

## Dark Matter

JD Pirtle | 2009

On the edge of the bed  
light years away  
Lying on your side  
past the terrestrial bodies  
Pretending to be asleep  
beyond the gas giants

You are a binary star system  
about which all around you gravitates  
the red giant,  
your dark and lonesome distance  
and the white dwarf,  
a searing, blinding passion

Now in a restaurant  
at the edge of a spiral galaxy  
Making small talk, finances, gossip  
launching outward, toward the edge of the observable universe  
There is nothing we haven't said a million times--no new promises  
where time and space have yet to form

I know--but I can't prove it--so it doesn't exist  
there, only dark matter amidst a sea of dark energy

Dark Matter, so elusive we can only observe it indirectly  
So massive that we can only measure it by its effects on other bodies  
But for us there are no gamma rays, antiprotons or positrons;  
no neutrinos racing through the Earth detected in pitch black tanks of water in Antarctica  
Only hints, slips--whiffs of something

And your words, contrary to any force of intuition  
until it all collapses on itself, the most massive thing in the Universe