadow cast along the wall. Time is read indirectly, as one reads the consequence rather than the declaration.

### AVERROES

The pulse is fast but regular. The heat is localized. The skin is red, not darkened. This tells us the body is reacting, not failing.

A student leans forward. The question arrives already sharpened.

STUDENT

Master, how can we be certain this reaction is the cause, and not merely the sign?

Averroes turns. Slowly. Not to correct, but to preserve the question from collapse.

AVERROES

Because signs repeat. Causes persist. If you confuse them, you will chase shadows until the patient dies of patience.

A murmur, restrained. Some assent, some hesitation. The distinction has not yet settled.

STUDENT

But some say illness is a test. That the body suffers because God wishes it so.

The statement does not disrupt the circle. It diffuses through it, finding places to rest.

Averroes adjusts his grip on the lancet. Not defensive. Grounding.

AVERROES

If you believe that, you may pray. Prayer is not forbidden here.

A pause. Not rhetorical. Functional.

AVERROES

But if you stay, you will observe first. Intention does not substitute for attention.

He raises the lancet. The blade receives the light and returns it without distortion.

AVERROES

This tool has no theology. It cuts whether you are righteous or cruel. That is not blasphemy. That is reliability.

The incision is small. Exact. The patient flinches, then exhales as pressure releases. Fluid emerges, dark, edged with amber. It collects without urgency.

The courtyard contracts, then resumes.

Averroes cleans the wound. The gesture is continuous, unbroken by commentary.

At the edge of the courtyard, in shadow, a vessel releases water into another. Drop by drop. No emphasis is given. No explanation offered.

The sound is present.

AVERROES

When you see suffering, do not ask first what God intends. Ask what the body is doing. Healing leaves traces. So does decay.

A beat.

AVERROES

If you refuse to read those traces, you will call ignorance piety and negligence humility.

The binding is applied. Firm, but not excessive.

The patient nods. Gratitude expressed without words.

Students disperse, slowly, carrying fragments of the demonstration with them. Not all fragments are compatible.

The hooded figure remains.

Averroes packs his instruments. Each returned to its place, though no place has been declared.

He pauses.

Not turning.

Acknowledgment withheld, or deferred.

The vessel continues its work.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

## Incoherentia II: De Lege et Negligentia

The light that enters the hall is the same light as in the courtyard, yet it arrives disciplined. It is filtered through lattice and divided into geometry. What was previously direct is now mediated.

The air is cooler. Not by accident, but by construction.

Bodies are arranged in rows, each posture calibrated to signal attention without intimacy. Scrolls are present, but unopened. Authority resides not in reading, but in the possibility of reference.

At the center, elevated without ostentation, sits Averroes.

The instruments have changed. The hands have not.

Before him stand two men. Between them, an absence: a wall that once held.

### JUNIOR JURIST

The matter before the court concerns injury sustained during the collapse of a retaining wall on the eastern works. The question is whether  $\text{אשם}$  may be assigned.

The word does not settle easily. It remains suspended, as though awaiting a structure capable of receiving it.

### AVERROES

Let the builder speak.

The builder does not look at the injured man. His gaze fixes just above the assembly, as if addressing a height that might absolve him.

### BUILDER

The wall stood as walls stand. Stone upon stone. Mortar mixed as my father taught me. It fell because God willed it to fall.

A murmur. Not resistance. Relief.

The statement requires no verification.

### BUILDER

Who am I to argue with the decree of the Most High?

The laborer shifts. Pain is visible, but not yet admissible.

### LABORER

I was beneath it, my lord. I heard a crack before it fell. Like dry wood.

The builder's jaw tightens.

BUILDER

Stone cracks when God commands it.

Averroes lowers his eyes. The stylus marks the tablet. The motion is small, but not negligible.

AVERROES

How long had the wall stood?

BUILDER

Two seasons. Nearly three.

AVERROES

And the mortar?

BUILDER

Lime and sand. As always.

AVERROES

From which quarry came the stone?

The hesitation is brief. It is sufficient.

BUILDER

The northern cut. Cheaper transport.

Averroes looks up. Not accusing. Locating.

AVERROES

The northern stone fractures along internal seams when improperly cured. It demands thicker mortar and longer setting time.

The room tightens. A structure begins to form.

JUNIOR JURIST

Qadi, if I may—does this not presume that the wall obeys *יהוה* rather than divine immediacy?

The question does not seek answer alone. It seeks boundary.

Averroes does not respond immediately. He looks instead at the laborer's arm.

AVERROES

IF I said the arm broke because God willed it, would you refuse the splint?

Unease enters. It does not dissipate.

JUNIOR JURIST

No, my Lord, but—

AVERROES

Then you already believe that God's will includes *אין גטריהי ענין*.

A pause. Longer than required.

AVERROES

Law cannot function if injury is inscrutable. If every collapse is miracle, then no craft exists—only luck and prayer.

He turns to the builder.

AVERROES

You chose cheaper stone. You reduced mortar. You hurried the setting. These are *אין גטריהי ענין*.

The word does not dissolve.

AVERROES

God did not conceal them from you.

The builder bows. The motion is correct. The interior is not.

Averroes writes.

AVERROES

Judgment: *אין גטריהי ענין*.

Compensation is owed. The injured man will receive wages for the season lost, paid by the builder's guild.

The stylus presses more firmly than before.

The word remains.

The laborer exhales. Relief and disbelief coexist without resolving.

The builder withdraws. Containment replaces defense.

The court prepares to proceed. Continuity reasserts itself.

Yet something has been introduced that does not return to prior state.

JUNIOR JURIST

Qadi... some will say that this ruling limits God.

Averroes looks at him. Not as superior, but as instrument.

AVERROES

No.

A pause.

AVERROES

It limits  $\epsilon\lambda\gamma\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\lambda$ .

Silence. Not absence of sound, but suspension of interpretation.

At the side wall, recessed in stone, a vessel continues its work.

The same rhythm as before.

Yet now it is no longer ignorable.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.







71011 11011,

71011 1711,

Averroes resumes walking.

The street does not restore his path.

He exits not by completion, but by divergence.

## Incoherentia IV: De Scriptura et Fragmento

The library is not silent.

It contains silence.

Between movements. Between the turning of pages. Between the settling of dust that does not cease to fall.

Shelves rise beyond immediate perception, not because they are infinite, but because they refuse to resolve into a single field of view. Knowledge is stored not as unity, but as adjacency.

Averroes enters without announcement.

He does not search.

He navigates.

A table stands near the center. Upon it: a manuscript, partially unrolled. Not new. Not ancient. In a state that resists classification.

The ink varies.

Not in color.

In intention.

AVERROES

Who has been working here?

No answer.

Not absence. Deferral.

He sits.

The manuscript does not present itself linearly. Sections begin without origin. End without closure.

He reads.

On the persistence of ~~text~~ across apparent interruption...

The line ends.

Not with punctuation.

With vacancy.

Averroes does not react to the marginal note.

He continues.



Not crossed out.

Not corrected.

Absent.

כל קראה הי כְּתָבָה, וְכָל כְּתָבָה מְחֻמָּה לְמַעַן שִׁבְתָּהּ.

Averroes turns the page.

The text fragments further.

Columns appear without alignment.

The physician observes recurrence. *וְהַרְחִיקוּ מִלְּפָנָיו לְמַעַן יִשְׁמַח בְּכִלְיוֹתָיו.*

Below them, a third line.

Centered.

Unstable.

הֲיֵשׁ אֵיזוֹתָם מִלְּפָנָיו לְמַעַן יִשְׁמַח בְּכִלְיוֹתָיו?

Averroes closes the manuscript.

Not abruptly.

As one closes a door that does not fully seal.

AVERROES

You have altered the text.

IBN ARABI

*וְהַרְחִיקוּ מִלְּפָנָיו לְמַעַן יִשְׁמַח בְּכִלְיוֹתָיו.*

AVERROES

You have made it unreliable.

IBN ARABI

*דַּבְּרֵי אֵיזוֹתָם מִלְּפָנָיו לְמַעַן יִשְׁמַח בְּכִלְיוֹתָיו.*

A silence follows.

Not empty.

Layered.

Averroes opens the manuscript again.

The pages are no longer in sequence.

Some repeat.

Some contradict.

Some refuse to align with the page margins.

ليس النص ما كُتِب، بل ما يُعاد كتابته في كل قراءة.

A drop of water falls onto the page.

No source is visible.

The ink does not blur.

It shifts.

يُعيد الظاهر الظاهر.

But not where it was written.

Averroes watches.

Not the word.

Its relocation.

AVERROES

If the text does not hold, then nothing holds.

IBN ARABI

بقيت المخطوطة مفتوحة، ولم يقرأها أحد.

The manuscript remains open.

It does not invite further reading.

It persists.

Somewhere above, unseen, the sound continues.

Drip.

This time, onto parchment.

Drip.

The page absorbs nothing.

Drip.

Yet the text has changed.

## Incoherentia V: De Multiplicatione Narrationum

The fountain did not remain where it occurred.

It moved.

Not in stone or water, but in speech.

At the northern market, it was said that the water rose before the call to prayer.

At the southern gate, it was said that the call itself caused the rising.

In the quarter of the leather workers, the story was told differently again: that the water hesitated, as if awaiting permission.

No one described the same sequence.

No one described a different event.

FIRST MERCHANT

It rose all at once. No delay. As if it had been waiting.

SECOND MERCHANT

No, there was a pause. A moment where nothing happened. Then suddenly—

FIRST MERCHANT

—then suddenly, yes, but not as you say. It was already rising.

The disagreement does not resolve.

It does not escalate.

It persists.

Aisha stands among them.

She does not correct.

She listens.

SECOND MERCHANT

I saw it. The basin was still. Then the sound came. Then the water moved.

THIRD MERCHANT

There was no sound. Only the motion.

FIRST MERCHANT











Then away.

Then back.

The alignment shifts.

Not on the page.

In interpretation.

AISHA

If the first account is lost, the second becomes  $\tau$  only account.

*ויאז= לדו ואלגולג ה, דג=גל זלולללל א יז זולולג לדר ז אר*

The statement does not resolve.

It loops.

Aisha closes the notebook.

Opens it again.

The lines remain.

But their order-

-is no longer certain.

$\tau$  delay precedes

$\tau$  rise follows

$\tau$  account replaces

The sequence stabilizes.

Then slips.

ما يُحكي يصبح ما حدث.

The sound returns.

Drip.

A pause.

Longer than before.

Drip.

A second drop.

Almost simultaneous.

Drip.

Not quite aligned.





The left continues—

---  
---  
---

She draws a line between the two columns.

The line does not separate them.

AISHA

If both are true—

She stops.

AISHA

—or if distinction is not—

The sentence does not complete.

إذا تغيّر الموضع، تغيّر الزمان.

A shadow passes across the basin.

No source is visible.

Aisha looks down.

Her earlier marks—

They are not aligned.

Or she is not where she was.

position shifts

relation changes

event remains

The basin is unchanged.

The marks—

—are no longer in the same configuration.

delay precedes

rise follows

account replaces

Then:

account precedes

דַּיִל delay follows

דַּיִל rise replaces

The two sequences do not cancel.

They persist.

דַּיִל sequences hold

Aisha closes the notebook.

Opens it.

The sequences remain.

But—

—not where they were.

The sound returns.

Drip.

A second—

Drip.

A third—

Drip.

Not evenly spaced.

Not fully separate.

Not—

aligned.









He does not move.

AVERROES  
This is—  
---

replaces  
---

Aisha turns the page.

The previous lines—  
are still visible.

But—

Some words—  
---

—are now

Others—

—no longer are.

AISHA  
Was this—  
She stops.

AISHA  
—always—

The question dissolves.

past shifts  
binding persists  
---

without  
Averroes closes the text.

Opens it.

The columns—  
are no longer aligned.

Or—

they never were.

ל= רבג ל=ל טל דר =ל אוראלאפ א רר א ררלנרלולול  
רר א יולוללללללל ארל, רר ררלללל יולוללללללל ארל  
לללללללללללללללללל---

The sound-  
returns.

Drip.

Drip-

Drip.

Drip.

Two on one side.

One-

on the other.

Not synchronized.

Not-

reconcilable.

Incoherentia X: De Iteratione et Deriva

Averroes reads.

إذا تغيّر القول، هل تغيّر الفعل؟ إذا تغيّر الفعل، هل يبقى القول؟

AVERROES

IF the account shifts-

القول لا يثبت. الفعل لا يختفي.

if the account shifts the event does not follow directly

AVERROES

-then the event-

He stops.

Aisha writes beside him.

الحدث لا يتبع القول، بل يُعاد تشكيله به.

AISHA

IF the account shifts-

if the account shifts the event does not follow directly

She pauses.

AISHA

Was that-

She looks at the line.

AISHA

-what I wrote?

Averroes writes again.

وإذا تغيّر القول، هل تغيّر الفعل؟ إذا تغيّر الفعل، هل يبقى القول؟  
الحدث لا يتبع القول، بل يُعاد تشكيله به.  
إذا تغيّر القول، هل تغيّر الفعل؟ إذا تغيّر الفعل، هل يبقى القول؟

account shifts

event follows

He stops.

AVERROES

No.

He rewrites.

account shifts

the event does not follow



She reads it as primary.

---אין אורחא דאורייתא

The English-

becomes marginal.

She reads again.

القراءة ليست ترتيباً بل اختياراً.

This time-

the English leads.

The Arabic follows.

Neither dominates.

Averroes closes the manuscript.

אין אורחא דאורייתא, דאורייתא דאורייתא, אין אורחא דאורייתא  
---אין אורחא דאורייתא

Opens it.

The lines-

remain.

But-

their relation-

-has drifted.

The sound returns.

אין אורחא דאורייתא, אין אורחא דאורייתא, אין אורחא דאורייתא  
---אין אורחא דאורייתא

Drip.

Drip.

Drip-

Two nearly simultaneous.

Drip.

One-

delayed.

Slightly out of phase.

Then-

a fifth.

Incoherentia XI: De Cognitione Non Universali

The study again.

Later.

The lamps lower.

Averroes sits without writing.

Aisha reads beside him.

Not aloud.

AVERROES

When you remember the fountain—

He pauses.

AVERROES

—what do you see?

Aisha does not answer immediately.

AISHA

Nothing.

AVERROES

Nothing?

AISHA

I know what happened.

AISHA

I do not see it.

טלח דגג כז

The phrase binds.

Averroes sets down his pen.

AVERROES

You remember without image?

AISHA

I remember without reconstruction.



Averroes opens his eyes.

AVERROES

Then how do you know it is gone?

She pauses.

AISHA

Because—

She stops.

AISHA

There is nothing there to confuse it with.

הַיְהוּדִים there

The phrase binds weakly.

AVERROES

And when you think—

AVERROES

—you hear nothing?

Aisha looks at him.

AISHA

Hear?

AISHA

No.

AISHA

Thought is not—

She searches.

AISHA

—spoken.

הַיְהוּדִים spoken

The phrase binds.

הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים  
הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים הַיְהוּדִים

الفكر ليس صوتاً.



אניני be taken

The phrase binds strongly.

The field persists.

No image forms within it.

No voice traverses it.

Only-

this.

1

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<sup>1</sup>Editorial interpolation (anachronistic): The conditions here described correspond, in later scientific terminology, to aphantasia and anandophasia. Aphantasia denotes the absence or severe attenuation of voluntary visual imagery, associated in contemporary accounts with reduced activation in occipital-parietal networks during imagery tasks, despite intact visual perception. Anandophasia refers to the absence of inner speech—the lack of a phonologically instantiated internal narrator—suggesting that linguistic cognition may proceed via non-phonological representations or direct conceptual activation without subvocal rehearsal.

At the historical moment of the present text, such variations in cognitive architecture were neither formally classified nor widely recognized. Intellectual culture operated under an implicit assumption that imagination and inner narration were universal faculties. Their absence, when encountered, would not have been named as a condition, but experienced as a structural anomaly—one that resists both description and transmission within prevailing conceptual frameworks.

The present fragment should therefore not be read as a diagnosis, but as an early encounter with non-universal cognition within a world that presumes its universality.







## Incoherentia XIII: De Interruptione et Aula

The library of the great mosque admitted light only under conditions. It did not receive illumination as the courtyard received it, in sheets and verdicts, but in measured incursions: through screens, over shelves, across the upper edges of bindings whose leather had absorbed the handling of generations until touch itself seemed to have darkened them. The room was disciplined not by silence, for silence can be dramatic, but by the mutual agreement of surfaces to withhold excess.

The Prosecutor stood between two columns of shelving and read a page he had already read twice. The words did not resist him. Their grammar remained in order. Their arguments advanced with the familiar sequence of premise, distinction, reply. Yet beneath the page, or perhaps between the lines in a manner no longer reducible to placement, another measure persisted.

Drip.

He did not look up.

The sound was too regular to be miraculous and too patient to be ignored. It did not belong to the disputation before him, and yet it slowly removed from that disputation the comfort of self-containment. He read again the sentence under his thumb. The ink did not move. The meaning did.

PROSECUTOR

If the order is divinely sustained, then interruption is impossible except by will.

The sentence would have held had it remained merely doctrinal. But the final word, which should have closed the proposition with the force of habit, displayed a minute defection. Not a whole word. Not even a whole sign. Only one interior letter had shifted, unnoticed by any eye not already injured by attention:

w:ll

The anomaly did not declare itself. It did not spread. It simply remained, too small for the dignity of refutation, too exact for dismissal.

He turned the page. The next folio was innocent. The next after that was innocent also.

The clepsydra stood in the recess beyond the lattice, barely visible except where the water caught a narrow seam of light and converted it into duration.

Drip.

PROSECUTOR

It is a clock.

No one had spoken to him. The statement entered the room not as reply but as self-defense. He set the folio down. Across the low table, a student copyist kept working, his reed pen lifting and returning with such exact intervals that it seemed for a moment that ink and water had been recruited into the same argument.

ليس كل انتظام آية.

The Prosecutor turned. An old librarian, neither summoned nor introduced, adjusted a stack of quires without once looking at him.

PROSECUTOR

No.

He regretted the speed of the answer.

PROSECUTOR

No, but every sign of order may be taken for one.

The librarian did not respond. He left one codex open, face down, as if the page itself were not worth preserving in a single orientation.

The Prosecutor resumed reading. He found that he could still produce every expected distinction. Secondary causes. Primary cause. Means. End. Permission. Will. He could arrange them all with perfect rhetorical obedience. What disturbed him was not that the system had failed, but that it could now be imitated by things that lacked sanctity.

Drip.

He closed the book more forcefully than the room allowed.

The Caliph's garden was geometry made merciful by water. Channels divided the earth into lucid quadrants. Cypress held the vertical with judicial restraint. The air itself appeared adjudicated: nothing stray, nothing wind-broken, every leaf either admitted or excluded from the pattern.

Averroes walked beside the channel without looking at it. That abstention, in the garden, carried more force than admiration would have carried.

The Caliph stopped at a crossing of the water paths where four narrow streams met under a carved stone lip and separated again without confusion.

CALIPH

You see? Even abundance submits to form.

AVERROES

Water submits to gradient.

CALIPH

And who gives the world its gradients?

Averroes did not answer immediately. The pause did not read as caution. It read as a refusal to honor the false economy of the question.

AVERROES

If I say God, you will think I have agreed with you. If I say nature, you will think I have denied Him. Neither would be exact.

Even the spacing between lines, unusually even to the eye, seemed to have entered the service of the garden's discipline.

CALIPH

Awe governs more quickly.

AVERROES

So does fear.

CALIPH

Fear exhausts itself.

AVERROES

Then awe exhausts what remains.

CALIPH

You still believe consistency can rule men.

AVERROES

No.

AVERROES

Consistency is what makes mercy possible.

For one instant the sentence restored the world to legibility. The garden resumed its rightful scale. Water was again water, not theater. Stone was stone, not symbol. Even the earlier defect inside the word will seemed retrospectively correctable, a mere blemish in copying rather than a structural tear.

Then the channel nearest them admitted a leaf where no leaf should have entered. It did not obstruct the flow. It merely failed to belong.

Zaynab found Saladin in the narrower court beyond the kitchen wall. His bandaged hand rested on his knee. He had the stillness of someone who has learned that motion invites further interpretation.

She crouched without tenderness and without hardness.

*Pain has causes. So does silence.*

Saladin looked at her as if the line had not been spoken but set down between them in a hand more private than speech.

SALADIN

I said nothing.

*That is why I asked.*

SALADIN

You did not ask.

She unwrapped the cloth, inspected the swelling, and rewrapped it with a pressure that was nearly impersonal and therefore more kind than comfort would have been.

SALADIN

And silence?

She tightened the final turn, then said, in a line that broke itself at the hinge and forced the ear to reverse direction before the syntax could resume:

ZAYNAB

Silence is what remains when a man discovers that *قدصي هاري ام لك سيل* what he sees.

He frowned, not because the sentence was obscure, but because it had returned to him in another order than the one in which it had departed her mouth.

Drip.

This time the sound could not be placed. Not library. Not basin. Not wound. It had become distributive, attached not to an object but to a condition of the chapter itself.

Saladin rose.

In rising, he disturbed nothing.

That was what frightened him most.

## Intercalatio: De Apparatu

SECRETARY: It must.  
WORKER: To what level?  
SECRETARY: Invisible.

SECRETARY: Again.

WORKER: It holds.

SECRETARY: It must.

No one called it a miracle.

That word was reserved for outside.

SECRETARY: Reduce failure.  
WORKER: To what level?  
SECRETARY: Invisible.

SECRETARY: Again.

The Secretary does not believe in miracles.

He believes in outcomes.

When he reviews a demonstration, he does not ask whether it is convincing. He asks whether it produces the required response within the allotted time.

:::לגלגל: לללללללללללל

Incoherentia XIV: De Confrontatione

The courtyard had been prepared before anyone admitted preparation.

The crowd did not gather; it resolved.

It was already present before the first demonstration began.

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל

The cloth did not burn.

It accepted flame with the obedience of something that had already incorporated its outcome.

The crowd moved closer.

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל

The Prosecutor did not move.

He had already seen the clepsydra.

He had already heard the sound.

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל

A hand passed through flame.

The flame remained.

The hand remained.

The demonstration held.

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל

PROSECUTOR

It is treated.

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע הָעָם אֶת הַקּוֹל

לְהַגִּיד לְכָל הָעָם כִּי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד.

The cloth folded.

The flame folded.

The explanation did not.

The system did not fail it simply refused to admit the distinction

The Prosecutor stepped forward.

The geometry of the courtyard narrowed around him, not visibly, but in the sense that alternative paths became unavailable.

PROSECUTOR

It is mineral.

PROSECUTOR

It is prepared.

PROSECUTOR

It is not—

לְכָל הָעָם כִּי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד. לְכָל הָעָם כִּי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד. לְכָל הָעָם כִּי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד.

לְכָל הָעָם כִּי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד.

לְכָל הָעָם כִּי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד.

The crowd did not turn against him. That would have been simpler. Instead, they continued watching the flame.

לְכָל הָעָם כִּי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד. לְכָל הָעָם כִּי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד. לְכָל הָעָם כִּי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד.

The Prosecutor reached for the cloth.

He held it in both hands.

The flame moved with it.

Then—

—nothing changed.

Which was the change.

Consistency is what makes mercy possible.



Incoherentia XV: De Expositione Miraculi

The demonstration did not end.

It ceased to require continuation.

The courtyard remained.

The people remained.

The fire remained.

What disappeared was the necessity of believing any of it.

He stood where he had stood.

He held what he had held.

He understood nothing more than before.

This was sufficient.

The cloth was mineral.

The flame was ordinary.

The arrangement was deliberate.

הַיְשָׁרִים שֶׁבַּיָּדָיו הָיוּ מִיְּהוּדֵי הַבְּרִיָּה הַזֹּאת

The crowd did not disperse.

It relaxed.

Not into doubt.

Into compatibility.

לְדַר אֵיךְ הָיָה לְאֵלֵינוּ הַזֶּה לְאֵלֵינוּ הַזֶּה לְאֵלֵינוּ הַזֶּה

וְלֹא לְאֵלֵינוּ הַזֶּה לְאֵלֵינוּ הַזֶּה לְאֵלֵינוּ הַזֶּה

He spoke.

He did not speak.

The sentence appeared anyway.

It is constructed.

It remains.

It functions.

There was no reply. There was no need for  
reply.

טאת דגע

טא:אונטער:דגע

ענד:אונטער:דגע

דע:אונטער:דגע

~~The mechanism remains visible only where it is no longer required.~~

The sentence held.

Both of them did.

Neither resolved the other.

The page did not fill.

It allowed spacing.

Spacing did not indicate absence.

It indicated saturation.

Drip.

Drip.

∞::!!

The sound no longer marked time.

It marked persistence.

A letter shifted. Not at a boundary.  
Within a word.

consistency

No one remarked upon it.

The system had absorbed the error.

Or the error had become the system.

Drip.

دَرْبِ

∞x15

Nothing concluded.

Nothing required continuation.

Everything remained.

Incoherentia XVI: De Silentio et Exilio

The door had already been marked.

No one had seen it happen.

No one needed to.

The red did not signify.

It constrained.

THE MARK DOES NOT INDICATE GUILT IT INDICATES AVAILABILITY

Aisha did not ask.

She began to pack.

cloth

שטח אדום מרמז על זמינות ולא על אשמה

thead

מים

ماء

water

ink

ink

אשמה איננה מרמזת על זמינות

אשמה איננה מרמזת על זמינות

אשמה איננה מרמזת על זמינות

The list did not complete.  
It did not need to.  
It defined a boundary.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip

דריפ

درب

[drip]

דריפ

درب

درب

The sound did not multiply.  
It failed to remain singular.

השם לא כפול. הוא לא נשאר יחיד.  
הוא לא נשאר יחיד.

The interval expanded.

Drip

Drip

Drip

זלר=לז יז לזלגז לזר רזג רזזזזז יז לזלז לזלז

TnfEdE=4kxRfzTncFzTnfz4kFuTAc=abz4LzTzFzYi/TnuoTTrkonEiwz4kzTFrkonFurizTFrnzFFzTnu

She closed the bundle.  
She did not secure it.  
Security implies persistence.  
Persistence was no longer assumed.

זלז:זזזז: לזלזלז

זלזלזלז: לזלז: זלזלז

$$\forall x (\text{Drip}(x) \rightarrow \neg \text{Same}(x))$$

The proposition did not clarify.

It removed equivalence.

אֵלֶּכְסָא הָיָה בְּרֵגְלָהּ בְּיָמֵי הַמֶּלֶךְ הַשְּׁמֹנִי עָבְדָהּ

She lifted the bundle.

The room did not retain her.

It permitted her removal.

Drip

אֵלֶּכְסָא הָיָה בְּרֵגְלָהּ בְּיָמֵי הַמֶּלֶךְ הַשְּׁמֹנִי עָבְדָהּ

Intercalatio: De Inventario

She does not pack in order.

She packs in necessity.

a manuscript without title

a fragment without beginning

לִּשְׁמֵי שְׁמֵי לִּשְׁמֵי לִּשְׁמֵי

a page marked twice

a page not marked

something missing

a tool wrapped in cloth

cloth without tool

אֶלְמָה

a name written once

the same name written differently

אֶלְמָה אֶלְמָה אֶלְמָה

not legible

a weight that cannot be carried

left

not discarded

left

לִּשְׁמֵי לִּשְׁמֵי לִּשְׁמֵי

selection is continuation

Drip

## Interludium: De Fuga

The door was marked before sunset.

Aisha saw it from across the narrow street, just as the last light slipped along the plaster walls and gathered in the shallow cracks near the threshold. At first she thought it was shadow, or some trick of the evening glow, but as she moved closer the color resolved into something deliberate—thick, uneven, unmistakable.

Red.

Not painted. Applied.

She stopped a few paces away and did not touch it.

Behind her, the city continued as it always did at that hour. Vendors calling out the last of their goods, shutters closing, the slow reshaping of noise into something quieter but no less dense. Nothing in the rhythm of Córdoba suggested that anything had changed.

Which meant everything had.

She turned the handle and entered.

Inside, the house was already in motion. Her father had not waited. Scrolls were stacked in careful bundles across the low table, each tied with a strip of linen and marked in a hand that was more compressed than usual, as if time itself had narrowed the space available for writing.

Averroes stood near the center of the room, holding a manuscript open but not reading it.

“You saw it,” he said, without turning.

Aisha closed the door behind her.

“Yes.”

“They chose visibility,” she added. “Not force.”

Now he turned.

“That is force,” he said. “Applied differently.”

From the courtyard came the faint sound of movement—someone passing too slowly, or stopping where there was no reason to stop. Aisha moved to the window and shifted the lattice just enough to see.

Two men stood across the street, speaking in low tones. They were not dressed as officials. That was part of the point.

“They’re not hiding it,” she said.

"No," Averroes replied. "They don't need to."

A sound at the door. Not a knock. Something lighter. A signal, perhaps.

Aisha moved before he did, crossing the room and opening it just enough to admit a figure from the street.

Zaynab slipped inside without a word, her expression composed but tight at the edges.

"They've started," she said.

"Where?" Aisha asked.

"The market first. Then the western quarter." Zaynab set a small satchel on the table. "Confiscations. Not systematic yet. But moving."

Averroes closed the manuscript in his hands.

"Then we leave tonight."

She gathered the bundles. Their weight distributed between them.

"Father," she said.

He looked at her.

"If they had not done this—would you have stayed?"

The question hung between them, more dangerous than the noise outside.

"For a time," he said. "Long enough to finish what could be finished."

"And now?"

"Now," he said, "it will be finished elsewhere."

Zaynab moved to the door, listening.

"Wait," she said.

They did.

Footsteps passed. Slower this time. Deliberate.

Then silence.

"Now," Zaynab said.

They stepped into the street together.

The red mark on the door caught the last of the fading light, darker now, almost indistinguishable from shadow.

Aisha did not look back.

They moved north.

Behind them, Córdoba continued—its streets filling, emptying, reforming—unchanged in appearance, altered in structure.

Ahead, the road narrowed, then opened, then disappeared into darkness.

They followed it anyway.

Incoherentia XVII: De Porta et Transitu

The door did not close.

It ceased to define an interior.

She crossed.

Crossing did not produce a boundary.

אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ

The road extended north.

Not as direction.

As constraint.

Dust did not accumulate.

It aligned.

Parallel to motion.

THE PATH IS NOT SPECTRE IT IS REFLECTED FROM A SET OF INCOHERENT  
TECHNIQUES

אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ

אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ

אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ

The cart did not carry books.  
It carried equivalence classes.

Names had already failed.

$$\begin{aligned} & \exists x_1 (\text{Text}(x_1) \wedge \neg \text{Stable}(x_1)) \\ & \exists x_2 (\text{Commentary}(x_2) \wedge \text{Depends}(x_2, x_1)) \\ & \forall x (\text{Transmission}(x) \rightarrow \text{Imperfect}(x)) \\ & \therefore \exists x_3 (\text{Survives}(x_3) \wedge \neg \text{Identical}(x_3, x_1)) \end{aligned}$$

She did not verify the contents.  
Verification requires a fixed referent.  
There was none.

אין זה אומר שיש להם זהות

אין זה אומר שיש להם זהות

Córdoba did not diminish.  
It lost orientation.

The margins widened.  
Not evenly.  
Not reliably.

*this is t  
note that  
where it is*

طريق

The word did not anchor the road.  
It prevented total drift.

דאָס וואָרט: דאָס וואָרט

דאָס וואָרט: דאָס וואָרט

דאָס וואָרט: דאָס וואָרט

The system did not converge.  
It stabilized within tolerance.

דאָס וואָרט: דאָס וואָרט

Drip

דאָס וואָרט: דאָס וואָרט



יִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו

לְפָנָיו וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו

They leave before morning.  
No announcement. No witness.  
The house – marked – remains behind.  
Aisha does not turn to look.

AVERROES

You will not remember it.

AISHA

I never did.

עָלְמָא דְּכִיּוֹן

The phrase binds.

וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו  
וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו

AISHA

It does not stay.

AVERROES

What does not?

AISHA

Anything.

וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לְפָנָיו

The word binds weakly.

AVERROES

If it cannot be recalled–



It has moved.

AVERROES

The pages?

AISHA

No.

She pauses.

AISHA

The relations.

העניינים:

The word binds.

العلاقات تغيرت.

The wind lifts a page. It folds. Not torn.  
Just - misaligned.

אם לא תרצה להגיד לי את כל האמת  
אולי תוכלי להגיד לי את האמת

The road divides. No sign.

AVERROES

We take the left.

AISHA

Why?

AVERROES

It leads north.

Aisha looks.

AISHA

It does not lead.

למה לא תוביל אותי?

AISHA

It continues.

הוא ממשיך.

The word binds.

$$\begin{aligned} & \forall x (\text{Step}(x) \rightarrow \text{Possible}(x)) \\ & \forall x (\text{Possible}(x) \rightarrow \text{Continue}(x)) \\ & \therefore \forall x (\text{Continue}(x) \rightarrow \text{Valid}(x)) \end{aligned}$$

The conclusion appears sufficient.

It is not necessary.

*Resolution*

resolution

The difference did not require correction.

Both forms continued to function.

ההבדל לא דרש תיקון. שני הצורות המשיכו לפעול.

Drip

למי לדרוק ייחודי

## Interludium: De Transitu II

They stopped before dawn, not because they had reached a destination, but because the road had narrowed into something that no longer required speed.

The cart had gone ahead. Zaynab walked with the driver, speaking in low tones that did not carry. Averroes followed at a measured distance.

Aisha slowed.

She had noticed him earlier, though she had not turned to confirm it. The rhythm of his steps was uneven, not from uncertainty, but from adjustment—each movement recalibrated around an absence.

When she finally stopped, he did as well.

For a moment, neither spoke. The sky had not yet begun to lighten, but the darkness had softened. Forms were visible again, though without detail. The world existed, but without commitment.

“You left the city,” she said.

It was not a question.

Saladin shifted his weight slightly, the movement small but deliberate.

“The city left me first,” he said.

His voice was lower than she expected. Not quiet—contained.

Aisha nodded once, as if this confirmed something she had already decided.

They stood side by side, not facing each other, looking instead toward the faint line of the road ahead.

“You saw it,” she said. “At the fountain.”

“Yes.”

“And the fire.”

“Yes.”

She waited.

“And?” she asked.

Saladin did not answer immediately. He looked down at his sleeve—the empty fold pinned neatly where his arm had once extended. His remaining hand adjusted it unconsciously, as if correcting something that could no longer be corrected.

“It worked,” he said.

She turned slightly toward him.

"That is not the same as being real."

"No," he said. "But it is the same as being believed."

The distinction settled between them, not argued, not resolved.

"You are coming north," she said.

Again, not a question.

"Yes."

"Why?"

This time, he did look at her.

"For the same reason you are," he said.

She almost smiled.

"That is not an answer."

"It is enough," he said.

She held his gaze a moment longer, then looked away, back toward the road.

Behind them, a faint sound—Averroes calling her name, not loudly, just enough to mark distance.

"Do you think it changes anything?" Saladin asked.

"What?"

"That they were false."

She considered this carefully.

"It changes what can be said," she said. "And who cannot deny it."

He let out a short breath. Not quite a laugh.

Only then did she speak again.

"It is not about who cares," she said. "It is about what continues."

He walked beside her now, their pace matched without negotiation.

"And this continues?" he asked.

"For now," she said.

The first light began to gather at the edge of the horizon, thin and colorless. Shapes resolved into edges, edges into surfaces.

"Does it get easier?" he asked, after a while.

Aisha shook her head.

"No," she said. "It becomes clearer."

He absorbed this, then nodded once.

"That is worse," he said.

"Yes," she replied.

They walked on. For a time, their shadows moved separately across the uneven ground, stretched thin by the rising light.

Then, as the sun cleared the horizon, the shadows shortened, drew closer, and—without merging—began to overlap.

Neither of them remarked on it.

The road continued north.

They followed it together.







رارمتساللا

ةلحرلا ةيادب دحاً نلعي نأ نود حابصلا يف اوراس

دعب ةدحاو، تعباتت تاوطخلا نكل، لاقتنالا بلع لدت ةحضاو ةراشا الو، قالطنالاب رمأ كانه نكي مل  
هنم اغورفم ارماً مدقتلا حبصاً تتح، برخالأ

ريثأتلا بلع هتردق دقفي ءيشك لب، يهتني ءيشك ال، مهفلخ تعجارت دق ةنيدملا تناك

رايتخا لب، عانتما كلذ يف نكي مل. ةشئاع تفتلت مل

:اهبناج بلا رليست يهو بنيز تلاق

«نوئدحتي اولازام كانه سانلا»

:ةشئاع تباجأ

«امئاد نوئدحتيس»

«؟اذام نع»

«هلهتحت مهنكمي ام نع»

:تلاق مث، ةظحل بنيز تتكس

«؟ئدح ام لحت مهنكمي لهو»

قيرطلا بلا ترظن. ارؤف ةشئاع بحت مل

:تلاق مث

«هنم ةخسنلا لحت مهنكمي»

:لاق. ليلقب امهفلخ ريسي نيدلا حالص ناك

«ئدح ام تيار»

:تلاق اهنكل، ةشئاع تفتلت مل

«فرعت نالا تنأو»

:لاق

«ةجيتنلا ريغت مل ةفرعملا»

:بنيز تلاق

«هرايكا نكمي ال ام تريغ اهنكل»

راركت بلا جاتحي ال امب ءالتما لب ،اغارف تمصلا نكي مل .اوتكس

ريسلا اوعبات

لعفلا ب ادوجوم ناك ام فشكل لب ،اديدج اموي نلعتل ال ،ءطبب تعفترا سمشلا

تريغت هتشارك بلع مهترdq نكل .ريغتي مل قيرطلا

ايفاك ناك اذهو

Incoherentia XX: De Portu et Translatione

The port did not receive.

It transformed.

Arrival was not preservation.

It was selection under constraint.

הוא לא קיבל: הוא הפך

הוא לא שמר: הוא בחר

תחת הכרח

The crates opened without ceremony.

Nothing inside identified itself.

הוא לא זיהה את עצמו

translation

translation



הרשמה לשימוש באתר האינטרנט של משרד החינוך

$$\begin{aligned} &\forall x (\text{Arrives}(x) \rightarrow \text{Altered}(x)) \\ &\forall x (\text{Altered}(x) \rightarrow \text{Usable}(x)) \\ &\neg \exists x (\text{Arrives}(x) \wedge \text{Preserved}(x)) \end{aligned}$$

הרשמה לשימוש באתר האינטרנט של משרד החינוך

הרשמה לשימוש באתר האינטרנט של משרד החינוך

Drip

הרשמה לשימוש באתר האינטרנט של משרד החינוך

## La Transmisión

No fue el texto lo que viajó.

O no solamente.

Lo que se desplazaba de un lugar a otro no era una obra terminada, ni un argumento cerrado, sino algo más inestable: una forma de continuar hablando sin garantizar el mismo sentido.

En el puerto, las cajas se abrían con una mezcla de prisa y descuido. Los nombres se repetían en voz alta, pero cada repetición los alteraba ligeramente.

—¿Esto dice “Ibn Rushd”? —preguntó uno de los cargadores.

—Eso parece —respondió otro—. O algo parecido.

El escriba tomó el documento, frunció el ceño, y volvió a trazar las letras con tinta fresca. No corregía. Ajustaba.

A unos pasos de distancia, Aisha observaba sin intervenir. Había aprendido que la transmisión no dependía de la fidelidad, sino de la continuidad. Un error no detenía el proceso. A veces lo hacía posible.

Saladín estaba junto a ella, mirando las cajas como si intentara entender qué parte de aquello realmente importaba.

—Si cambian los nombres —dijo—, ¿no cambia también lo que significan? Aisha tardó en responder.

—Sí —dijo finalmente—. Pero no necesariamente deja de funcionar.

Un hombre pasó junto a ellos cargando un volumen mal cerrado. Algunas hojas se deslizaron y cayeron al suelo. Nadie se detuvo de inmediato. El hombre siguió caminando. Otro recogió una de las hojas, la miró brevemente, y la colocó en la pila equivocada.

Aisha lo vio. No dijo nada.

—¿No vas a corregirlo? —preguntó Saladín.

Ella negó.

—No puedo corregir todo —dijo—. Y no todo necesita ser corregido.

—Entonces, ¿cómo sabes qué importa?

Aisha lo miró por primera vez directamente.

—No lo sé —dijo—. Lo descubro viendo qué sobrevive.

El ruido del puerto aumentó a medida que el día avanzaba. Voces en diferentes lenguas se cruzaban sin necesidad de coincidir. Nada

completamente estable. Nada completamente perdido.

Saladín se inclinó y recogió una hoja que el viento había empujado hacia sus pies. La sostuvo con cuidado.

—¿Puedes leer esto? —preguntó.

Aisha se acercó. Observó la página. Las palabras le resultaban familiares, pero no exactas. Habían cambiado. O quizá ella había cambiado.

—Sí —dijo—. Creo que sí.

—¿Y significa lo mismo?

Aisha dudó. Luego negó suavemente.

—No exactamente.

Saladín asintió, como si esa fuera la única respuesta que tenía sentido.

Doblando la hoja, la colocó de nuevo entre las otras. No en su lugar original. En uno posible.

El trabajo continuó. Las cajas se cerraron. Los nombres fueron escritos otra vez. Y otra vez cambiaron.

Al final del día, nada estaba exactamente donde había comenzado.

Y sin embargo, nada se había detenido.

Eso, pensó Aisha, era suficiente.

Incoherentia XXI: De Scriptorium et Copia

The room did not speak.

It produced.

Each mark required time. Time required separation.

*he copies without knowing what is being preserved*

The hand did not accelerate. Acceleration destroys form.

كَاتَبْتَ تَوْبَانِيْمَ

ذَا رِبْرَشْنُ أَفْ لَآكْ أَدَّ إِتْسْ كَلْتَشْرَلْ سَمْبِتْمَزْ

إِنْ ذِسْ بَارْتْ أَفْ هَيْلِنْ رُولَنْزْ سَايْكُوسِيْنِمَا، شِي دِلْفَزْ إِتْوُ ذَا نِيْتَشْرْ أَفْ لَآكْ

He did not read it.

He reproduced it.

The distinction was sufficient.

*capitalist utopianism*

*capitalist utopianism*

*capitalist utopianism*

The correct form did not dominate.  
It circulated among approximations.

*AVENUES:*

*AVENUES:*

The name remained.  
The voice did not.

*representation of lac*

Damage did not prevent copying.  
It redistributed certainty.



## Intercalatio: De Arbore et Volatu

The tree stands slightly apart from the others, not isolated, but with enough space around it that its full shape can be taken in at once. Its trunk rises with a gradual, almost hesitant widening at the base, as if it had once adjusted itself to the ground and then decided to remain. The bark is not uniform. In some places it lies flat and close, smooth enough to reflect a dull sheen of light, while in others it lifts in thin plates, curling at the edges, exposing a darker layer beneath. There are shallow fissures running vertically, not deep enough to divide, but enough to suggest a slow and continuous separation that never completes.

The branches begin higher than expected. For several feet the trunk is uninterrupted, a column that holds itself without deviation, and then, almost all at once, the structure opens. Limbs extend outward in uneven directions, not symmetrically, but with a balance that only becomes apparent when seen as a whole.

Leaves gather densely toward the outer portions of the canopy. Up close, they are small and irregular, each one slightly different in shape, but from a distance they merge into a continuous surface that filters the light into a shifting pattern below. The wind moves through them without urgency. It does not pass evenly. Certain clusters respond first, trembling in place, while others remain still for a moment longer, and then follow, as though the motion were being transmitted through an unseen delay.

The ground beneath the tree is worn, though not barren.

For a while, nothing happens.

Then, without warning or preparation, the first bird arrives.

It does not descend gradually. It appears in motion already committed, wings adjusting only at the last moment, the body angling to meet a particular branch. The landing is precise but not delicate. The branch dips slightly under the added weight, then returns, oscillating once before settling. The bird holds still, head turning once, quickly, as if verifying its position.

A second bird follows, then a third, not in a coordinated pattern, but not entirely independent either. They arrive from different directions, but within a narrow span of time that suggests a shared decision made elsewhere.

Soon there are many.

They do not fill the tree evenly. Certain branches collect them, forming dense lines of bodies facing roughly the same direction, while other branches remain empty, not avoided, but not chosen. Their motion does not cease after landing. It changes form.

The sound begins after the settling.

At first it is intermittent, individual calls that do not align. Then it thickens, not into a unified chorus, but into a field of overlapping signals. No single call dominates, yet none are entirely lost. The result is not noise, exactly, but something structured at a level that resists immediate parsing.

One bird leaves.

Its departure is abrupt, the inverse of its arrival. It pushes off, wings opening into the space it had just occupied, and is gone before the surrounding birds have fully responded. The branch lifts slightly in its absence. For a moment, there is a small gap where it had been, a visible interruption in the line.

Another bird moves into that space.

Not immediately, and not by direct intention that can be observed, but the gap does not remain.

The birds remain for a time that is neither brief nor extended enough to establish a rhythm. Then, as without warning as they arrived, they begin to leave.

Not all at once.

One, then another, then several in quick succession. The branches lighten incrementally. The sound thins. The structure that had formed dissolves without reversing itself. There is no final departure, no last bird that marks the end.

At some point, the tree is simply empty again.

It is not the same as before.

Nothing visible has changed. The bark is as it was. The branches hold their positions. The leaves continue to move with the wind.

And yet the space retains a trace of the arrangement that occupied it, not as a visible residue, but as a condition that could recur.

The tree stands.

It does not anticipate.

It does not remember.

But the possibility remains, suspended in the same way the leaves hold light, waiting for nothing in particular, and for that reason, available to everything that might arrive.

Drip.

Interludium: Dialogus Post Ignem

ΑΥΕΡΡΟΕΣ: It was never fire.

PROSECUTOR: It was witnessed.

ΑΥΕΡΡΟΕΣ: That is not the same.

PROSECUTOR: It is the only thing the crowd possesses.

פולחן: אלוהים לא היה אש

פולחן: אלוהים היה אש

PROSECUTOR: You removed the wonder.

ΑΥΕΡΡΟΕΣ: I removed the lie.

PROSECUTOR: There is no difference to them.

سَلَا دِين: رَأَيْتُ السَّبَبَ

SALADIN: I saw the cause

ZAYNEAB: And it did not save you.

SAXADJAH: No.

ZAYNEAB: Then what did it do?

SAXADJAH: It removed the excuse.

סאלאדין: אני רואה סיבה

זאיינאב: והיא לא הצילה אותך

ZAYNEAB: Pain has causes.

SAXADJAH: So does silence.

סאלאדין: האמת היא שיש סיבה

סאלאדין: האמת היא שיש סיבה

SAXADJAH: And truth?

SECRETARY: Truth is not scalable.

CALIPH: Belief is.

SECRETARY: Exactly.

AISHA: You could have spoken sooner.

AVERROES: It would not have mattered.

AISHA: It matters now.

AVERROES: No.

AISHA: Then why speak?

**فَلَلْخَلْفُكَ: لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ**

AISHA: And now?

AVERROES: Now it is indistinguishable from consequence.

PROSECUTOR: I believed.

AVERROES: I know.

PROSECUTOR: That was not deception.

AVERROES: No.

PROSECUTOR: Then why does it feel like betrayal?

**فَلَلْخَلْفُكَ: لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ**

PROSECUTOR: And now?

AVERROES: Now you must decide whether to continue.

**فَلَلْخَلْفُكَ: لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ**

**فَلَلْخَلْفُكَ: لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ لَنْ يَكُونَ لِي فِي الْوَلَدِ**

SALABIN: Does it change anything?

ZAYNAB: Yes.

SALABIN: What?

**ZAYNAB: It removed the lie.**

שׂאָאַב: And the pain?

זאַחאַב: Remains.

אַלדער: אַלדער אַלדער אַלדער

אַלדער: אַלדער אַלדער אַלדער

Drip

Incoherentia XXII: De Parisiis et Dissolutione

The city did not gather knowledge.

It distributed disagreement.

No statement held.

All statements persisted.

אִי-אֵל בִּן 5x17x

אִי-אֵל בִּן 5x17x

*nothing precedes*

السَّبَبُ يَتَّبِعُ الْمَشَاهِدَةَ

cau e does not hold

אִי-אֵל בִּן 5x17x

$\exists x (\text{Cause}(x) \wedge \neg \text{Cause}(x))$

No contradiction collapsed the system.

Collapse requires exclusivity.

Exclusivity was not enforced.

אִי-אֵל בִּן 5x17x

She was present.

Presence did not require detection.



The symbol did not interrupt.

It replaced nothing.

It referred to nothing.

this was once legible

טאגזאטן פון דער זאך

וואס איז געווען איבער די 17 יאר וואס איז געווען

טאגזאטן פון דער זאך

No one responded.

Response requires attribution.

Attribution had dissolved.

$\forall x (\text{Statement}(x) \rightarrow \text{Persists}(x))$

$\forall x (\text{Persists}(x) \rightarrow \neg \text{Resolved}(x))$

$\therefore \exists x (\text{True}(x) \wedge \text{False}(x))$

The proof did not conclude.  
It circulated.

لَا نِهَائَةَ لِانْخِلَافِ

١٧١٧١٧٦ x٤٧١٧١٧٤ ١٧١٧١٧٦ ١٧١٧١٧٤

even though continues

Drip

١٧ ١٧١٧٦x ١٧١٧١٧٤

## Interludium: De Insula Animalium

There was once a fox who found himself alone on an island.

He did not remember arriving. He remembered the water, and then the absence of it, and then the sand.

At first, he believed the island to be empty. This belief was sufficient for several days. He walked its length, which did not change, and its width, which did not increase, and concluded that nothing lived there but himself.

He began, therefore, to arrange the place. He gathered shells into lines, not because they needed arranging, but because arrangement made the island easier to traverse. He marked a path between two stones, though the path had already existed in his movement. He returned to the same place repeatedly until it began to resemble a center.

On the fifth day, he discovered tracks. They did not resemble his own. They were smaller, and deeper at the front, as though the creature that made them carried its weight differently.

He followed them. This was not a decision.

The tracks led to a clearing he had already visited, though not in the same configuration. There, beneath a bent tree, he found a tortoise. The tortoise did not appear surprised.

*You have been here for some time,* said the fox.

The tortoise did not answer immediately. This delay did not indicate hesitation.

*I have been here long enough,* the tortoise said.

The fox considered this. It was not an answer to his question, but it did not contradict it.

They began, without agreement, to share the island. The fox continued to move. The tortoise continued to remain.

Between them, paths formed. Some of these paths were used by both. Some were not.

The fox attempted, at first, to explain the island. He described its boundaries, its resources, the places where water could be found after rain.

The tortoise listened without interrupting.

*You speak as though the island were fixed,* said the tortoise.

The fox did not immediately understand.

*It is fixed enough,* he replied.

The tortoise did not disagree.

Days passed, though not always in sequence. The fox built a shelter. The tortoise did not. The shelter held. It held because the fox returned to it. It did not hold for the tortoise.

At some point, though neither could identify when, the fox ceased to think of the island as

empty. He did not replace this thought with another.

Instead, he adjusted his movement. He left spaces unoccupied. He followed paths he had not made.

One morning, the fox found that the tracks had changed. They were still present. They no longer led anywhere he could follow.

He returned to the clearing. The tortoise was there. This did not explain the tracks.

*You are looking for continuity,* said the tortoise.

*Yes,* said the fox.

The tortoise considered this.

*It is not always provided,* he said.

The fox did not argue. Argument would have required a fixed point of comparison.

They continued, as before, though not in the same way. The island did not become larger. It became more traversable.

At no point did either animal conclude that the island had been understood.

This did not prevent them from remaining.

*דריפ איז נישט א פארשטאנדן פון די אינזל, זאגט דער פוקס.*

Drip

## De Continuitate Apparente

In the absence of any remaining global constraint that would enforce a single interpretive frame, the system does not collapse but instead redistributes its requirements across the local structure of the page. What had previously been experienced as instability becomes, under sufficient exposure, a condition of ordinary operation. The reader does not resolve this condition but rather adapts to it, supplying continuity where none is guaranteed and tolerating divergence where none can be eliminated.

This adaptation does not occur through error correction in the conventional sense. No external standard is reintroduced, and no prior state is recovered. Instead, the reader develops a capacity to traverse multiple representations of the same underlying structure without requiring them to coincide. In this way, inconsistency ceases to function as a signal of failure and becomes instead a mode of persistence, allowing the system to continue operating even in the absence of equivalence between its components.

At this point, it is no longer meaningful to distinguish between what is preserved and what is altered, since preservation itself has come to depend upon the capacity to tolerate alteration. The system therefore maintains itself not by enforcing identity, but by permitting sufficient compatibility among its elements to allow continued traversal. This compatibility is never complete, but it is always enough.

The consequence is that continuation no longer requires justification. The page does not need to prove that it is coherent in order to be read, nor does it need to establish that its statements can be reconciled within a single consistent framework. It proceeds, instead, by allowing each statement to persist alongside those that

contradict it, without collapsing into silence or resolving into a final synthesis.

This is not a resolution. It is not even a stable equilibrium in the classical sense. It is, rather, a condition in which the absence of resolution no longer prevents continuation. The system remains operative precisely because it does not require its own completion, and because each of its elements is able to function without being fully determined by the others.

For this reason, the distinction between consistency and inconsistency becomes increasingly difficult to maintain, not because the system has achieved perfect coherence, but because the criteria by which coherence would be measured no longer apply uniformly across its structure. What persists is not agreement, but the capacity to continue in the presence of disagreement, and to do so without requiring that disagreement be eliminated.

In this sense, the system does not end. It becomes indistinguishable from the conditions under which it is read, and therefore continues wherever those conditions can be reproduced. What remains is not a conclusion, but a mode of operation that no longer depends on the possibility of closure.

ذَا نَيْتَشْرَأُفْ لَآكُ

the nature of lack

The system continues without requiring that it remain the same.

Drip

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Drip

Incoherentia XXIII: De Fine Quod Non Est Finis

He stands at the window.

He does not open it.

What can be seen:

a street that continues past the point of  
attention

a wall with repairs that do not match

a shadow that does not correspond to a visible  
object

שטח המבנה המבדיל בין הפנים והחוץ

a door that has been closed recently

a second door that has not been opened in years

הבדל בין שתי הדלתות

a cart that hesitates before turning

two voices that do not resolve into words

a hand withdrawn before contact

אדם שהסתיר את עצמו

a reflection in glass that does not align

a window across the street

someone standing behind it

not looking back

a line of water along stone

not flowing

not still

$f(x) \neq f(x)$

a bird that changes direction without warning

a second bird that does not

the space between them





The system continues with one remaining  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ .