Big Bang

at the intersection

of zero and something

nature loved

and became

impossibly

itself

in a flash

something was

leading inevitably

to this delicious coffee

the math

is a web of pretty,

too lovely to be ignored.

a fossil of numbers

that i keep on a shelf

in the depths of my quantum core

i am a symphony

of radiation

a concerto

of particles

and i am as noble and ridiculous

as all the rest

a miracle by definition

is something that is but cannot come to pass

and does

in the realm of the infinite

there are no miracles

that’s kind of too bad, isn’t it?

but i am satisfied

with being the unlikely child

of an unlikely species

on an unlikely planet

in the shady suburbs

of a breath-taking galaxy

revolving

around

the

singular