**Marconi’s Melody**

KA Rees

The geocentric dance of stars, Earth spins

for its own part

and the vault of heaven sits

in vacuum, blackness—a trilling melody

echoing an empty stadium.

In darkness, long after the last pitcher has snugged

her baseball into its glove

and the bats have been packed away,

the play-by-play fields Marconi’s message into space.

In darkness, waves shatter—matter’s the universal voice:

an embryo forms beneath the stropping beat

of her mother,

arias of seasons orbit on a turn of the morning

just rain falling and electromagnetic energy:

cerulean sky over a glaucus sea,

percussive notes of a blue-on-blue melody.

Time’s only one stretch

of imagination. Are you ready?