

Black Hole

Marden J. Clark

Is that what you wanted? An ultimate image
Of diabolic deity?
Take a star—not ours, thank God—
But a star, minimum two-and-a-half times ours
Or maximum twenty. Let it be born of cosmic dust,
Collapse to red giant, then shrink to live its normal active life
Fusing hydrogen atoms to throw out light and heat.
For a hundred thousand millennia let it light the sky, let it burn
And burn itself—to death. Then let it expand and cool
To super giant, then collapse again to white dwarf,
Then collapse again fast then faster,
Exponentially faster
Till total
Collapse

Nospace
Between neutrons
No movement of electrons
No neutrons or electrons at all
A singularity of infinite density and zero volume
Just mass, momentum, charge
Just energy
Energy
Sucking
In
Gravity
Gone mad
Pulling everything in to itself
Letting nothing escape
Not even the slightest ray of light
But energy that reaches out and sucks into its
Vortex

Marden J. Clark, professor of English at Brigham Young University, has recently published a volume of poetry entitled *Moods: Of Late*.

Cosmic dust, worlds, stars, whole galaxies
Growing proportionately with each in mass and energy

Let's risk something

—Not a cosmonaut

(At some point, long before he was close,
He'd be stretched out a kilometer tall
Then much taller before the final compression) —

But try a ray of light

(Gravity has little pull on light)

Beam it close, but not too close or the hole
Will suck it in completely.

Get just the critical distance

Ten kilometers or so away

And you'll send it into orbit around the hole

But keep it just a little farther out

And it will veer in toward the hole

But of its own energy and speed

Pull itself out again.

I can't help wondering, though,

If it could possibly escape unscathed

If it wouldn't go forever

Corkscrewing its way through space

Warped eternally by its encounter.

Could Satan be such a hole, the Son of the Morning?

Lucifer, the morning star. Lucifer, ferrier of light,

Child of light,

Cosmic rebel for kingdom's sake,

Born of Light, shed by light, exile into night

Pulling his third of heaven

Pulling into dark, utter dark, black

Black-hole.

So now his task: to suck into himself the sons of man
And of God.

But push the vision, push the horror:

How much mass can zero volume hold?

What cosmic counter-forces could compete?

Our sun or any sun or any constellation of suns

Or galaxy of suns
Safe only by light-years of space and time.
But that energy reaching out,
Sucking in
Until the whole of heaven yields
In ultimate cosmic vortex, ultimate implosion.

What need of fire or ice
Just gravity
Pulling all to
Nought.

If Satan be infinite singularity
What then is God?
Zero density and infinite expansion?
Infinite Love and infinite Light
Suffused through infinite space?

That ray of light we risked
Some part of God
Not just that ray
But all those suns sucked in
—One-third of Him?—
Those centers of light and energy
But now become the enemy
Sending nothing forth but pull.

Cosmic Armageddon:
Galaxies flow, like streams of atoms;
The pull increases, reaches out farther ever farther
To suck all in
Till God Himself must feel the pull,
Light only lightly subject to gravity
But all that gravity
And so many of His hosts gone in
How can He—even He—resist that pull?

But here my vision fails me,
Has failed me all along,
For God is now a what—
Is Who

—Infinite expansion, perhaps,
But with a local habitation and a name:
Love.

Ah yes, He feels the pull
The terrible pull of Love toward loss
The pull of Creator toward lost creature
But not that aweful gravity.

Cosmic Armageddon:
Assume it's true,
Assume that Satan wins,
Sucks infinite space
Into himself.

Still never God

God gives forth

Outside that hole, outside that force
God gives light

But if some force of God pulled in,
Deep within at the very core
Something must
Stir
Those neutrons must stir
Respond to Light
Respond to Life
Push out push out push out
With ever-increasing force exponentially increasing
Come to life, generate neutrons, electrons, atoms, matter—B A N G!
The universe is on its way again, generating
Cosmic dust, suns, stars, galaxies
Earths

And here on earth we talk
Or pen our feeble poems
Safe in light year spaces
Exponential numbers, eons and infinities
That awe but comfort and protect us
Our little world bathed in light

Our beneficent green synthesizing our food from light
And hardly know what power might now be pulling on us
The faint dull power of dark upon me now
The soft sweet pull of Light.