



Zero . . .
Such a shy
performer,

at first
hiding behind
the no's "n",
you step out
onto the clear,
open page:-

* * ** O ** * *

Inside
your tight boundaries
lies amazing space,

the mouth
of a bottomless well
dropping down
into the dark waters
of unknown significance,

where absence
is not naught
and a mere nothing
adds more
to the already
full.

Cipher of silence,
swollen round
with fresh beginnings,
of curtains about to open,
the choir's
first breath . . .

Origin of origins
which comes forever before

the sound
that can never
be played.