

# What's the Dark Matter Doing to Us in the Dark?

*by Gary Hardaway*

Out of sight and almost out of mind,  
it bends the visible gemstones of light

to its invisible will, warping our pretties  
in ways we vaguely calculate. Will it

scare us shitless when we can finally  
draw ourselves a likeness of it? Or

will it be the face of God, enraptured  
by the music of Its own device?

