

## *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

.

    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.”