

formation of a black hole

by Ed Higgins

who can quite say
when careless talk & confidence
slips into that other charged thing
so minimal at first
then nova explosions--
outer layers once held by gravity or
other stable Einsteinian equations, collapsed
inside to those dense brilliant colors
whose appearance you'd forgotten
completely but for the occasional misty
love lyric on the car stereo
driving down that quite ordinary
road of what passes for life sometimes
or fate if you really think about it
and the song fixes a blind thought whole
foolish yielded-to romantic images
of some damn forever love no one
for Christ's sake ever believes in
except maybe the too young to know better
or those who invented sentiment
to put you into obvious distraction
from the real itself, that lace-work of
gnostic myth and responsibilities
of no one's poetic daylight dreaming,
but then each lyric word a god or demon
set to disturb whatever outer or inner
peace you've never achieved anyway

and then she shows herself as memory
of arms you couldn't wait to fall into
your emptiness more lonely than the space between stars
breaking through your crumpling earth-solid crust,

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your once predictably orbiting heart--
but not your heart actually because for so long
you'd given that over to fixed orbits
holding yourself against magnetic storms
of all unknown excitements
such as light-blue eyes
or just thinking about touch
until finally about nothing else
while you weave other worlds
or think they are weaving you--
and maybe they do--or because
the whole galaxy's nebula-bright
and you can't see anything, anything
except the terrible grasp
of this spiraling dark starbirth

which you draw toward you
knowing the singularity is your heart occurring,
moving toward some event horizon
close to the speed of miscalculation,
outer layers having pulled you
with their violent pressure's convulsing intensity--
sun-binding longing coming apart
so strong theoretically, this core temperature
of your temporal life, collapsing
under its own infinite weight as if finally
disappearing from the visible universe
where not even light can escape

let alone you without her.

