

WAS THERE SORROW BEFORE THE UNIVERSE WAS BORN?

By Bill Peck



Was there sorrow
Layered within the
Darkness deep
Before the universe was born?

Invisible spirits – as yet unreal – Sighed when looking ahead toward Clashing
with other tuggings of Longing

The trees of longing
Lofted imaginary
Branches high – pulling
Away from Newton's stone-like grip

Into thick multiplicity
Circling among great
Mountains veiled within a
Mysterious desire

To break loose from
Their Black Hole prisons and emerge into a universe of ecstatic wonder –
Enriched by eons of sorrow