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Theory of Everything

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THEORY OF EVERYTHING

Grandmother, croon your ruinous tenor
 through the valley of the damned. Sow long furrows
 for the Boot [*its laces so gruesomely*]
 that broke your fishbowl, stomped your fish's
 tiny lungs. On the train they're branded
 chattels and given each
 one greasy soap. This is television. The choir rises
 to executive level and lawyers swap [*key party!*]
 and bag Manhattan. This is *game show*, bang-bang, ask the dodo,
 ask the noble ungulates and the large, free-roaming mammals
 of North America. Ask the buffalo what they know
 in their long, long bones. The slaughter
 is just beginning. Draw near then, Family, behold
 this prehistoric cup, its aura of beauty and devastating
 wonder. Let it soothe you a Little Song of Nothing
 about volcanic outgassing and accretion
 from the solar nebula. We'll go to America,
 where they practice chemical gelding of starlets
 violated as children [*but the spirit forbears*]
 and everything you believe has already been,
 harvested from arcana and oracle and dream-catcher
 and Tarot and corralled into blinding amphitheatres
 and divined to be Not
 Enough. And your fate is called.
 And it is called: Rodeo.