

Though Man Fly Angel High

"Let us return again to the good we are seeking."  
Aristotle — Ethics

Silence like a padded cell  
envelopes the astronaut  
sweating out the dog watch  
on some lonely satellite in  
space-time:  
two tired eyes  
against  
two billion light years  
one hope  
against a universe  
expanding like a toy balloon  
as science and imagination  
clash  
in an avalanche of meteors  
on the periphery of Pluto;  
the precise mileage of infinity  
eludes the mundane  
mind unweaned from green horizons  
and the slow ageing of trees.  
Here bursting Nova,  
ripe for death,  
blasts divine metaphors:  
the  
WORD  
is  
PANIC:  
escape is a madman's song,  
tightrope between compulsions, out  
when vanity transcends the physical.  
The bosom of Venus tempts his tired head  
but being earth's ambassador to Mars  
intrigues him more,  
when time pursues him for an answer  
down the endless tunnel of night.

O MOTHER of JESUS,  
where are you NOW,



