“THE BOOK OF NATURE IS WRITTEN IN THE LANGUAGE OF MATHEMATICS…”
—ROBERT KIRCHNER, THE EXTRAVAGANT UNIVERSE

Often the poet comes to the hard data to scratch at the veneer of disconnection, how painful—how much we give up the search for meaning, through breaking a part. Through trying to convey isolation. Yet in the data lies the language, how many ways to count the black against the illumination.

Metaphor is a little god: all we have: the only way: the inescapable.

All gravity becomes visible by how we must bend to it. It makes everything in the image of its grip. How a mouth becomes bottomless; how a womb becomes dark matter. If you part a knot of light you will find color. Part the color and you will divide everything back to black.