2709 Sagan

*As the petals proceed in drift, breathes in silence*

*a swirling tale of horizon twirls; forever.*

At the door of yesterday's palm, Tao Qian

strolled through plum blossoms for inner peace.

The collars wrapped in their own; the

quasars' nail to the nail's marble mountain,

And the name stood the rigours of inescapable

time between the narrow strings of singularity.

*The larvae in the water will never hear the story*

*of life on the other side.*

Mere mere, a canvas space-filled

*chun ju* with thoughts and truths

and threads tapering down to the

hidden hexagon with autumn's singing feathers

spread along long-standing supermassives

west along the wattle fence and pillars

thick as Virgo's patterns in vernacular trois;

The First:

Going back into history

The Second:

Coming into the present's path

The rest of all:

*Woven into the future's orbit.*