Double Abecedarius

A cosmos ecstatic and abuzz
belie its scientists, and their crude theory,
conclusive though they claim to be, complex,
defining their approximations as “law.”
Einstein was just engaged in improv,
fantasias from that gossamer milieu
generated by extravagant
hazarding of guess after guess,
imaginative, but not oracular,
judicious, perhaps, but still oblique.
Kabbalists come closer, in their deep,
labyrinthine inklings of a credo
mysterious in each deft navigation.
Never do they pretend
to fathom
obscure dominions, though there they dwell,
pilgrims in a darkness where each dark
question is a stationary haj.
revelation a phony alibi,
secrets for them—however outlandish—
truth, which only flourishes in hiding,
ubiquitous but thoroughly aloof,
verification a devil’s paradise—
warting the undefended mind,
extactitude instead an enigmatic
yearning after what we can’t absorb.
Zero. Infinity. Abracadabra
