

**Zero**

Numbers must fall from breathless highs,  
The second wave shamble along the shore,  
For restrictions to be lifted from our lives –  
Forget wage rise, profit, budget surpluses,  
Zero's become the new meaning of more,  
A silver bullet against infinitesimal mites,  
The Holy Grail producing much from less,  
If nothing else the table cloth's ring stain  
From that last supper nobody got to enjoy.  
Zero, grasped wholly in the dead of night  
With both pupils open wide to possibility:  
The halo covering the many-spiked crown,  
The no thing existing fully in its paradox,  
The divisor that takes us to the other side.

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