

# OUROBOROS

*Clifford Huntsman*

In farewell, my lips touch yours.  
Tongue jabs tongue, you're in my arms.  
We stand bound: God's will  
closed to our vote, but, accepting, we mime  
Kekule's benzene snakes.

Body begins with body.  
The careful abrasion  
excites, expands the closed space within:  
fitful air blown in a balloon.  
This, Bergson's duration.

The felt time accelerates:  
each occasion overlaps the next,  
the unending surge of positive feedback  
ordering the destruction of all —  
Runaway to zero.

Ends foretell beginnings:  
like Lemaitre's primeval atom,  
Love, the beginning of all, explodes  
into a universe and dies an atom.  
This, Adam's serpent.  
Foreordination.

My lips touch yours, my love.