

Dark Matter

Poem by Josh Lucas

There are more positions on a chess board
than atoms in the observable universe.
If one were to sit
down with the goal

of charting them out,
they would expire,
ceasing to breathe—
before they were halfway through.

Deviations of magnitude presumed,
as objections are lost
to derivations, I pause
to wonder what type of cosmic

chess game we're in.
What omniscient being
Pushes us forward
or, sacrifices each piece

already counting forty moves
ahead—the Queen is dead,
and we find ourselves looking
down the barrel of a madman.

Just one move away
from setting the clock back
to the stone-age, drowning us each
in a flood of sonic clouds,

rearranging the board,
to his liking—Check.
We carefully check
and re-check how many

Times our position
is attacked and defended,
as we move each piece,
in slow motion,

silently, we wait to see
whether each piece
we touch, and each breath
we take will be our last.



Redemption, Digital Art by Alejandro Rivera