

## Perturbances

Everything we think we know was already  
understood by arcs of dust and gasses.  
They travel through the cosmos like a luminous  
necklace of diamonds and lace webbing.  
Their curtain of lights can disturb the movements  
of the universe. Stars and black holes consort  
like hungry lovers who could consume everything  
if realigned just so. As these swirls of wind  
and fire float past the Milky Way, our own galaxy  
sits, tiny as a viral droplet in a lab.  
We struggle to comprehend our fates, to pierce  
walls so vast we cannot hope to see the other side.  
Events spiral past our control, perturbing space  
and time. Still we fix our lenses on illumination.

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