

how gravity keeps time

by strannikov

how gravity keeps time

into the Zone of Avoidance gazes sink
—and why not? a black hole at the heart of it,
gravity attracts even our vision when
we lift our gazes. nevertheless, our eyes
spin with and under that ancient moon up there
whose gravity itself has attracted eyes
since well before all ancient days, all of them:
even those pathetic ancestors of ours
millennia untold guessing at that moon
always arriving later than itself, moon-
speed to propel cosmic action, at least that.

transmission garbled part'y received

masters of eternity
masters of infinity
masters of forever too
(where could the universe's own
ephemeral moment lurk?):

aiming numbers never named
(no one's ever counted π)
our unnumbered aims and claims
(where do the universe's own
peripheral moments lurk?)

microscopic masteries
written with letters of size
magnify their importance
(magnifications of meaning
confer legibility).

species in need of senses
(how modest to need more'n one!)
for perceiving escaped zeals—
countering numerated counts
our metrics of bliss don't match.

vexed with us, the universe
shreds our digitized parchments
more modest more poised than we
(drowns us in microwaves bosons
radiation gravity).

