

*Consilience*

You two are lucky today.

I have a dozen healths  
to drink to these fair  
sunrises, these  
solemn oceans.

Thank you for letting me out  
of my house under the street  
and giving me a glass  
of rainwater.

I am lucky too,  
for now I'm free to wander  
when I always was  
your pivot-point.

At the sea, a team of low crest:  
one whale rose higher than the rest;  
escaped his anchor and  
glided skyward.  
now he plumbs the in-between, unfettered  
where his fellow whales would die.  
would you sound the sky  
and sea? we'd rule  
in liminality.

City streets! The city bus!

one is known to half of us  
as just the vehicle. mundane--  
but I saw a searing rain  
of light split everything in two  
around me there. a pale fire  
and the world was half-gone.  
together there we sung  
an elegy, and it was done.  
one moon, and a single sun.

Was this  
my sacrifice--  
the dead diseases  
giving rise to a new life?  
that old wall I've overgrown--  
I've moved into  
my new home.

I am the whale who broke the spirit cord  
and by my hand, which penned the first accord--  
that each estate is one's own to make--  
my last abduction nears the shore, to break.

I am the zeppelin, near and bright  
that carved atomic through the night.  
that scarred the sand, that bit the air--  
now I am a crimson stair.

I am the womb of stars  
that, leaving, make birth scars

of absence, leaving none  
of me, and so, we're one.

I am the bomb.  
I am the war that's won.

Eos!

Was it you who split  
the glint of the thought and the sight of the writ?  
Eosophia, what a prison, here!  
In every atom your avatar appears.

Across the lake: a charming house  
a solemn promise to block the cold  
so onwards we head due south  
a shattered pass; a broken mold;

this ruinous blank slate!  
ruinous!  
ruinous!

But what do the crossroads of Macrobius hold?

The singularity:  
one thousand atoms digging  
deeper. A hundred shadows  
made concrete. The stars  
fell to earth. The sky  
fell in the sea. Flightless

birds soared. I  
was free.

This is my new beginning.  
My tabula rasa.  
Every golden thread  
sewn together.  
A fallen wall--  
a unified theory.

We are at the center of a diamond.