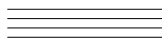


# T W I S T E R



S T E P H E N   E D G A R

A reeling blank propped up against  
The stretched and livid backdrop of the sky,  
It rips, black and top-heavy, through the fenced  
And farmstead-mottled plain a path,  
This turbine two miles high  
Of empty energy  
And aftermath,  
Debris

Sucked spinning through its hollow core  
And flung around a giant centrifuge,  
Uprooted trunks and branches, a barn door,  
A roof the spooling pressures force  
To orbit in a huge  
And planetary sweep,  
The odd doomed horse  
Or sheep.

A planetary sweep. And so,  
Our planet rides the empty gale of space  
Around the solar system, which with slow  
Aeonian rotation runs  
The light years round, to chase  
The vast galactic storm  
Billions of suns  
Perform.

And whirling at the galaxy's  
Crushed hub, they say, a vortex, a black hole  
Is hauling light in, stardust, the degrees  
Of Kelvin, spacetime and dark matter,

Beyond the last control  
The laws of physics sought,  
To tear and shatter,  
And make nought.

And so the world. And so the mind  
Coils in the gyre of its own consciousness,  
Touching on matter to drag up and wind  
Around itself (or wind around  
The infinite recess  
It keeps dissolving in  
And is not found).  
Here spin

The scene, the utterance, the face,  
The sequence, dates you strive to reconcile,  
Emotions you unfold, feel and replace,  
Midnight obsessions you defer  
To your enigma file  
And hope the day will solve –  
They turn, recur,  
Revolve.