

DEATH: A STARRING ROLE IN THE CELESTIAL SCENARIO

Eons before we encountered the womb
And ventured into death's arena, this
Short apprenticeship we serve between
Revolving epochs, there was a staging room
Where I remember bending toward the kiss
Of light, becoming crystal tourmaline,
And once, part of a pool flooding a ravine,
And next, a mustard seed, the genesis
Of being. And you and I met at times,
You in a hail-storm, then a blue clematis.
But can you recall the others with whom
We shared galactic fires and spiral climbs,
Or did we leave them in the early rimes
Of cooling clay to plan a nobler tomb?

Our blazing fall must have been awesome when
The red giant burst and spewed us through the void.
Swift sidewise flashbacks of the beginning
Ignite the under-edges of our minds then
Vanish like a burned-out comet tail. Freud
Said we forget what we can't face— Did spinning
Through velvet silence, pressure of twinning
Cells blank that memory? Or have we employed
Soft padded rationale on which to lean
Our origins? Perhaps we even enjoyed
The centrifuge, imploded time. All men
Were processed thus. The creation machine
We know as death will one day intervene
And gather us back to stardom again.