Could I be Called A coin, just A Speck in Space, Tossed in Time? She used to be a bird once before she found gravity cannot be transformed or shielded against, before she fell and touched the sky.

Try telling yourself the clear sky and the deep sea are not blue at all — you know what you see. Lord Rayleigh would understand, for he saw it too before he rebelled against the invisible, took the light apart. He used to see it be used to see it before he scattered himself invisible, he used to see it before he scattered himself before he stattered himself long the path of truth.

Rayleigh Scattering

Yet she was always behind, watching her kids grow small in the distance.

She would set her clocks forward to save some daylight, to she in their spring.

Time Dilation

**T S A D** 

Gravity

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## C A S T Sasha A. Palmer © 2017

Note: Poems featured in *CAST* have previously appeared on personal blogs.

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Sasha A. Palmer

## **Gravitational Waves**

Beyond the welkin supernovas birth hot stars.
The milky vernix wiped away, first cries explode throughout time-space, spread at the speed of light.
A giant cradle rocks —
we walk with a toddler sway, eyes fixed on the sky.

Love is energy one neither creates, nor destroys.

She stopped loving him,

for she created her love,

but he destroyed it.

She keeps saying this

in hope to defy physics.

**Energy Laws** 

Love is constant, love's forms are many.

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