

GREG MOGLIA
THE SWERVE

Lucretius explained it
Atoms never die

But couple then uncouple
Tied then liberated

What survives? *Love, only love*
Lucretius says *Let the lover go*

The beloved always slips away
We only borrow these ties

My cousin the gun in his mouth and then ...
The swerve ... oh Lucretius ... the swerve

The mourners come to his ashes
Try to understand but

Clarity lies with the atoms
They say *We're off to be reborn*

Hear us ... we're off
And beside the urn— photos

Atoms in place ... ours for a time
And we cry ... we loved these atoms

Stay ... come back
Even as they remind us

Some day the swerve will be ours
We are all cousins to the stars