

The Unified Field

An endless line cast to a curve in the pearling dark
Allows the universal light. They, wending together,
Found and are divinity. All turning is eternity, stark
Vacuum of nothing but the echo or the gusting heather
Of energy. There, beyond, is the mind's fine tether
That we cannot drop abroad in a meadow where a lark
Rises to warble and trill. We cast our linear wishing
Along the imperial curve, but straighten it to fit
Lines of the parallax whose points are the nearby sun
Of our envisioning. If the two become one, swishing
The void and starring it, they are the endless One,
Infinitesimally then drawn into the infinite heat,
The circling Alpha and Omega, the decimal One.

—Clinton F. Larson