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## **SUPERBOLIDE, CHELYABINSK**

Fearing dry socket, I avoid straws after surgery. Keep my tongue clear of black holes, take capsules for pain. A star is erased from the chalkboard, another skims across the event horizon, peels off like a sticker in my hand. This one is special: gaining brightness, chewing space—it is not collapsing. Every few hours, I stop what I'm doing to re-pack the gauze in my cheek and the fear subsides. New report: superbolide in the Chelyabinsk region, east of the Ural Mountains. Bright flash followed by shock wave. Shattered windows in 3,600 apartment buildings. 25 reported sunburns. Blame the painkillers, but I get it now: you can't fall through a hole inside yourself. If I could slingshot the meteor's flight path back through darkness, would I reach Jupiter's orbit as a human fireball and can a fireball be lonely? Overnight, a dozen blurry videos appear online. Dash cams on the icy continent tell the story flash blindness prevents, though they can't explain it: six-metre hole in Chebarkul Lake and everyone's impulse is to peer inside from the edge. Collective gasp as a half ton chunk of four-billion-year-old rock is scooped from the bottom, hoisted back to the surface.