

KARL KELLER

## MY CHILDREN ON THE BEACH AT DEL MAR

These are fragments of myself  
playing at being fragments of myself  
and they will become fragmented themselves  
as like me they become themselves.

But then all things explode,  
nothing is, all things become,  
not merely changing but expanding  
and not merely growing, progressing, but exploding.

So my children, fragments  
of a fragment fragmented forever,  
playing pieces of a creation,  
Creation playing with pieces.

So the born idea  
that ought to have a life of its own  
but breaks into many voices,  
tones, phones, particles.

So the single decision  
used to define a morality  
making courses of action, destinies,  
cosmic avalanches of effect.

So the quick hand,  
imagination in a linguistic accident,  
traveling from eye to mind  
from mind to eye interminably.

All is not nothing but pieces,  
pieces and process, a wave  
breaking into many waves  
and breaking again at my feet.

All going, all gone, all lost,  
what was begun unique  
becomes duplicity, trinity, variegate, infinite:  
thus genesis is very soon apocalyptic

with time the maker and the villain.  
My God the sun a hole  
a way out we turn it greys  
you've closed it you've closed the way out!