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Black Hole

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Black Hole

Reda Ansar

There it goes,
there it goes,
here we go again.
Light is stolen
beaten, bruised and used so easily,
a blink of an eye and we're gone.
I have lived each turn on this earth,
only awaiting a glimpse of dawn
but a finite amount of light is no match
for an endless sea of gravity

I follow too closely to where it disappears -
Can you believe I once thought this was courage?

And I am one with galaxies,
or should I just call it naive
that despite the push and pull of it all,
no cosmic burst can make me leave
So I remain stuck where I am -
just a missing fragment of time
who revolves around the light so tightly
that she forgets the chaos lurking behind.
Thus I am not surprised,
to be pulled in once again,
Though I'll admit I had hoped,
that after eons of destruction
this last light was calling me home.
But there it goes,
there it goes,
here we go again.