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Our Singularity

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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 Baphometic baptism,
      And re-constellation.

   Reality is unity,
      This single point meditation

   Origin and sum,
Our unimaginable Zero summer,
Where independence becomes dissenverance,

   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.”