

Nothing in Particular

So we've delved to the bottom and found no bottom
split the tiniest thing we could find and found more
found light slowing down and made of itself
as ripples in something made of something

and seen as much as we can
with our magic eyes open as wide as we can
and made words from noise and sense from chaos

so now chaos is gone – death by filter, death by wilful knowledge –
but order still won't settle down
as the bottom drops away into a deepening void
and the tiny shrinks in a dance of sparks

and no one wants to blink, not even once. You see there's a race
to the top, to the bottom
and we all want to know everything. I want to know

nothing in particular, in *the* particular, *nothing* all there.
And then I thought *but this is it!* And it is, isn't it?
This. Is. It. And it doesn't stop. And *we* are doing it.
We get to find out how to enjoy it.