

## Event Horizon

Pain loves the middle of a winter night;  
I learned this long ago.  
Or any night, really:  
the blackness stretching out, silent,  
irresistible, to either side,  
the more the better;  
and this dead center, gnawing,  
its own flame, another long needle  
easing in, holding, holding—  
that burn. That intimate.  
That unshareable. That—  
singular.  
And all the heads passing  
along the periphery: shades.  
Memories. Foreshadows, of the children  
no longer, the loved not yet,  
the bond so lost not even  
the obituary could reach me  
till its anniversary, dead star still  
shining all that time, light traveling  
as it does, on and on once made,  
oblivious, impartial, obeying time,  
transcending gravity,  
on and on.