

Arlene Ang

APHELION

Trapped in a malevolent turn,
cauldroned in a blind view of nebulous stars,
Venus slams facedown into a black hole.

We re-position our telescopes;
we know about gravity:
blatant curse that denies pangæa in any form.

We spiral through space, not knowing
if we can break our circle of path, enough to comet
a change, and if we can outlive that change.

Fear is the ally of gravitation, they say.
How simpler it is to trust in Venus to cycle back,
face radiant towards the sun. Not us.

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