Penny cosmogony

by Mia Avramut

Pour warm pity into the juggles. The spectacle stings.
The juggler spins
your future in curves.

It is brief.

On his knees
he divinates diverging lines
with belly laughs he levitates
the rebel spheres into geodes .
Butterfly collar shirt wings thin black body tie
hovers above
dented fedora capsized on the sidewalk :
three coins three cufflinks
three bakelite buttons
and red red roaches dozen .

Cyclopic stares benevolent talking heads
demand a peak and a nadir.

Moon crosses Sun twice
unaligned to marry
in hot ellipse
impeccable mid-nothingness.

Touches of phosphorus bright stun hemispheres.
He dices
he toss - dices them

until all planets drop
from wonder

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until their weary
bodies fall

into one single

immaterial

place.