

Mourning Reversed

At first, I believed that disorder would decrease when the universe recollapsed... This would mean that the contracting would be like the time reverse of the expanding phase. People in the contracting phase would live their lives backward...

Stephen Hawking

When the universe collapses once again,
people will no longer outlive their parents.

Often we will not find them until the middle of our years,
tenderly pulling them towards us out of the ground or drawing
them through fire to mold withered youth from their ashes.

Most, at first, will need our protection.
Some will not even know our names,
but there will be a waking as they age towards us.

Then they will be with us all our remaining days,
their care increasing as we contract until we
are gathered up inside our mothers,

becoming so minute we finally are compressed into a single
cell: a zygote splitting us into Platonic halves absorbed by
our father and our mother

falling away from one another.

Therefore let us pray only for conceptions.

May matches struck against reactives spark and blaze.
Set to kerosene, may they ignite blue unfolding flames
as white threads of smoke spill upwards and disperse.

Let the earth's heaving magma strain towards us
unsettling our landscapes like Lord Siva, convulsing mountains,
shoving granite boulders through the screaming dirt.

Let the white astonishment of orchards
always yield to pears, bulging until their own fullness
pulls them from the trees.

And let us make, not unmake love. Let us cling to one another and erupt.
Let our children burst out of us to spread like jewelweed.
And may death still be to us explosive --

an outstretched pair of arms reaching towards a tear
fresh and raw across the receding sky.

New Millennium Writing, 2013