

Black

The flicker from our constant film
projects the past into tomorrow
like headlights into fog,
breath into the air around us all
(if anyone would watch),
dissipates from white to black
brushing with its timid touch of gray
the planets, pieces
of the first explosion,
racing from the center still
though slowing, some will say,
to stop one day
and hurtle back
in whirring sound and sight,
names and places, faces
blurring in the vortex of our recollection
falling to the finale hole,

black

-John P. Kristofco