

Touch Something You Can't Name

...Then He Disappeared

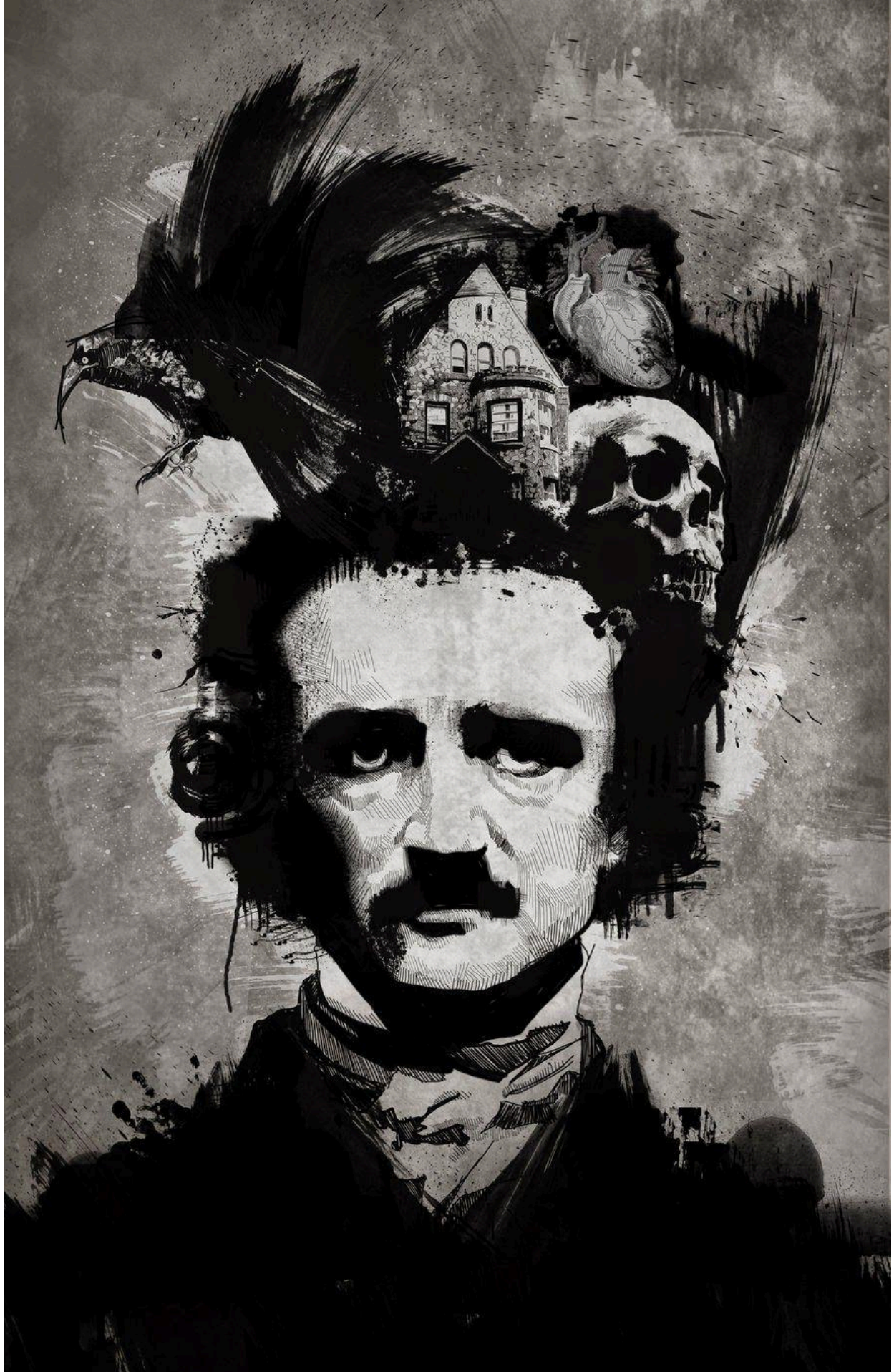


Image by Matthew Childers

A brief note on Edgar Allan Poe - specifically his last and very strange little book.

Eureka - a philosophical and scientific prose poem about the nature of the universe - quietly shook my humble worldview.

First: Poe somehow managed to anticipate modern cosmological theory by decades. He wrote about an expanding universe long before inflation theory or the Big Bang existed as concepts. He imagined the universe as something cyclical, expanding, contracting, repeating, which makes me suspect Nietzsche read him before sketching out eternal recurrence. He also reflected on the unity of matter and energy in a way that feels almost uncomfortably close to what Einstein would later formalize. Just... how.

Second: there is, naturally, horror. Except this time it's real.

Shortly after *Eureka* was published, Poe was found on the streets of Baltimore - delirious, wearing someone else's clothes. He died a few days later without ever regaining enough coherence to explain what had happened to him. The circumstances remain unsolved to this day.

And there is something genuinely mystical about that. I keep thinking: maybe he actually touched something beyond the edge of comprehension. Maybe he pushed metaphysics so far it pushed back.

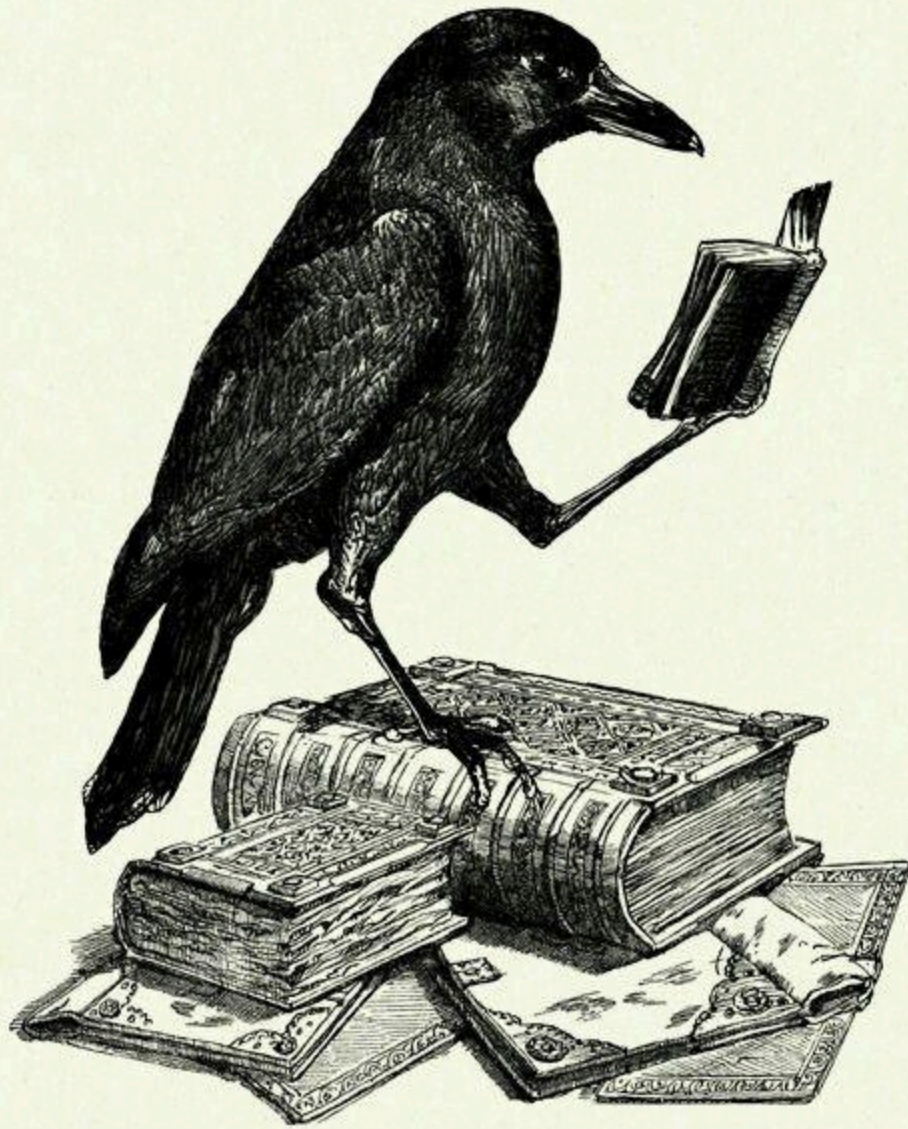
If Tesla spent his life trying to make contact with whatever lies beyond using coils and copper wire, Poe seems to have gotten there without any equipment at all.

Reading *Eureka*, and I won't pretend I understood all of it, produced this strange, destabilizing feeling of accessing something sacred. Something at the border of science and the not-quite-explainable.

Worth trying, if you're in the mood to be slightly undone.

Unforgettable experience.

10 ravens out of 10



Art by Daniel Mackey