

Space For Awe

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As arrays of rectilinear rays
Do radiate across a vacant sky,
Form bouquets of solar angles
As beauty to a naked eye.

Inside a billion spacetime points,
What memories may be hiding?
Bound together in affine connection.
Ageless, timeless and abiding.

Oh Geometry of Nothingness,
You're empty and so void.
Yet carry the curvature of crises
Of primal worlds destroyed.

But lo, we sit inside our soothing shallows,
And feed upon our facile fears.
And wonder why we have no awe,
As days become our many years.

