

Introduction

My worthy friend, grey are all these theories

And green alone life's golden tree.

(Mephistopheles)

Abiding antiquated shapes -

wisdom spreads her wings.

Dirempt spirit stirred

calling forth:

not colour on colour

but grey in grey -

the colour of hope.

How her subtle array

readies one

for one thought third -

for the difficult break

between hubris and humility

- for the actual triunity.

On pain of *episteme*

she asks

that we begin

from within

this broken middle.