

Artifacts of Chaos

Vintersorg

The curtains never fall - they only rise
At the cosmic theatre
standing ovations came at the 15 billion-mark"

Blurs and vague impressions aside -
the engineer, the director
had the galaxies disposed, and then exposed
for the explorers who never took an answer for an answer

A matter of time - not space
How far linearity has permitted us to see
Outwards means backwards in a universe so vast
Stretched in time, see it commence
- a set of celestial fragments
at immeasurable expanses

How far a flicker can force itself
Through dimness, through fields of emission
The shine slowly turning red
A burgundy sense of distance

An overturned curtain call
- the velvety draperies eternally rising
into infinite blurs of timelessness
for an audience correctly dressed in
extravagant suits of flaming curiosity
The witnesses and surveyors of celestial enchantment

Hunted by distance and time
The curtain reluctantly withdraws
A prelude to the swirling drama:
creation - formation - design
or deduction - destruction - collapse
- all depending on the angle