

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?