

The Secret of Life

You're sweaty, I'm sweaty --
such luscious work to launch a molecule into time.
Or did we?

Then you blink those brown-cow eyes I can
never resist, can always resist,
And the pious voyeurs of thousands of sinful years
come crowding into our shabby cot.
Weighting the air, they cluck and threaten,
chant, implore us to a holy bargain
Through a tarnished mirror: life is petty, life is crude,
but ain't death really grand?

But wait! I roll to the left, feint and jab, catch them
in the gut with a high kick -- just there, see?
They're down, and now I whip out millions of years'
of careful tiptoeing through the impossible,
Which is all too much for their empty minds to hold.

All around us thought expands till balloon-brained
gods explode.
Bloody gobbets fuse in one last Great Almighty, who is
polite but firm, and, I have to say, quite stupid.
I slip him a thin volume filled with all we know,
for which he thanks me and toddles off to
Read to his death.

We're safe now, love, so why do those eyes
still blink back tears?
Oh, all right, that stone there knows the secret.
Ask it.