

The curtains never fall - they only rise  
At the cosmic theatre  
standing ovations came at the 15 billion-mark"

Blurs and vague impressions aside -  
the engineer, the director  
had the galaxies disposed, and then exposed  
for the explorers who never took an answer for an answer

A matter of time - not space  
How far linearity has permitted us to see  
Outwards means backwards in a universe so vast  
Stretched in time, see it commence  
- a set of celestial fragments  
at immeasurable expanses

How far a flicker can force itself  
Through dimness, through fields of emission  
The shine slowly turning red  
A burgundy sense of distance

An overturned curtain call  
- the velvety draperies eternally rising  
into infinite blurs of timelessness  
for an audience correctly dressed in  
extravagant suits of flaming curiosity  
The witnesses and surveyors of celestial enchantment

Hunted by distance and time  
The curtain reluctantly withdraws  
A prelude to the swirling drama:  
creation - formation - design  
or deduction - destruction - collapse  
- all depending on the angle