

## **Beyond SoRo**

You've always sensed you were the one  
at the center of the universe.  
Since the Big Bang fourteen billion years ago,  
dark matter has been traveling the space-time continuum  
toward you, intelligent life.

Faced with infinity, you might choose to lie down  
on your living room couch, like you  
composed of tiny particles—  
mostly space hurtling through space.

For centuries on Earth, the serpent  
has been swallowing its tail in eternal return  
while distant galaxies spin away  
on paths too huge for humans to grasp.

Close-up photos of a star in its death throes  
may remind you of the dark that will descend  
after your brief days here, of light years to the flash  
of an eagle sailing over the village square  
as snowmelt flows into the White River toward oceans  
alive with species as fragile as your own.

Faced with infinity, you might choose  
to walk with new courage out the door, to claim  
this planet, island, single patch of emerald grass  
as the only chance you can count on.

Only you, significant speck, can pull humanity back  
in balance. Only you, within this slice of time  
under your provident eye  
can act to make the center hold.

Carol Westberg