

Mechanics

Mary Ann Losee

They tell us now
That the darkness of space
Is what's left over,

Heat from the one Big Bang,
That light unfurling in all directions
Is shifting toward the red.

Then what do we make
Of this ongoing
Question of distance?

The crickets, in perfect
Synchronization,
Mark how the temperature falls.

The leaf, with its inborn
Dream of escape,
Swings lightly against the tree.

At the end of the day,
A quiet room,
A house where the sentence unravels.

And who is to say that what's pure
Or lost
Won't eventually rise from our sleep?