

STELLA MARIS NURSING HOME

Among silent aspidistras in the lobby
several White Dwarfs rock back and forth,
confined by straps in their geri-chairs.
Aeons of fusion and excited hydrogen
are behind them; gravity won out in the end
and crushed them into these ghostly bodies,
no longer able to create the elements of life.

They had hoped to go out with a bang---
like supernovae gloriously exploding,
in swirls and coronets of intense colour,
fusing higher elements of gold and silver,
and finally becoming black holes
of infinite density, those captivating mysteries
of the cosmos with unique event horizons.

But no, they never had the mass for that noble end
and here they are rocking with tartan rugs
over their knees, bibs for drool, hot water bottles
behind their backs, and a human fool with forced wit,
seated on a stool, playing golden-oldies on a wobbling
key-board, urging them to get up and dance.