

Grossblank

The Only Ones

They live wondering if they are the only ones, knowing only the wish to know and the great black distance
they—we—flicker in..... Tracy K. Smith "My God It's Full of Stars"

In dimensions, on planets, bubbled branes they ask
where does sentience reside? Does it need bodies?
Particles and sparticles, quarks and sparks glomming
are roaming knowing and unknowing light and dark.
Consciousness is exploring, experiencing
essence with or without visible equipment.
Some light streaks multiverses, warps wormholes, space/time.
Light-lives leap through darkness—spears, shards, glowing embers.
Surrounded by unseen beings I'm not alone.
I seek light so I might see in shadowed darkness.
But some beings might not need light to live or know.
The transformations to host life are infinite.

I'm in this body on this planet for this time
but energy quintessence of soul recycles
through time, space, realities ephemeral or
solid with an invisible guiding system.
Along for the ride perhaps with cosmic groupies.
Changing cosmic companions I might not travel
with openly and not always recognize or
consult. Alone, I navigate, try to control
but go with the flow toward love freely and bravely.
If life has meaning anywhere who creates it?
We are not the only ones asking this question.
We're not the only ones seeking life in the dark.

Grossblank:

Created by Larry Gross

1. 12 syllable lines.
2. 12x12= gross
3. Can also be iambic meter, unrhymed
4. Any format.