

## Insignificant

by stella *Monday, Dec 3 2018, 10:08am*

international / poetry / post

threatened, the reflex took over  
like a puffer fish expanding

proportions impossible to measure  
beyond meager reason  
until the spinning milky way  
became something to poke a finger through

size is relative yet changing proportion  
defies all attacks either at micro or macro levels  
depending on the nature of the threat

so now atlas is a microscopic creature holding  
only the earth on his back, barely discernible  
in the viscous ejaculate of a galaxy

nebula and imploding/exploding suns twinkle  
like glints in the eye

the victorious claim this ability is only available to sages  
able to transform reality according to their desires  
each movement disrupting a previous sequence  
transforming the known potential into an unknown  
manifestation/pattern until creation is adjusted forming a new  
harmony as nothing is able to disturb the concordant symphony of  
all creation,  
one merely strikes a new note in the harmony

search for the cause as it is impossible to trace  
like a poem not yet encoded on any medium  
an impulse before creation, a magic spell when written  
changing everything, making the possible impossible and  
the impossible possible

but really, what would destructive little parasites on the back  
of a spec in an expanding multiverse of magical splendour, know?