

Science begins with the world we have to live in, accepting its data and trying to explain its laws. From there, it moves towards the imagination: it becomes a mental construct, a model of a possible way of interpreting experience. The further it goes in this direction, the more it tends to speak the language of mathematics, which is really one of the languages of the imagination, along with literature and music.

— Northrop Frye

“On metaphor”, *The Educated Imagination* (1964)

And in the trembling blue-green of the sky
A moon, worn as if it had been a shell
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell
About the stars and broke in days and years.

— William Butler Yeats
“Adam's curse”

I hose
the lawn and count

the cars like fish
slipping their shiny
chrome along asphalt.

— Elise Paschen
“Lear’s wife”

The sun made new again
Shadows of ice
As vertebra cut through.

— Joan Naviyuk Kane
“Syllabics”

A mongoose charges dry grass and fades through a fence
faster than an afterthought. Dust rises easily.

— Derek Walcott
“Becune Point”

She spins us, like kite tails, like windmills, like silos of birdsong, and fills us, like inkwells of blown glass, with the confetti of her lungs.

— Nadine Sabra Meyer

“For those floating above Vitebsk”

The question, “How do metaphors work?” is a bit like the question, “How does one thing remind us of another thing?” There is no single answer to either question . . .

— John R. Searle

“Introduction”, *Expression and Meaning* (1979)