

Peter Hammill, White Dot

Nothing is like anything else,
everything's the same,
our progress punctuated
by a series of coincidence
to form a logical chain.

Nothing is like everything else,
like anything you name.
Pomposity unpunctured,
we're approaching a velocity
of escape from our mortal frames.

So nothing is like anything else,
so everything's designed.
We're utterly dependent on
our self-deluding sense of what we've done
and what we'll do if we have time
with nothing else in mind.

A time to think is now at a premium.
You show bare inkling of a vital sign.
Though in the pink
in every outward appearance
inside it's white dot time.

Oh, nothing comes to mind.
So nothing comes to mind.
Does nothing come to mind
when you're finally mindful of nothing?