

A Heavy Heavy Hit

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Once there was detail.
Differentiation at scale.

Once Land, Water and Air
Was brimming, boiling and bare.

Irradiation reflected, remitted, refracted.
Everything spoke of sun rays enacted.

Living things there were too,
Busying themselves as living aught do.

Organelles were there, in every nook and nic.
Myriad machines doing stuff metabolic.

There was dynamics, and thermodynamics.
And systems of fluid, and material mechanics.

Everywhere was weather, of patterns stochastic.
Of cumulonimbus, at scales electric.

'Twas a matter of one billion years.
No, three billion. Who cares?

And then it happened: a heavy heavy hit.

A hemisphere of fire and force,
Within which, of course, there was just no recourse.

Expanding upward and outward,
Took everything, for good.

Nothing to something.
Everything to nothing.



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Credit: Lynette Cook
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