



# *Aphorisms of Chance*

*Jake Berry and Jeffrey Side*

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*For Jacqui*

## *Aphorisms of Chance*

*If the mandolin knows  
that hand that  
plays  
her will she  
feel broken hearted and  
abused and forget her  
maker's intention?*

Loving leaves  
a shadow  
when leaving  
but leaving  
always leaves behind  
loving.

A

*pocket of days summon the  
dog star asleep  
beneath the levee.*



*Behind living  
there is  
always death and in  
front of death  
there is possibility.*

Is this  
garish carnival  
light the only glimmer  
left?

*Eggs are  
good but so are  
tulips.*

Transcendence  
is elliptical and  
shattering  
and  
leaves the crow's feathers  
ragged.

The quality  
of mercy can  
be  
stained depending  
on your  
patience.

*Don't trust  
the cranberries  
They are deceitful  
and  
articulate a savage geography.*

*Never paint yourself  
into a corner facing  
the corner.*

Do  
not believe in calculation but surrender  
to everything  
the cells offer the  
light.



*When age sleeps  
it dreams of  
youth.*

The embargo of  
death is a ritual  
long  
ago evacuated by the empirical lamb.

*The silent  
torturer makes no noise while  
his wife is sleeping.*

Nothing in  
the cave  
can save you. Place your  
meat beneath  
the house.

*Gone is  
the sadness that  
comes tomorrow. Gone is  
the grief we  
are experiencing  
now.*

Ripe  
was the  
odor that  
filled  
the void which  
was only a room that refused  
furniture.

*The dryness of  
the day longs for the  
moisture of the night, like two  
souls waiting to meet  
in the pasture.*

Without the caravan we  
would  
have no tea.  
We should be grateful for  
the lethargy of sand.



*Never stand  
on  
the ledge  
of a building you are  
not prepared  
to  
jump from.*

The  
bridge will carry  
your  
weight  
but not the depths of your  
gravity.

*Curiosity is an  
illness that  
only truth can  
cure.*

*How much desperation  
can one person  
carry? A back only  
has  
so many bones.*

*Behind security there  
is always  
danger.*

Through the  
rope a night bird  
laughs.

*Only  
through tears  
can one know the  
truth.*

A tomb is  
not so grievous  
as a lie bereft of  
light.



*Longevity is to be  
desired though  
not at the expense of  
brevity.*

The bridge may  
be flooded  
but it reminds  
us  
that only  
the  
rain is real.

You can't  
buy love—  
at least  
not during a recession.

The  
fields are  
inscribed with lanes  
and fruit that sing.

True happiness can  
never be  
found working in  
academia.

The apex  
of summer  
leaves its children inside  
the skull  
of winter  
solstice.

The course of true  
love never runs smooth  
if it's on its  
knees.

Every rat in  
the cellar  
makes a religion of  
lice.



*Suspicion never acts  
in accordance  
with its nature but like lovers  
in a  
field that  
has shed its  
crops.*

With  
one  
deadening glimpse she reminded  
me, even the  
dust perishes.

It is  
often the  
case  
that hatred  
unites people more  
than love does.

*Silence  
lies just beneath  
your skin,  
closer than the cloud  
you imagine  
whispering.*

*Like the caress of  
a summer's breeze, everything  
will be perfect in  
the end.*

*Do not  
refuse the crow.  
She is more elegant  
than  
dendrites conjure.*

*Many are  
the few who can  
be counted in numbers.*

*Tremble only  
when the facts  
outlast  
the grease.*



*Always go  
slow when others  
go fast.*

The  
leaf does not know  
the origin  
of its veins, but that does  
not make it  
less than a leaf.

*Silence  
stumbles like  
the snow that falls upon  
your rivers.*

When your ear  
becomes as active as a sprocket  
you will overcome the  
clutter  
of knowledge.

*Sanity is a desirable  
quality;  
sanitation is a  
necessary one.*

*Stumble  
to  
confuse the audience, shatter to  
remember the  
seats are empty.*

You will always  
see good things  
in  
the  
land of  
the living.

Plaster is  
a reckoning  
but  
water  
is vengeance.



Departing the  
lowlands is always a  
cause  
of  
despair.

*In the sloughs you  
find the  
feathers of your  
melancholy  
and fly.*

*The winds of  
change blow strong  
over stagnant  
lakes.*

Red ribbon in a  
green cypress  
is  
always a remnant  
of memory.

*During a  
crisis try not to  
stand or  
sit.*

Leave  
the dog under  
the bed. He's  
planning your  
escape.

## *About the Authors*

*Jake Berry is a poet, musician and visual artist. He lives in Florence, Alabama, USA, where he peddles wisdom by the pound.*

*Jeffrey Side is a poet and publisher, and has since 2005 been editor of The Argotist Online.*