

Chaos Theory

Jay Rogoff

Create form, you create division.

First light split the universe
bestowing sudden orientation;
formerly the formless chaos

cradled within it everything,
the dark pregnancy of a world
embedded as in a Pollock painting
until the haughty firmament pulled

out, hymning itself from the seas,
then sun and moon, and stars scattered
above the docile animals.
Those hierarchic spheres, those ordered

days struck us as far too beautiful,
too distinct, too much like art
in form and energy until
just in time Eve plucked a fruit,

since when, thank God, things must run down:
each melting iceberg, cooling star
advances the motion to return
to chaos at room temperature,

a peaceful realm, a steady state
of collapsed form, a Big Un-bang.
Farewell, discord who made us light;
come darkness, make one everything.