Symmetry 1

what if it makes no sense at all?

will you place your bet on beauty

or on the antiworld?

i have leaned over the abyss

as many times as there are moons in my life

i have seen what lies there

perhaps you leap from planes

swim in the frozen depths

cross the poles on roller skates

i have seen what lies there

and never left the confines of my head

there is a grey mist —

that is well-documented.

what is less well-known

is that

if you revisit it enough times

if you watch it long enough

the mist will coalesce

into waves and/or points

and you will see the forbidden

once you have seen it

you are no longer what you were

you will stare through the eyes of your lover

as if a sniper lurked on the roof of his/her mind

you will cross the Rubicon

your true-love behind you

and never set foot again

on the solid bank of your ancestry

in the shuddering darkness

of the quantum underworld

we compulsively seek explanation —

mere measurement is not enough

we must have the why, the how

and not only the what:

it is the sacred heart of truth

that all things come in pairs

i have seen these pairs

and i swear they are only illusion

so if my east has no west

and my me has no not-me

then this universe is a cradle

balanced on the split of a breaking bough

for the sake of time

let us hope there is logic in truth

and that the devil’s will

is not

a child’s wand