

The New Science

06 April 2017

Under the stars a hundred bards
drop still, dead silent,
to look for a law in the cards.

They know the stomach is violent,
a flame that retards,

And also that men have bodies,
are bodies, whirling
in an endless whirl of leaves.

Therefore they crucify Reason,
that cold Inspector
who murders the seasons,

And go on unvarnished
but do not think
that makes them tarnished.

Can we place blame
for this treason?

Might it be just
that in spite of stars
Man hasn't come that far?