

Origin

A tension opens up
between two parting particles
stretching space, storing energy
elastically, in gravity's cool tendrils.

Any two bodies
in the cosmos are pulled
constantly
invisibly
toward each other.

The energy of emptiness attempts to reunite,
to return each atom to the singular
Unity
from which it was born.

This is the Original call,
the bell without vowel, echoing
through starry deserts'
too big, too blue tension.

This is the smell of sage,
the silent homesick tug
of invisible threads,
constant
in emptiness of bone

that draws me
ever, eyes closed, closer,
lifts me from the ground,
brings me
falling, dumb, up
toward my origin.

To love,
inevitably,
and sleep.