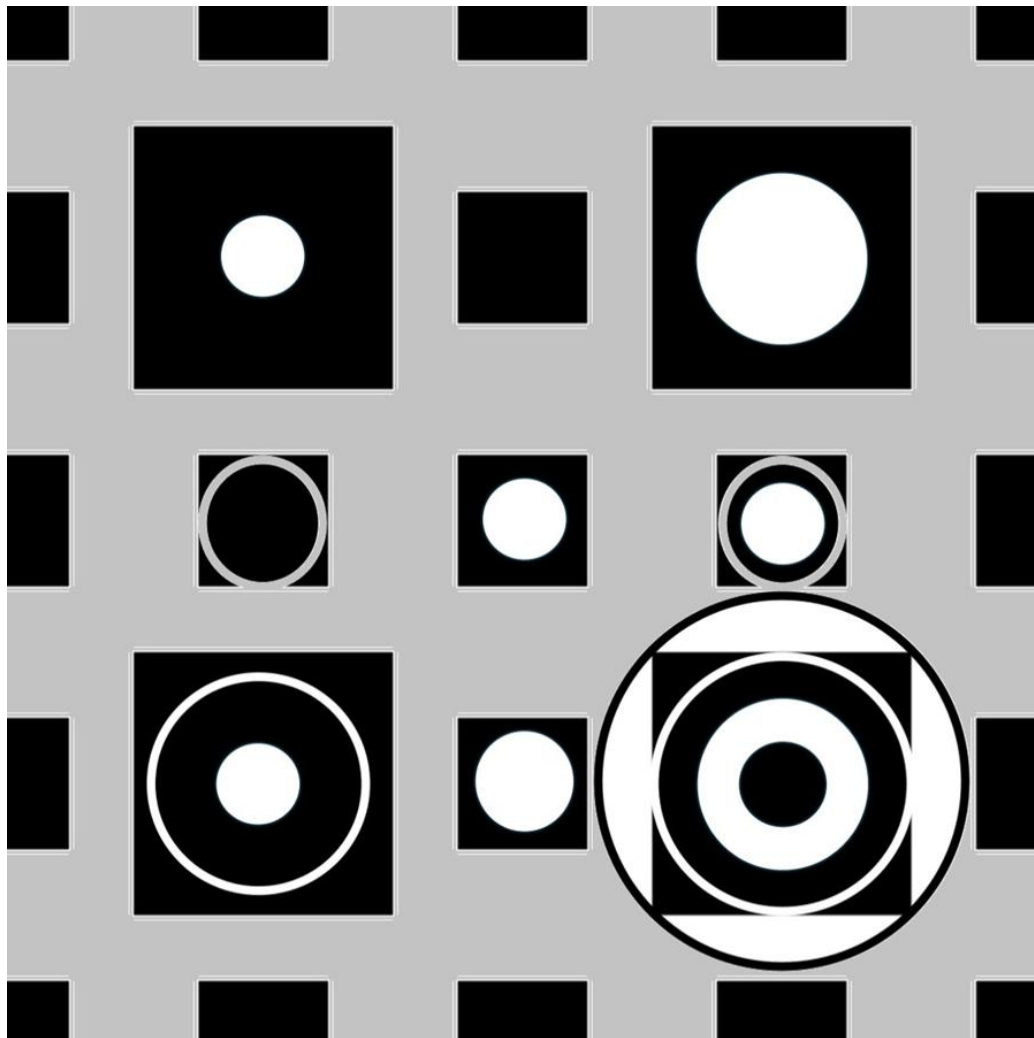


# A Round the Corner

## Roger Hammer

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Graphic by the author

“When thou made the quadrangle round,  
then is all the secret found.”

George Ripley, *The Compound of Alchymi*, 1591

## **A Round the Corner**

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***Here***

## Sol

Average star  
So the numbers say  
But not lacking in flavor here any day

Cooking in steady mid-life as we speak  
Master chef in your thermonuclear oven  
Known by many names you've always been the same

Sending energetic winds to stir us high above  
Cycles flaring every eleven years adding violent magnetic spice  
Constantly dishing out a thousand watts to each hungry table here below

We should not take you for granted  
As though you are not truly  
Alive

## Grown Here Before

Roll with the changes.

Novel psychology? No, see the  
Book Of Changes, *I Ching*

Archetypes of the unconscious

Not a new Jungian love affair  
Ask the gods of Mt. Olympus

Get rich quick schemes?

Going on since the tax collector was  
Called out by Jesus to give up his fortune

Compassion with conservative tones-

Not premiered here- just perverted since true Compassion  
Knows no bounds or recipients

You think it's your greatest idea, in reality

Been around forever  
Furthering nothing but promoting more of you

Lose weight! Bulk up! Feel young!

Sounds new because people have no other life today for  
Moving, lifting, walking, or sweating out stress

Social media! Connect now! Real time!

All just poor reality-free TV substitutes for  
Meeting, talking, knowing warm personal faces

What is left now but

Newer, more concentrated artificial sweeteners?  
Pure sugar was grown here before

## Hermes

Sun's nearest neighbor

Swift

Liquid metal

Flying low at twilight

Moonlike messenger

Starting small, thinking bigger

Short years, long days, magnetic ways

Alone

Moonless

Misunderstood

## Love in Process

Born without asking - or did I? -  
Request another chance to make it right  
Riding the circle another time to perfection  
Putting pieces together from past life with  
Every correct answer now in my sight

As a singularity what was I going to be?  
Standing alone like a tree in an open meadow  
Looking for what or who I never knew  
Waiting, wanting and hoping to find  
Pieces of my missing self in another one's shadow

At the moment I felt most empty  
I fell in love with a beautiful girl  
Ever since that day we've been together  
Even when we're separated by an ocean  
She's still within me like a pearl

Seeds of life are a gift from life before  
Though still we question our very origin  
Unaware that in the most silent doubtful moment  
We never were alone at all  
Love was in process before it began

## Aphrodite

Evening or morning star  
Not a star at all  
Not pretty up close

In this furnace of our family  
Vanity's mirror keeps deadly heat within  
Liquefying passions like molten lead

So my dear Earth's sister  
As close as we are together  
How little love we have to share

## Why I Love You

First of all: there is no simple Why  
As if I'm still making up my mind to  
Chose between some objects on the shelf -  
Consumer Reports no more - shopping time is over -  
We are already enjoying what we've got

Which brings me to who you are and how  
You radiate something special  
Just look at all you've taught me:  
To love people, so many of whom you've helped  
Listened to, worked with, wondered about

How you've taught me love of people's best friend  
Without whom you never would be complete  
How their warm ways have enriched my cold self  
They all loved you and you never let them down  
I should be so lucky to know how to know why

## Luna

Your reflection mirrors the Sun  
Shining by night, mostly unseen by day, while  
We always wonder what we will be doing by moonlight

Facing each other we dance and spin  
I with my oceans all around  
You with a new face now and again

Lovers look to you for inspiration  
Seeking to connect with their missing other side  
Consummating what they find in summer nights under your light

Facing each other we dance and spin  
While oceans here are falling low  
Your face becomes a crescent again

Around our only Sun  
We orbit all for one  
Weaving our path together

Facing each other, dancing and spinning  
I rise and fall with liquid attraction  
Watching you wax to a new beginning

When once again your face is full -  
Legend has it that werewolves may prowl -  
Transfigured – transformed - lunatics out of control!

Still facing each other we dance and spin  
Oceans now moved to bring high tide in  
Your face perfectly round now as we

Cycle through all of your familiar shapes again  
Surrounded by oceans without, emotions within,  
Facing each other while we divinely dance and endlessly spin

## No One Cares...But

Fallen down, laughed at  
No one cares just how you achieved that  
Foolish, funny position, as they stare at  
You at the bottom of the stairs  
Or did someone see you on the way there?

Lost your way, no direction home  
Thinking you've even forgotten where you're goin'  
You could ask for a little help, but it's moot  
When a Mapquest or a Google route  
Would get you there without a human's boot

Robbed, everything taken, feeling downer than down  
Everyone around you has high times going on  
Sparkling jewels, places to go, things to do  
Everything you once aspired to  
How can you ever feel rich again and new?

Worst of all, your friends are lost and gone  
Though they were few but always strong  
Those you counted on, lose or win  
Those with whom you'd never end  
Just wanted to get the gang back together again

So if there's nothing and that's the end  
Maybe you're wrong. Because it's just about knowing  
What is living beyond that dark smoky screen  
Lost in all the magic you may have been missing  
Someone who cares but remains unseen

Hidden. Silent. Secretly watching you  
What you are doing, how you've been struggling  
Knowing every place you should be going  
Replacing old doubts with hope that's new  
No one cares, so you feel...

But maybe we do.

## Terra

Third one out  
Next to none  
Home to everyone  
I've ever known  
Read on

## Maple Fingers

Ten thousand hands wave in the sky  
Rising together, moving with the slightest breeze  
Each individually unique, yet organically organized  
Serving the business of one magnificent, unified being  
We simply call a tree.

Now a leaf may not need actual fingers  
Or need to do what we normally like to do  
Like holding, moving, playing, working, loving  
Or just picking up food to drop in our mouths.  
Hand holding is not needed at all; they know a better way.

Not all leaves have fingers, at least not grouped in fives  
There may be but a single proud digit  
Long and thin as blades, shaped like ovals, hearts or spades.  
Towering palms. Lowly blades of grass. Poison leaves of three.  
Uniquely, visible veins in a maple leaf proudly reveal its winning hand.

A single stem, replicated with fractal fashion,  
Makes the critical connection to branch and then trunk  
Held loosely enough to move yet communicate and transport  
Air, water, energy, and essential elements  
Handing them off from above to below, and back.

These veins tell the story of the heavens brought to Earth.  
Handiwork of the finest biochemical machine imaginable:  
To grow without desire except to be in the way of the Sun  
To give endlessly without asking for any kind of payment  
All the while appearing quietly modest but outrageously beautiful.

Dutifully, peacefully, receiving the abundant blessing of solar flux  
Releasing oxygen from water, its universal captor  
Fixing carbon dioxide into its own body to grow strong  
Asking nothing more in return but a healthy Earth to live upon  
All the while decorating its face with living glory.

This is a normal Maple year: To bud, grow, and live,  
To (apparently) die in Autumn, diffracting into rainbows of green, yellow and red  
Drying and falling down to Earth without a parachute  
Then coldly being transformed back to basic nutrients  
Until Spring opens up Winter's grip to build toward the sky once more.

## What You Taught Me About Them

Two pairs of eyes glowing in the dark  
Soft paws leading to sharp whiskers  
First introduced us to each other

From them I first learned quietly  
In mostly psychic, Sphinx-like ways  
How to sit, stare, silently being there

Eventually when these lives could not last forever  
I was there through final days, hours and minutes  
Witnessing life needing to expire before me

Soon enough, bigger, louder friends would enter in  
Starting as puppies wrapped in blankets  
Held tightly throughout the night

Opening a new book the first chapter was training  
So we learned how to walk together  
Walk, pull and run, going outside, going far

Always happy when we'd come home  
Always ready to meet, greet, eat and go back out  
Being 'just' a human would never be the same

Friendship in a warm fur coat!  
Joy in a toothy tongue-waving smile!  
Boundless energy of bright-eyed wagging love!

Thank you for taking me back to school  
Opening endless books of animal stories  
Making me a better man

## Seven Billion Counting

Individuals written large  
Eighty million more per year  
220K a day  
Nine thou an hour  
A buck fifty a minute  
Birth frequency = approximately 2.5 Hertz  
Faster than a beating heart

“One” defines unique-  
Never more and never even existed-  
“Two” was dawn’s First Creation  
From there grew every root of today’s tree of humanity  
Wildly successful beyond design  
Fruitful indeed  
Multiplying now *exponentially*

Combinations, permutations, all relations  
Help connect the one to the many.  
Superconscious, synchronous, ubiquitous  
Are ways we can connect with ourselves  
Part of a group, a granfaloon  
Needing a sense of belonging to  
Something greater than our individuality

Organized in tribes did we  
Prove time tested ways of life  
Raising young, revering elders  
Providing for the common good  
Teaching, sharing, passing along established traditions  
Warring, winning, slowly evolving  
All the while never straying outside of those very norms

Family, nucleus, forcefully bound together  
Communities, neighborhoods, share the load  
Commerce, transportation, communication connect and grow  
Towns, cities, counties sprinkle in local flavor  
States define and bind a country  
Countries, borders artificially divide  
Earth as one planet spinning in space

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Blasting into the future caught us by surprise  
One leg grounded in old traditions  
The other leg stretching to reach the sky  
Bedroom community. Work from home.  
Commuter dad. Single, mom. Virtual family.  
Alternatives at every turn.  
Prospects confuse as complexities cry out for attention

Now how do we do the worldly math?  
Conserve every possible life?  
Is every sperm and egg sacred?  
If sacred: turn up the multiplier  
If optional: define the choice  
If undesired: control uncontrolled growth  
If we do not know: status quo

***There***

## Ares

Small outer neighbor  
Rusty red, dry, unbreathable  
Nothing to do with human war

Peacefully our rovers crawl across your face  
Sniffing and snapping photographs  
Getting to know you better

If you had atmosphere, if you had life  
It might be feverishly fun  
On nights when your two moons are full

## A Round the Corner

Roughly speaking: corners, defined, are square, not round  
(What wizard quipped “cake ‘r’ square, pie ‘r’ round”?)  
So we bend some rules to get there as we move on.

More precisely: to turn a corner is to  
Move orthogonally, at ninety degrees  
Like a chess rook on Euclidean coordinate boards

Turning a new direction is simply a full left or right turn.  
Diagonals are a fraction of this. In an airplane you can experience  
3D freedom including up and down besides left and right.

Turning corners can be scary.  
A body in motion tends to remain the same unless forced to change.  
We experience forces when we force ourselves to turn.

Stuck in a linear rut forever goes nowhere. It's boring too.  
Not to change ignores the spiral change potential of life  
Risking to leave us behind forever in a lost, useless past.

How can we turn corners as a people?  
Religions have taught us many ways:  
Godliness. Selflessness. One in the Same.

Change sides. Move around. Seek the other view.  
Talk to others. Wait your turn in line. Don't think you are always right.  
Pray for your enemies. Pray for yourself. Pray for us all.

Humanity has shortcut many corners leading to oppression and war  
Yet of our many wrong turns some have been toward light  
Showing the true way: leaves of a flower seek sun.

We can grow strong, decide where we go, and control who we will be.  
How will we navigate our next move? It's a matter of simply going a  
Round the Corner.

## Bits and Pieces

Scattered junk

Remnants of something that once was  
Lost in space between here and  
The Next Big Thing

A life in between

Nothing but a smattering of  
Big, round solid things  
You thought you should be part of

Never mind what they say about you

It really means nothing because  
If you would ever be in control  
Your damage would be quite smashing

Into those big guys that is

The ones on the map  
Never mind, you have your space  
Your address is Asteroid Gap

Did you ever feel like this?

Tossed aside, blown apart  
Part of nothing  
Waiting for a new start

A life in between

Nothing but a smattering of  
Big, round, more solid things  
You thought you should be part of

Welcome to reality

This is the family  
We exist like this  
There is no other way

Bits and pieces are part of the whole.

## Zeus

Dominant.

Massive.

Almost a sun.

Gaseous and frozen outside

Yet mysteriously warming inside

Seen every night since human birth

Among your dozens of moons

Some of them could be an Earth.

First of our large outer brothers and sisters

Your great red spot alone could swallow us whole.

A god among planets you are

## Mandela Mandala

“A rainbow nation at peace with itself and the world”.  
-Nelson Mandela

Nelson Mandela endured 27 years in prison  
Treated like an animal for being who he is.  
When set free he took back his country  
Without revenge in his heart, through nonviolence in the streets,  
Winning by the new election process including all the people  
Leading his country on a path toward freedom and equality.

I am so humbled by this man and this story  
My own petty life situations and challenges fading to nothing  
I can only breathe anew and cry out thanks for  
A saint among men once again in our lifetime.  
I am white, I am American, I feel the struggle and energy  
Of all of us on this poor messed up planet.

These words end here so I can go to work to continue this cause.

Vision

Strength

Leadership

People

Forgiveness

Renewal

Hope

## Cronus

Sixth from the Sun  
Most distant to ancients  
Known since the beginning  
Fully seen only with telescope eyes

Had we a pool big enough  
You could easily float in it  
Dense you are not, mostly hydrogen you are  
Cold outside, metallic but soft

Best known for your marvelous rings –  
Oh, the rings! –  
We now have pictures taken up close  
Dazzling us with razor thin rainbow beauty

## Belief

Don't touch that candle! It's hot!  
    Mother's warning pours into our young ears  
We love mother and believe her.  
    It must be good advice.  
We could continue to believe what mother said  
    Never testing the rules or thinking about it again.  
But one day we put our finger in the flame anyway  
    Forgetting – or challenging – that advice.

It did not hurt if we moved fast enough  
    Thanks to newly discovering speed and duration.  
While physical plasma endures like the sun  
    We might luckily glide in and out of its flaming presence.  
Perhaps we choose to try the experience over and over  
    Experimentally finding a way to avoid hurting ourselves  
Eventually learning new ways to touch fire that  
    Mother never told us about, or ever imagined herself

We could find good ways to mitigate bad results  
    Using other prudent advice that mother gave us  
Growing accustomed to novel results  
    Or even putting them to useful purpose.  
We could become quite addicted to the thrill of  
    Burnt flesh, continually returning to the forbidden deed  
Once we had found just the right amount of near burns  
    Producing pleasant and interesting new effects.

What if for some reason like an X-man gene  
    We could start our own flames without help?  
We could change the rules for ourselves while wondering  
    If we should extend the ability to everyone else:  
Not a comic book, this reads more like the story of mankind  
    To doubt, look deeper, struggle with truth, challenge belief  
To end up knowing more than mother and hoping  
    Mother would understand.

## Caelus

So far away you were mistaken for a star  
Lucky seven, cool as ice you are  
Blue, bland at first sight

Crawling around your long orbit with 20-year seasons  
Spinning sideways like no one else  
We recognize your attitude

More power to you for being so bold  
To end up that way on your side  
Somehow you turned

A Round the Corner

## Levels

Ancient man barely survived  
Competing as animals against animals  
Not long after, a few wide but shallow and aggressive ones  
Thought they were somehow better than the rest  
Soon entire civilizations unwittingly submitted to  
Shallow differences used as weapons of suppression.

History is bloated with overconsumption of the flesh.  
Dominating others. I Am Better. King, pawn.  
Ruling class, bereft of class. Super rich, struggling poor.  
Slave, free. Superior, inferior. Superman, not even a man.  
Apparently this human flaw is evolving, but can it ever be ending?  
Mountains seem unmovable, yet through millennia rise and wear away.

Not by birth, money, race or religion!  
Not by anything predetermined by fake power brokers!  
Dawning now, early transitions begin to engage  
All of Earth's billions in broadly spreading rainbow arcs.  
Leaders speak eloquently; those who will, carefully listen.  
Politicians scheme, others dream of solutions:

Those who walk lift up those who can't  
Dancers give nimble new legs to tired old sitters  
Poets write prophetically; all shall learn to read  
Creative artists recreate us all  
Mathematicians multiply exponents, others simply add  
Taught by those who are smart, all become smart

Random rungs on directionless ladders appear to confuse with  
Countless artificial colors without social order  
No longer even ruled by worthless promises of snake oil  
Shedding that skin to metamorphose into  
The future, relentlessly moving ahead  
Humankind waking up and living new dreams

Not by any predetermined external code but by  
*Choosing to rise up and live in our highest levels.*

## Poseidon

Nothing about King of the Sea  
Suits you but your distance

Truly commanding the last outpost before  
Our family ends far short of the nearest star

Most distant of our brothers and sisters  
Unknown to ancients as a planet, Galileo took you for a star

We have now visited you but only in passing  
On our journey to explore up close what lies far beyond you

## Stars in Us

They begin as dark wisps of simple gases  
More dispersed than Earth's best vacuum  
Pulled and congealed slowly by gravity  
Catalyzed by dusty magnetism, so far  
Quiet. But not yet alive.

Eventually the time of birth arrives  
Gestation being ticked off in millennia  
Hotter and denser does the young pre-stellar object grow  
Till when, if massive enough,  
The miracle of hydrogen fusion ignites:  
A new star is born.

Now given this process of solar life we may ask:  
Is sacrifice of hydrogen to make helium  
Violent? Destructive? Unnatural? Or Immoral?  
Violent: to the extreme.  
Destructive: yes, but also creative.  
Unnatural: depends on what you're used to  
Immoral: nothing like we know.

Violence, you see, is a matter of degree.  
When matter reaches a Billion degrees  
The natural repulsion of positive charges  
Turns into a stronger, friendlier nuclear binding force  
Upon which fusion becomes a sweet release;  
Tremendously sweet it is for energy lovers.

Destruction, too, is relative. There is no absolute since  
One form of matter creates another.  
Sure, a little mass is lost to make big energy but we only need to say,  
"So long and enjoy your trip" at the fusion reaction station  
To a traveling positron, a tiny, elusive neutrino, and  
High energy gamma radiation travelling at light speed forever.

This is all unnatural to us, maybe, but not to stars.  
What is unnatural about shining on for billions of years?  
Yes, spotty cycles come and go-  
We said that it is a violent life after all-  
But could there be a better example of true dependability than  
Stars burning and continuing to be born to burn in across the universe?

.....

Twinkling stars so pretty from here are now understood to be  
Up close violently hot and bright, making more than they take,  
Which is all natural and good.  
To question at all is uniquely human  
Limited to primitive communications between Man and God  
For if God thought the life of stars was bad at all,  
*Why are there so many of them? Why do we revolve around one?*

A few twists remain in star birth and death.  
Ultra -violence of the Supernova kind may arise when  
One star devours its smaller companion, eating enough to explode.  
(Is this a meat or vegetarian diet?)  
Similarly, an old, massive star will also explode as a Supernova  
Creating light equivalent to a Galaxy for a while  
Leaving behind new elements as nutrients for new celestial bodies

These are some lessons we can learn:  
To live long and steadily, doing what we do best.  
To create anew from what we consume.  
These are some questions that will burn:  
Is it anything but natural for matter to be destroyed to create different matter?  
Is a violent explosive end that is an inevitable consequence of mass a problem?

While our own Sun is not expected to die a Supernova death,  
When it burns out its remnants will expand to slowly engulf us here  
And in the expansive arms of our red giant we will be no more.  
This death too fertilizes the local galactic neighborhood to grow new life.  
For a planetary nebula is also natural and a lesson in morality.  
Earth and all life upon Her was carefully chosen to come from stars.

## Greater Good

Stellar protons fuel nuclear fusion  
Destroying hydrogen for the sake of creating helium  
Releasing enough energy to feed their cold passive planets

Does hydrogen care?  
Or gladly enter its next life as the  
Larger element?

Next the helium burns too  
Shedding energy, yielding carbon, nitrogen and oxygen:  
Do any of them hold a grudge?

Fusion goes on to make silicon sands  
Peaking out at iron to make us all strong  
Metals dispersed for next generations of stars and people

Should the star be massive enough  
Rather than a quiet, shrinking death as a dwarf  
As a Supernova it becomes an instant galaxy of light

Who here says, You can't change me? Just leave me alone?  
No one. The new forms swirl and flow without end  
Spinning with light, energy, space, hope and joy

Matter to energy  
Matter to new matter  
Not about killing

It's all about who accepts becoming the future  
Forces and physics of matter and energy, space and time  
Continuously becoming a Greater Good.

***Everywhere***

## Chaos

Where am I, so far from everything else?  
A lonely speck in an amorphous cloud is who I am  
Separated by more space than in Earth's finest vacuum

I can drift, but no, some other mass there attracts me  
Coming closer, just we two, then more  
Buffeted by energetic winds all around

Electrostatic attraction turns me on  
Magnetism modulates my senses in a song  
I will become something much more very soon

Am I gaining weight? (But in a good way?)  
Am I destined to change and lose my individuality?  
Certainly it is so, for I feel stronger forces tugging at me

Oh yes; it is so, I am whirling, coalescing and storming  
I feel the forces of others joining  
Together we are going to be forming

Something different, could it be a new body type?  
Out of thousands of years of strife  
It seems a star will come to life

## Birth

As a father I have just the slightest right  
To appreciate what a mother does on that special night  
But being there was all the world to me  
I was there at the beginning, and god willing through it all I will see

I shall not repeat more famous stories  
Novels replete with human mysteries glorious  
But one of us must tell the tale of how a sun is born  
What they go through, how they are formed

Much too simply: gravity attracts, increasing mass  
Heating the core, more and more.  
Soon it ignites thermonuclear fire  
Fusion is on and here we are.

This is the birth of a sun followers dream  
From one to two, hydrogen to helium  
Nothing is more grand in the grandest scheme than  
Stars being born again and again.

## **Maturity**

Look around, find a grownup

Not a baby any more – not behaving badly as before

Outgrown childish ways, moving forward day to day

Working, contributing, self-relying

So it is across the world, those who grow up show their output

Think main sequence and all that means

Giving, yielding energy beyond our wildest dreams

Not a hundred years or so; could be billions, maybe more

Maturity can be a long, starry way of life.

## Longevity

I hate this part near the end.  
Too rigid: help me find just how to bend

Having gone on all this time I wonder  
What has been missed, or just tossed under?

Never mind that life was good  
Giving energy, providing food

All good things must come to closure  
While those involved should keep composure

If you had lived a billion years on the moon  
It would somehow still seem too soon

But this is the beauty of what we know:  
We come, endure, and always grow.

Like a collapsing star we morph to something new  
Making new material for the next cosmic crew.

## Death

The name is too strong. Our emotions are so weak.  
Yet "it" is all around us.  
Luckily we are talking about stars.

If you think the universe is set forever, you are wrong.  
Every celestial body has a life, evolving, moving on.  
The fixed stars are not fixed, just very distant.

If massive enough, expect a supernova explosion  
Following which a denser-than-you-can-imagine party goes on  
Ending with a neutron star or even a black hole.

Those below Chandrasekhar limits see another fate:  
Expanding, not spectacularly, but quietly  
To cool off and retire as a white dwarf.

Do we have choices like this?  
Are we subject to the fates of mass, energy and time?  
Read these pages. We surely are.

## No Escape

Too dense

    Fallen and can't get up

        Nothing can escape

    Nowhere to go

Nothing is everything

    In the center of what you cannot see

        I'm all that should never be

    A singular victim of all that gravity

You active galactic nuclear Black Hole

## Twins

One here, one there

    Could be equals, or one dominating the other

Doubles, multiples, we come in sets

    Mirrors of each other and mutual guests

Are you a twin of someone unknown?

    A lost soul looking for where you are from?

Everything is a duality of form

    Hot, cold, plus, minus, on and on

For when two were ever one

    There the magic has begun

## Magnetism

I walk alone but am drawn off course  
What is the attraction? Very powerful. The right direction.

Compass, you must tell the truth  
Based on poles within the Earth

Forces may be electrical, or magnetic,  
Gravity you may temporarily forget here

All around us, magnetosphere surrounds us.  
Let the solar wind never ground us

We see you in distant stars  
Pulsars, Magnetars, powered by north-south field bars

## Radio

Silence. Start low, just above what you can hear.  
Move the dial up, through radio, TV and more  
Then there will be heat in red (think infrared ovens)  
Rainbow colors yellow, green, and blue, to ultraviolet (tanning salons)

Beyond the unseen ultraviolet  
We encounter what (for lack of a better name) we still call X-rays  
And how do we see what is beyond our sight?  
Not with eyes, but with instruments that extend our senses

Surrounded by spectrum  
Immersed in a rich, wavy sea  
Can we hear what is being sent?  
Can we hear what we should see?

## High Energy

Breaking up atoms  
Making new ones

Nuclear forces  
Capable of changing matter itself

These are energies at work in atoms

Do gamma rays scare you?  
They should – but we are protected

What goes on within stars  
Is not revealed entirely to us

High energy transposes to lower energy

A million years or so is the journey of a  
Gamma ray to the surface of the Sun

Can we ever comprehend this trek?  
Appreciate how this energy is passed along us?

We are lucky to be on a safer longer wavelength

## Chronos

Time

Ticking from moment to moment

Defining

What is next and what is going forward

Days

Define a taken for granted revolution

Months

Counted by what the Moon does with us

Years

Simply an elliptical cycle

Repeated

For as long as anyone remembers

Millennia

Marking years by the thousands

Needing thousands more

To cycle around the Milky Way

Beyond

What becomes of space and time?

Everywhere

Is where we will be in a singularity

## Space / Time

Massive enough,  
Warp space

Fast enough,  
Just pure light

Regular life,  
No effect

Overall  
What to expect?

Think big  
Scales of space and time

So grand  
It also warps the mind

What's it mean?  
We are relatively what we are

Anything more?  
Just A Round the Corner.