

Our Singularity

This moment
In this epic
 Universe of magnitude and violence,
Whose roaring thermonuclear furnaces
Retch death and life and light like pyres
And blow themselves to bits, scattering and inchoate
In a constant Conversion of
 Destruction and Birth and Chaos and Calm...

In this radiant roll
Of murmuring microwaves
Ungyved from the most immense impact of all,
 We discovered how to
 Create.

There can be no relation
To that which is the absolute other.
Always, there is a black spot on our sun—
 The shadow of ourselves—
 For you and I are one,
All difference—roses and fire—
Only temporal forms of space and time.

 Here-nowhere, never and always,
What you were, before,
And I and other falls away
Like ash and ember,
 In immolation,
 Our Baphometric baptism,
 And re-constellation.

 Reality is unity,
 This single point meditation
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 Origin and sum,
Our unimaginable Zero summer,
Where independence becomes disseverance,

 I write what hums
In the background of all things,
 And I begin at the end,

 “I am this creation
 Because this creation
 Pours forth from me.”