

Bright-eyed slugs of evening  
languidly push  
down/along/through/around/in/on  
dim-lit streets that web and course  
the veins of town at dusk.

This city  
this birth  
this circle  
these stars  
What's next in time,  
-split between-  
setting suns and rising moons.  
Change slowly breathed from sky  
under thumb of a wanton God.

Awaiting release  
awaiting the end  
this path has become worn  
I grow tiresome  
wish to dissolve, to nothingness.

A joy  
a celebration  
to be absolute  
caging infinite potential  
as nothing.

Clean slates mislead  
potential filled,  
but parametered by being a slate,

broken it must remain granite,  
passing time,  
winds erode  
particles dispersed,  
spread into air,  
Now infinite potential,  
infinite energy  
compacted into the molecule.  
Body/breath/tree/grass/sand/sea/lion/sound/light  
all avenues open  
complete freedom  
robust choice.

Deeper into nothing.  
Deeper, beyond things.  
Deeper past what is known.

Warp the molecule  
in nuclear shatter,  
a presence beyond tangible.

There beyond reach everything known and unknown sifts through, and I  
could grab hold  
of absolutely anything and become like it.

Better yet, I can sit and observe as I usually do, reserve the potential, to be a  
nothing, a universe, self-contained, a completeness of self/world/potential/  
energy/nothing/all.

There is infinite all  
In the nothing that is potential...

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