**Galileo**

we stood next to angels

and gravity was not on the agenda

rumours of distant china

swirled like cicadas in summer

scorned by science and spirit alike

yet branded still by faith

i remember history, but real time starts now

what is a moment?

a rock in glass

i have a pulse, a purpose, a penis

which is my core?

and what is the math of my weight?

who will be my anchor

when my weight

becomes light

and is filtered through clouds?