

Eternity of Space

By : willetgrome

Have you ever just looked up at the night sky and wondered with a surreal pensiveness what is out there? What exists passed the viel of blackness? Haven't we all? One of the fathoms of the conscious mind is the eternity of space, it confounds us, inspires us, denies the satisfaction of our understanding with it's inscutability.



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Eternity of Space

Eternity outstretched over a long and feckless void,
tries meaning against the vacancy,
staring blankly from cold and faceless scenes of astral vagrancy;
on scales greater than the sum of matter, of minds to fathom;
beyond all contexts of those realms that gather knowledge for the latter.

A vision opening to the south of times and future scopes foreseen,
reveals a cosmos by a common force to a common course beholden;
and shape, that all great bodies coalesce to,
as the hand of Atlas might of moulded.

Oh precious orb, what life in that so much fosters;
two arcs convergent seal the shape
and the world is made a circle whole.
From the seat of souls that grants us fleeting image,
to the slightest particles of existence that emulate the greatest summation
of their parts;
Nature bears out the essential form to birth: atom to cell, cell to ovum,
ovum to creature; earth to harbour the creature by its yoke,
sun to bless the earth sustenance, galaxy that turns innumerable systems
around like so many planets; and galaxies, perhaps in kinship,
round a greater core,
whereat,
standing here,

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looking up from some moonlit grassy field,
up past that blue face pale against the mighty vault and
hithermost shield darkness built;
beyond the fiery blusters of the father of life;
imaginings grasp tapers thin as rays diminish the further flung
from that illustrious source.

To this Ultima Thule, a mind is brought in dreaming;
the grey and greying borderland both marring and delighting the known
with the unknown,
goadng these frail senses for design while drenching all schemes in whiteness.
So cold the depths, so heartless the void, we offer our vain condolences to the vacuum,
casting, as do the pilgrims of faithfulness,
the warm face of our own humanity over the empyrean,
in the dieties that account her heavens home
and direct her passage out of chaos to purpose given.

But for many still the question stays, not what nor how
but why? for thruth, for purpose, for reason seekers.
The blight of science, the love in- for love of knowledge.
At eternities edge where whiteness shines through the black to
confound the waking mind to fathom,
no more a thought can be made, nor inference,
by logic, to reason paid,
to gather up grand and deliberated purposes for this
stolid, inscrutable feat of obfuscation.

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Steely night, your scintillating waters that spill over heedless shores
without horizon, bring mind,
with all its mighty means to reason, to naught;
when naught is the infinite whiteness confronting the tiny sphere
our knowledge colors,
with the impossibly vast universe that is without it.

JKM

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