

# 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

until their weary  
bodies fall

into one single

immaterial

place.

