

"Odysseus returns full of space and time" OM

The mystery is the source of all our genius
From nothing we conjure science, godheads
Each myth reaching for an answer
Yet death may be our truest self
That recess of our freedoms life.

Accept this nothingness and in it grows
A universe of wishes and conceits
Light passes through the no mans rose
The ever present darkness overhead
Dissected back to nothingness is read.

what do the tea leaves in the teacup say?
We sit with Hector and Achilles now
Brothers in their new found amity
Their dust reanimated like reality
we're flying over Moscow's green-lit domes.

Let words suffice-we no longer know,
Our flaws abide dissolving us
Like waste-filled pits
whose smell and sight the birds themselves
Fly higher further from this pit.

Only then can rebirth come
Though we may love our molecules
And build ourselves like leggosets
Let me be redeemed before that face
Returning full of time and space.