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Charming Quarks

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Charming Quarks

Here’s the human brain
with its big bright eyes.
There’s the universe

we live in, ninety-five
percent dark—not exactly
a marriage made in heaven,

but an unfortunate mismatch,
Abelard and Blondie, or
Blondie in bifocals,

speculating... so maybe
if we were blind, or
the universe were visible,

we’d be in tune, on the same
wavelength—all you have to do
is listen, says one poet

of another’s famously
quirky work—all we have
to do is listen, says Blondie,

listen with our eyes closed,
and who knows what
secrets will be whispered

in the chambers of our
delicte ears? Just think
what blind fish must know,
and bats, for that matter... while she nattered on I began to wonder if somewhere there's a universe we were made for, meant for, but never happened to meet—
or maybe we knew it too well, and left it for this mysterious stranger—maybe it isn't gravity that holds us here, but obsession with whatever resists our advances: Blondie puts on a shorter skirt, Abelard buys her one more book on metaphysical love, and we keep the lights burning, look to the stars to guide our lives, try to turn a deaf ear to the darkness that defines them and draws us irresistibly toward it.