

What is a halo?

Does it make so little sense
That elevated beings wear a zero
That the brain, which is electric
That stars ignite a dome
That lightning strikes itself

Can we see so little magic
In bells ringing routinely
In history repeating itself as us
In foreign words repeating
In angels placing rings

What is life saying besides
Grievances contain medicine
Opportunity has no origin
Pilgrimage of constant motion
Sweet relief of letting go

Where does a hermit hide
Every moment is a pregnancy
Introversion ushers birth
Darkness and shadows mate
Black holes devour space

How do memories arise
List making gone crazy
Forgetfulness attacking itself
Air as elixir of cobwebs
Upward attraction to halo