

From *Lost Transmissions*, poems by David Memmott

FULCRUM POINT

We're only human, we say,
the spirit's weaker than the flesh
We are marred by imperfection
random thoughts block the light
undisciplined feelings block the thoughts
our bodies weaken our minds
our minds weaken our bodies
Yet when you think of the "I" of the astronomer
behind the eye of the Hubble telescope
looking back into time
across thirty orders of magnitude
perceptions aided by instrumental intelligences
to name and define quarks and quasars
moving the mind from the infinitesimal
to cosmic immensities
a miracle unfolds from where we stand
this very moment gazing
both inward and outward
simultaneously.
Are we not the fulcrum point
of a zone of complexity
perfectly pitched on
the scales of time and space
where the universe is
awakening in
the blink of an eye?