

# A Möbius I

Believes the world is made  
of two feedback loops:

nihil ex nihilo

beside  
ample ex ample.

Believes these loops explain

the plaint pure and simply.  
Why it comes

and goes; why it bursts

and waves; stops and whispers.  
Why two computes

and faith protests.

Why hair braids  
for a while; why it

lets down longer.

Why the Paraclete  
makes up its fate

to speak

in other words:  
as-if, as-if.

o

Keeps asking how  
do these two loops touch

menisci?

As lips, or a pair  
of parentheses?

Open or closed,

convex or concave  
are two questions only if

there are two sides.

Ample ex ample:  
a rain bucket full

of water overruns,

as if an open mouth  
could laugh through its tears,

its one lip unable to close

at the rim the rain makes  
a brim, until the skin

breaks open.

Nihil ex nihilo: that *o*  
an early word

no bird

has come to know  
flying its exquisite lack

of meaning into trees,

where passing by  
a passerine a person

might think it heard

the answer  
as an echo.