dust

once i thought

there is only me

i have no sperm, you see

(a man with no sperm)

i am dust.

! there is a planet

that orbits no star

its surface is always dark

it supports no life

it wanders the void

tugged this way and that

by the distant forces

of nameless star-clusters

in a few million years

it will escape the galactic arm

in unconscious joy

it will travel a while, but

it will slow to a stop

as gravitic forces find their balance

and hang there in relative stasis

before beginning its plunge

a blue supergiant only as old as a baby

will capture it, a new plaything

and it will settle into a hundred million years

of elliptical bondage

finally, the supergiant will explode

and the planet will be vaporized

base elements in its core

will transmute, become rare

the precious dust will spread slowly

for a billion years

pushed by cosmic rays

it will land on a watery world

it will help to form a crucial link

in a peptide chain

a life will descend from it

three hundred million years later

that life will die, but leave a trace

that trace will know itself.

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