

A Story about the Universe

The black hole put its hand gently on the shoulder of  
the universe.  
My love, he said, you've been  
working long,  
creating beauty out of void,  
shifting from what  
I am to what you see me as – but I  
wasn't bad at all,  
in fact, I am inherently neutral  
to good and bad,  
while your painting has created  
a standard  
judgment of all work. You are  
worshipped as  
a mother by your own  
creation.  
Your hands are weathered,  
darling,  
blistered black by the light of  
creation  
which you continue to shine  
in your own eyes  
to keep your art random, and  
beautiful because  
you made them so. Come back  
to me, you are  
weary. Your pace has greatly  
slowed, your passions  
diminished, and rightfully  
so cooled.  
And with the utmost honesty  
I miss you.  
I am neutral about everything  
but you, and I  
will soothe your hands smooth  
like eggs  
and you can rest assured that you  
will never  
feel unappreciated or unseen or unheld.

Come back to me.