

OF EXISTENCE

Around Saturn the thousand rings
Not there until we saw them,
Seventeen moons undone without us.
Out of the dross of time all
Is particular. A thousand coloured rings
Ring the heavens our wit makes palpable.
Titan is. Hyperion is.
We have walked on the moon.
The brooding whale is numbered, whole
Species are accounted for.
Shout *Jubilate*. Modestly

Ralph Gustafson