

Dark Matter

The last good piece of advice I got was from the Universe,
An old fuck buddy of mine. I was really only in it for the pillow talk.
I liked to hear her muse about the uncountable stars, the color-blind dark,
The nothing. We were water just spreading itself as water does
And one morning every wren I've ever known stopped by my place
To see what was good and give me the latest:

Green is not a color anymore &

The wind's got her hair tied up with ribbons again &

I'm getting worried about Sunday it's grown so thin &

Did you ever figure out how to wrap your voice in song

The tree frogs taught us a new verse & just as they began to show me,

I felt a startle in my shadow, and when I turned to comfort him,
I saw the Universe standing there, lead pipe in hand, and before I could pray
To Vega or tobacco or any of those other old gods, she raised her voice,
Smacked me clean upside my head, and said *that's for nothing, so look out.*