

Black Boy, entropic

Taurus, regally elongated, emerges

From the fabric of his reddened shift he stares

Steady and unperturbed at the Universe

Nearby constellations perform a cyclic drama of birth and death

These gaseous clusters, both nursery and tomb

Kindergarten and abattoir

All of space, all of time

Accrete in glorious curvature about this Black Boy

Young stars distract themselves

The urgency of their sexual gravity temporarily forgotten

As their rigid satellites translate and cartwheel

Particles, energized by instinct

Their position momentarily uncertain

Disorder marches with the swelling numerosity

The cosmos conceals a binary, interwoven and threadtendy

A silent sideshow only for discreet astronomers

Their pretty young surfaces are thin and worn

Yet un-pockmarked or craterous

Eroded only by stares

Time is dilated by my inertia

Fuel for further nucleosynthesis arrives via comet beermaiden

An arc of rouge, a halo of incomplete circles

A trail of copious condiments signifies her complex orbit

My reflex stargaze sipping is now replaced by staccato carbohydrate

A greedy pulsar illuminated

By sadly standard candles

It all cools

Such beautiful flotsam, now thinned and drifting

Matter decays, light dims, information disconnects

Nothing can adequately permeate this simple void

No lasting testament to that exploding genesis

The singularity of that Black Boy

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