**Take me** to where you call from

Past light and sound out into darkness

To the rush of asteroids

The brilliant nebulae

The unanswered black hole

The matrix of nothingness that somehow

Holds every planet embryo

A graceful, invisible cradle

I know you

Not from what I can see or hear

It’s a feeling

If I’m very still and ask

You answer

One voice from a consensus of many

I call to you daily for balance

An answer but not an end

Sometimes light or lights

Sometimes only dark vastness

I know it is you the flowers open to

Naked and brilliant with no shame

It is you the vines reach for

And the Sequoia aspire to

Do you watch

While we fumble and delight

In the art we label “science”?

Is it simply the alchemy

Of harnessing the pulse of the nameless energy

To the alloys of Earth?

The same energy that lies in wait…

A compulsive reservoir of creativity

Sparked to spiral to new heights?

Closer to you at night, I survey the heavens

Humbly reminded of my insignificance

One in a sea of souls

And the privilege of living on this orb of paradise

Moving through limitless space

A merry-go-round of moons

A Ferris wheel of magnets

Dancing a ritual so elegant

We have learned to measure by it

Every one of these spheres

Pulsing, propelling

Are they caught? Mesmerized?

Willingly? Purposefully?

Or simply moths to a flame?

Is the circle the shape of all universes?

Do we join together in fellowship

To mimic the great dance?

The ecstasy of the Dervish

Just an antennae receipting that pulse?

Cloyed by religion?

Or willingly accepting

Any means

To be closer to home?

Nancy A. Hewitt

From ”*Messages Outside the Envelope”*

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