What I Gave Up for Lent

Sima Rabinowitz

measuring cups, shot glass cloistered rhymes my Catholic past (Edith Stein, Simone Weil)

both kinds of contrition theories (of) pattern recognition

pattern recognition moveable fasts Manhattan (the cocktail and the island)

the hungry poetics a penitent aesthetic my Catholic future (homilies, apologetics)

theology geography prosody

science

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What Roget wanted, he said, was to be useful, practical, to provide an implement *hitherto unsupplied in any language*. His Work was a tool. Tool as in contrivance: plan, scheme, design. And tool as in instrument: apparatus, appliance

utensil, weapon. Weapon against confusion, sloth, ineptitude. A prototype, also, of course, a contrivance as in resource and also as in a *card up one's sleeve*. Forgive the vulgarity, Roget, begged

his future comrades in synonmity, but things ordinary, not classical, classical as in tasteful, as in prototypal, are common, as in base, but also as in shared. Precision, above all, was his motivation,

the desire for perspicuity (567n), clarity, directness, our complicity of meaning, complicity as in: inclusion, association, *in the same boat.* Again, excuse the common (as in mediocre) metaphor.

I know (understand, recognize) what possessed him, possessed as in devoured by, possessed as in *on one's hand*—he would have a hand in classifying, yes, in naming, naming, naming, that great (as in powerful, as in proud) science.

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