

Before the big bang did intelligence move and dance  
In a homogeneous nuclear sea sort of  
Clean and etched into enough opaqueness  
To hide the glassness in the high  
Pressure state before supernova.

The perception of a juggler, earthbound and flatfooted  
The gastropods at last pulling up the right knee,  
Imagines a woman feeling woolen garments with her mouth  
Fantasizing the kaledoscope of colors in his coat.

The Captain asks, "How many parrots can you  
Fit in a box?" and white rage contemplates  
This and how it fits in with comfortable  
Retirement, watching his counterpart in the opera  
Black rage wail before the curtain pulling  
Handles on regulations and dancing with  
The details and programmed sociology.

The juggler moans, dying, aspirating,  
"I die - tiring of playing my life as  
The lead in 'Shame of the Saint'!"  
It is of course their world and he  
Views the vanity of his days so  
Clearly in recognition of how  
The world turns, functions as a machine,  
Devoid in clear reality of superstitious plays  
On the emotions, he sees reality created for the fools.