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Holes in Space

Galaxies, galleon-bold adventurers, pass
out through uncharted night,
extending being. But in their recklessness
stretch to snapping communication-lines
of light,
are lost. Night wins.

Swirling vastness a lost speck. In each speck
sparks without number spin,
suns. One bursts in huge radiance. The wreck
falls back on itself, contracting back,
down, in,
irreversibly packed

to a still point. Matter and energy
funnelled through a point of not-
being, are re-formed what? where? to be
keel on what un-isled ocean, spark
in what
other-dimension dark?