

The darkness condenses on the screen, filaments of ink, drifting into itself. The physicist calls this coalescence a nest : a knot : the cramp of force contracts in the movie, then—a light, and next the questions we have for the mindless fist of chemicals, the ever elusive dark matter.

I admit it now. I am a poet. So, when the physicist says that the past is the edge flying away from us, I ponder how the present may rest, vibratory, against my skin, the skein of now. The future, this is just a theory, is interiority, deeper and deeper in, the impending fusions dictating.

The world, or at least what is represented by it in the observatory, seems like a giant family vehicle, and all of us are yelling at the perpetually silent driver, “Are we there yet!” Someone touches someone else, and they scream, and we wait for the parental, “Don’t make me pull this thing over!”

Tonight the hill is withered of sound by the snow, the sky foggy, unavailable, reflecting away the light. We all want to detect the presence of what helps hold it all afloat. The firmament is too concerned with making more of itself to deal with such trifles. We are miniscule deposits of carbon floating in silt.