

# Monolith

*Everything is a miracle or nothing is*

said the grainy telephone of  
the Spinoza of science

that everyhumanist with his nose  
in every yarn his toes in every test

what could I do but agree  
to praise my days

dangerously plentiful t  
ruth comes loose

in a beggar's cup  
love's luck

wearing out by the same token  
wearing in at the thin rim

*where coin sides coincide*