

Invisible

by Ann Giard-Chase



Photograph: "Into the Mystic" by Robert Dash. "Invisible" was written by Ann Giard-Chase for *Rattle's* Ekphrastic Challenge, April 2016, and selected by Dash as the Artist's Choice winner.

They travel from darkness,
speaking in tongues—
a language of strings and waves.

They lug bits of this and that,
traces of matter left over
when nothing became everything,

and everything was a seething
cauldron of quarks, and particles,
and flecks of you and me.

You know what I mean.
It happened a long time ago,
when all of creation roared

to life, and light was switched
from off to on, and a trillion
galactic fires lit up the sky.

Listen! Can you hear the stars?
They speak of a light you cannot see,
waves that won't lie still

but swirl and flail like fish
in a net, like wings or sails
caught in an invisible rolling sea.

This is a tide that never ebbs,
a sorrow without a name
streaking through the cosmos,

falling through the clouds
to earth. But the earth loves
everything—a rock, a tree,

fields of bluebells, even our own
kind rising from the sea,
charging across continents,

scattering our dreams;
our hearts are always looking
for answers, tracing the icy path

of comets, the sheets of fiery stars,
the limits of everything,
the invisible vibrations of time.

