**Dark Sector Lab, South Pole, March 2014**

David Anthony Sam

Here it is autumn, and daytime

temperatures begin to fall

closer to the lowest we have known.

The air is as clear and the night as black

as anywhere within the shell of atmosphere.

Which is good, because we listen

for the warped fingerprints of sound

translating the quantum tremors

that are remnants of the birth of everything

in swirls of the absolute of stillness

painted in microwaves fourteen billion

years old, twisting in the wake of gravity

like seafoam snaking across the waves.

It means that everything that is flees

everything that is. It means that one

fiery fractional second of time just

after the birth of time determined

that the distance between you and I

had to increase beyond the thousands

of miles the earth allows. It means that

the utter cold of near motionless states

must infuse the emotionless state

we have cocreated. There, where you

are, it is spring, and daytime

temperatures are rising now.

Your air is lush with perfumes of hope

thrown out from explosions of buds

like novae across the wake of your day.

Which is good, because I could not stand

to think you emptied of everything,

translated into quantum tremors

that are remnants of our seafoam love.