

“THE BOOK OF NATURE IS WRITTEN IN THE LANGUAGE OF MATHEMATICS...”

—ROBERT KIRCHNER, *THE EXTRAVAGANT UNIVERSE*

Often the poet comes to the hard data to scratch
at the veneer of disconnection, how painful—
how much we give up the search for meaning,
through breaking a par, through trying to convey
isolation. Yet in the data lies the language,
how many ways to count the black
against the illumination.

Metaphor is a little god : all we have : the only way : the inescapable.

All gravity becomes visible by how we must bend to it.
It makes everything in the image of its grip. How a mouth
becomes bottomless; how a womb becomes dark matter.
If you part a knot of light you will find color. Part the color
and you will divide everything back to black.