

Redshift

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i connect the dots
even though I'm not
qualified to plot
our relative positions
something in the air
something whispered where
something we should share
is suddenly suspicious

while the world was flat
while content with that
still there was a lack
of proof in our equation
self-centered though i am
now i understand
superstars command
a special calculation

Einstein would concur
trajectories are curved
things aren't what they were
or where we left them
Heisenberg was right
fixing speed and site
for all who love are
blind is unwise and uncertain

spinning here myself
it's difficult to tell

if interstellar movement
is separation
will you leave behind
your planetary guides
for deeper space and time
and brighter constellations

between heavenly bodies
in the dark, dark matter of all
small particles mixing together
for a moment but the moment
comes to nothing so they slip and
fall away from each other
white dwarfs mingling with brown

between heavenly bodies
when a cloud tumbles into a cloud
small particles kindling together
for a moment but the moment
comes to something so they
kiss and all aflame with each other
protons lighting the air

where a star is born
satellites adorn and
cluster to your more
singular sensation
like the moon we are
lost without our star
lost without our heat
our light, our persuasion

silence wouldn't lie
supposition by
supposition i
see the wavelengths increasing
gravity belies
sentimental ties
certain now that I'm
running out of time
blue shift now to green
farther still you seem
yellow, orange, red,
this evidence they said
and by degrees i see
you are leaving me