

Cosmology

That formless void above holds life's debris.
Amongst the sundry stars each word's retained.
This truth lies bare for all who will to see.

'Tis but a fool who hides his face from Thee,
For though the world would see each tongue restrained,
That formless void above holds life's debris.

Some say, "To face the past can set men free,"
Yet "Now" is only "What's To Come"; unchained.
This truth lies bare for all who will to see.

The universe can hear life's rhapsody
And deep within, it stores each note profaned.
That formless void above holds life's debris.

For some, omniscience forms their strategy.
To fool a fool is all such fools have gained.
This truth lies bare for all who will to see.

To speak of time and space is blasphemy.
It mocks the truth of all that God's ordained.
That formless void above holds life's debris.
This truth lies bare for all who will to see.

Note: This work was entered in the [Newfoundland Arts & Letters Competition](#). Here are the adjudicator's comments:

Cosmology #23

A good example of form well executed. A memorable line in "'To fool a fool is all such fools have gained.'" The poem, as a whole, tends to 'preach' some vague "truth" about "life's debris" and fails to excite the emotions or the imagination.