CUTTING EDGE
(Galaxies)

DAVID QUANG PHAM

Moderato

Not the ti-me.___ To push me o-ver

the Edge... Cut in-to my.___ Push me o-ver the Edge of the...

Cen-ter with our re-lat-ives. Our ti-dal dogs.

Gra-vi-ty, al ways ground-ing me. You see. I go off
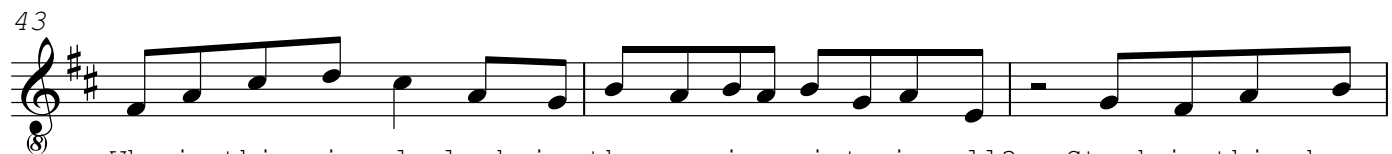
___ on a tan-gent. Where the cut-ting Edge will be...

Where the cur-va-ture con-ceals all worlds lead ing in-to kin-ship.

Sail out of this el-lipse. Where the a-stral beach will meet

an o-cean full of chor-al reefs. Sea with o-ther el-lip-ses.

Why is this cir-cle lack-ing the cur-i-o-si-ty in all? Stuck in this here,

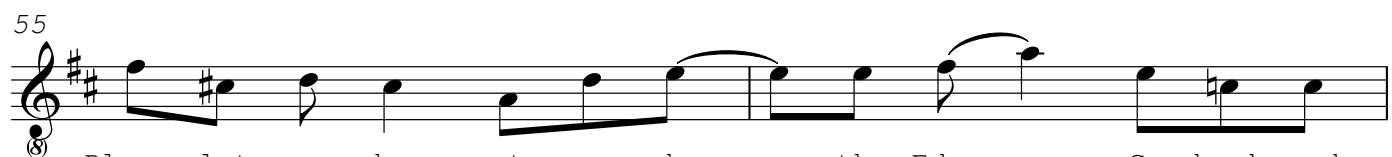ga- la. Why are these o-vals bent on see-ing no-thing in my-ster- y?

Look be-yond these Ga - la- xies. Why

don't you make me? All your fights have dri-ven a wedge.

Please let me be at peace by_____ the Edge. Go back and

cir-cum- vent. I'll just be out__ on a tan- gent. Ap

par-ent - ly, I have-n't made my - self clear._ Cut-ting my edges makes

my-self ap - par-ent as you..._ And sheds my light up - on a light-

less Gal - ax - y._____ My heart tells me there's

85

a pro - mis - ing fam - i - ly,＿off. End of this tan- gent.

89

17

My fu- ture is in a warm

107

space where my el-lipse is A- bell... To meet a nice Gal-ax- y...

111

J D goes off of the tan- gent! All my cos-mic poems must reach

115

to the ends of this ep-ic tale. Our au-da-ci - ous verse.

118

There might be a friend that will fol-low in my ly - ri-cal trails.

120

To the Edge of the U - ni - verse...

Lentando

122

You'll know. I'll be cut ting to the Edge.＿