

from spiralling ecstatically this

proud nowhere of earth's most prodigious night  
 blossoms a newborn babe: around him, eyes  
 —gifted with every keener appetite  
 than mere unmiracle can quite appease—  
 humbly in their imagined bodies kneel  
 (over time space doom dream while floats the whole

perhapsless mystery of paradise)

mind without soul may blast some universe  
 to might have been, and stop ten thousand stars  
 but not one heartbeat of this child; nor shall  
 even prevail a million questionings  
 against the silence of his mother's smile

—whose only secret all creation sings