

Spiral

by Simon Kearns

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Stars ... stars ... stars and stars. So many stars. Everywhere I look is stars. Turning and turning, in widening circles, the stars spin out in an endless sky. A sky with no horizon, only stars, a non-sky, absence of up and down, no reference, no sense of progression or return. I am made of the stars.

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Stars have created me. I am at every level, galactic, atomic, particular, all at once, and forever, and again, made of stars, sometimes becoming singular, an independent consciousness that thinks itself unique — as all stars unthinkingly are unique in that collective of stars that is the non-sky, stars, absence of stars, and stars ... stars ... stars.

