**“It”**

Nicole F. Kimball

Somewhere out there death was the last thing before subliminal vibration.

Nebulas weeping red into those children we lost.

Somewhere out there limitless is nothing; that nothing we don’t know past life’s birth. Astronomers cannot tell us more about where it goes.

There is space and there are orbiting bodies and then there is time.

Time flees, we wilt, bodies pass.

On the horizon we like to imagine there is a line.

It is colorless, or maybe it is just another race knitted tightly into a world

which we cannot see. Which we cannot grasp.

And fear is another mouth of unrest.

Fear of indecency, of being indecent. Of causing loneliness and being alone. Of unknown things we deny we are given, like we are that fifth color

that shades insides the boundaries of what we do know.

Before meeting the horizon.

We all say there is no origin of death.

So then what is that rising & arousing of breath?

One person; we believe is our mother.

And father and lover;

One infinite flesh beating on the cusp of origin.

Who we are is not composed of an alphabet; or the decomposition

of self & our slaughter.

It might not even be how we name it as we pass from molecules

to bones to reverberation.

Astronomers do not know the shape of collective thought.

We do not know what ends and if it ended.

We do not know if our infants are mirrors or merely our gaze.

But stardust did begin somewhere in those miserable spaces

to show us who to love.