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Dark Impactor

Under normal conditions our solar system binds, but a string of holes suggests dense shells pierced the Milky Way. Light refuses to mark these scars so new to telescopes and physicists. They haven’t yet been named by lyricists nor compared to wailing mouths.

One reminds me of a wreath where buds refuse to grow. Life refuses to swell like steam from its warm bowl. A seam between each hole reminds me of caution tape, like the hem of a dress extracted from glass (I cannot describe the aftermath). What happens when bodies collide in space? How few hide in a narrow hallway? How many in a closet? If “A” lies outside and “B” lies on the floor, how many targets? The answer key waits on the final page, where we learn what happens to our young, our heavens.