

Matt



In the sanctuary of freedom's gifts,
Where minds past made phase state shifts –
Weighing the evidence / sorting stories,
Parsing the quarks sandglass glories.

Forgetful chaos hangs o'er the room,
Divine justice couldn't come too soon –
Science perplexed predictability's gone,
An aware cosmos another dawn.

Reason can't find a boundless category,
Proposes instead a garden allegory –
Perfect black iris / touch shy,
Bleached moon / spangled sky.

You know caring / you know true,
Everything and more the Dormouse knew –
Meanwhile the Living face serious harm,
Unless by magic / a sweep of your charm.

