

## Shaving With Ockham's Razor

Precisely one million and one years ago  
A cosmic three-eyed squid,  
Striped black and blue,  
Tentacles reaching forever,  
Ate a spoiled carp and died.

You know the rest:  
Body rots.  
Suckers drop off, float away as stars.  
Eye orbits eye orbits golden eye and  
Stripes cleave night from day.  
And aren't we all mere flecks of  
Putrid spleen?

No? What's that you say?  
Six thousand years ago ... rested on which day?  
Of course you must be right.  
So much simpler, so much more plausible.  
Silly, silly me.