

## Genesis

Night is a broadcast of long-ago games;  
A blood-soaked stage of ten trillion names;  
Not one of them living, though it be the prize,  
Gold glitter returning to its very own  
eyes—see it falling—a single lantern,  
shot by a celestial musket, struggling  
to find purchase among the oil-slicked  
rocks: more rocks than snakes left hanging  
on these greener planes—plucked off  
like a bloody fruit in Newton's  
hand. Is it really all left up to chance?  
Is life and death nothing but a tragic  
romance? One lover pursuing another,  
calling up the Tower with that familiar  
phrase: inquiring of her golden reins,  
that we may climb Time's staircase and enter  
through her veiled window—that secret place.  
Or is the light you claim to see  
really your own history? Gazing  
back from the abyss whence you came:  
resurrection—only called a different name.