Don’t look at the galaxy. The galaxy sees you.

Explorers: thinking too much about stars.

In each syllable
a galaxy.

Above and behind all encampments
is the turning. You sit, everything moves.

‘I am compelled into this country.’

How can you get a galaxy in words to sing. Some things are indecipherable, in breath, in skies.

At rest. Galaxies never rest.

‘Frail gods’, what do you steer by?
A galaxy whirls in the shadow earth makes. Light is all around, light shades your face.

You don’t always have to talk about worlds as you know them. Beyond understanding, within it.

Friendship is a turning. Cold tongues, bitter light.

Black and white. So much colour.

Sitting. Standing. Turning. Of course!

*Jill Jones*

*all phrases in quotes are from the novel or refer to phrases from Voss.*