

Oh Curvature

Paul

May08

Electron.

Who can behold Electron?

Probably a relentless pursuit of Proton.

Proton?

Probably a frenetic and fidgeting fighty flight.

Or a crackle and spark on a Spacetime night.

Earth.

Who can behold Earth?

Definitely a sphere of some hammer heavy stuff.

Or Iron.

Definitely a green and blue and a going on grey.

But a cosy and comforting covering She gave.

Sun.

Who can behold Sun?

Probably bigger and further than mind may allow.

Or not.

Yet probably prosaically following suit, a route.

A stellar orbit strung by Local Group.

Galaxy.

Who can behold Galaxy?

Definitely other wordly World of worlds.

Of Star.

Swath upon swath of Star so roundly sweeping.

Surviving, dying, exploding, sleeping.

Oh simple Curvature, your complex drama.

