

SAGANESQUE SONNETS

Empyrean contrails must have awed us when
the red giant burst and spewed us through the void.
The swift sidewise flashbacks of our beginning
illuminate dark mental niches-- then
they vanish like a burned-out comet. Freud
said we forget what we can't face-- Did spinning
through velvet silence, constant press of twinning
cells erase that imprint? We've employed
soft-padded rationale on which to lean
our origins. It may be we enjoyed
the centrifuge, imploded time. All men
were processed thus. The vast exchange machine
we know as death will one day intervene--
returning us to stardom once again.

Eons before we ventured through the womb
and entered into death's arena, this,
the short apprenticeship we serve between
revolving epochs-- there was a staging room
where I remember bending toward the kiss
of light, becoming crystal tourmaline,
then part of tide-wash flooding a ravine.
Next I became a seed, the genesis
of being. Probably we met at times,
you in a storm or molten rock's abyss.
Can you recall the others, those with whom
we shared galactic fires and helix climbs?
Or did we leave them in the early rimes
of cooling clay to plan a nobler tomb?