

POEM

Flashes and curtains

Another morning comes,
to move forward through the unknown.
The joy of seeking a blank plot
rich in colors, shapes and lights.
Awake, I suppose.

Life...through my thick glasses,
busy, fast, steady,
seemingly usual.
But down the hallway was
an open door:

A sunny day and humid breeze,
ready to enjoy a brisk pause,
and a classy cup of coffee
on the sidewalk.

My hand grabbed the cup's handle
then froze...
For the saucer grasped my attention:
Ancient sophistication
thrown into folds of
carefully-sculpted geometric shapes...

I saw a theater of history
surrounding the saucer's white center.
Three black dots had appeared on its stage,
moments before thousands of
black meteoroids went astray,
burnt into flashes of light.
And the theater's curtains soon to follow,
closing vision and lasting memories.

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