

## Envoi: For the Golden Fleece of Nothingness

In times like ours, in what seems an incomprehensible metaphysical space at the dark borders of ethics today – night and fog, again – where the possibility of a truly renewed philosophical ethics is hardly to be imagined, how could such reasonable desires like Paul Celan’s and like so many other of modernity’s poets, ever be taken as philosophical?

Only when reason and spirit discover the dark borders of ethics today, the borders between two nights. Because only at such dark boundaries where limits are finally no longer defined but divined, can philosophical reflection be irremediably and harshly cancelled by the overwhelming force of an absolute negative, by Hegel’s strictly philosophical Good Friday, speculatively re-established at last in its philosophical “Godforsakenness.”

“Go,” one of the several great poets of modernity enjoins us in his epitaph, “The Envoi of Mr. Cogito”:

Go where those others went  
to the dark boundary  
for the golden fleece of nothingness  
your last prize.

...

Be faithful Go.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Zbigniew Herbert, *The Collected Poems* (London: Atlantic, 2008).