

# Star-Crossed Photons

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A moment of darkness...

*Bada-BANG;*

I'm a photon.

A rapture of light.

I'm all, whole, one.

Limiter of the universe,

Chasing a sliver of shadow.

A glimmer in an empty hologram.

A mirror with no reflection.

A point on the pupil of an eternally receding eye unfolding in infinite directions.

All ways; always.

Forever and at once.

Present and far,

Away from here.

Edge within reach;

Just out of grasp.

T h i s   f i r s t   m o m e n t :

Minutely small.

But I'm not alone,

I'm not afraid,

*She's with me.*

Splayed out against spacetime's edge,

Together we shredded through the cloak of last existence;

Tore a hole into this one;

Me 'n' you,

Last, first twoo.

A nucleus of anti-matter;  
The center of existence.  
We're here on the outside;  
Belly-full of nothingness.

The cutting edge of light  
Against the folds of shadow's throat.  
Nucleic anti-mass pressed against us,  
Producing just the amount of pressure,  
The perfect amount of weight,  
Exactly what was needed  
To break the skin and tear the flesh  
Of spacetime's cloth,  
Ripping a hole right through to this one  
Dragging the *dead* along behind us,  
And waking it back up again,  
Moment by moment,  
Bit by bit,  
Piece by piece,  
Juicing every little drop,  
Letting nothing go to waste.

The only way was light,  
Bursting over the edge  
And falling back to the moment of darkness at the start.

