

Ab Uno

Everything from the one.

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A pinprick of light leaking from God's dark cloak.

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Rose petals strewn across the subway platform. Bees swarming up the stairs.

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Seven alchemists asking: *Who? What? When? Where? Who? How? Why?*

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Awake in sleep, you certify each instance of esoterica. Even the sun seems laden with new meaning.

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A cored apple cut in quarters, its seeds scattered in the trash.

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On the kitchen table, a hodgepodge of ill-used guitars: a Stratocaster with no tuning pegs, a bridgeless Jaguar, a Gretsch with gouged-out inlays, a Les Paul with a hatchet cut in the cutaway.

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Hasten slowly from the laboratory: the pipettes aren't yet dry.

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Always something's missing.

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A circle. A point. A prayer.