

THE RESOLUTION

The resolution's out there now
whirling with us round the sun.
Its orbit's closing in on ours
although we've yet to see it.

Computers say our disputations
concerning all the heights of heaven
and which of our great men of sand
has brought us back the truth

may well conclude with what arrives
at roughly 30 Ks a second,
a leisurely, untroubled arc
entirely free from malice.

The chance of death by asteroid,
according to our actuaries,
is greater than your Boeing being
blown by terrorists.

The resolution's made of rock.
At one kilometre across
it settles, at a stroke, the claims
of Plato, Kant and Nietzsche;

finishing the run as well
of all those splendid empire-states
in one high burst of revelation
brighter than the sun.

The white-hot edges of a stone
curving in through space and air
will be the meaning of all meanings
melted into one.

