

**All in a day**

Time is not more  
than the light  
that eludes perception,  
no less than  
understanding this.

Lethargic skies,  
a cat with cataract eyes.  
Catharsis is not an option  
as lesser men march  
towards book pyres, in opposition  
to free knowledge.

Wondering crowds  
below the streets of London,  
rowdy mongrels with tequila eyes  
and a tail that wags to Paris,  
New York or Rome in April.  
The minaret chant in Istanbul  
is a recording.

The ripe corn is ripped and soiled  
before indigestion and wandering  
with scarecrows and drunkards.  
The day is a relic of sharpened stones  
and stories of their use.

Reverse the binary receptors  
and you will see God.  
Reverse the rest of it  
and you might see.

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