



1-1-1980

Black Hole

Marden J. Clark

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Recommended Citation

Clark, Marden J. (1980) "Black Hole," *BYU Studies Quarterly*: Vol. 20 : Iss. 1 , Article 7.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol20/iss1/7>

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Black Hole

Marden J. Clark

Is that what you wanted? An ultimate image
 Of diabolic deity?
 Take a star—not ours, thank God—
 But a star, minimum two-and-a-half times ours
 Or maximum twenty. Let it be born of cosmic dust,
 Collapse to red giant, then shrink to live its normal active life
 Fusing hydrogen atoms to throw out light and heat.
 For a hundred thousand millennia let it light the sky, let it burn
 And burn itself—to death. Then let it expand and cool
 To super giant, then collapse again to white dwarf,
 Then collapse again fast then faster,
 Exponentially faster
 Till total
 Collapse

Nospace
 Between neutrons
 No movement of electrons
 No neutrons or electrons at all
 A singularity of infinite density and zero volume
 Just mass, momentum, charge
 Just energy
 Energy
 Sucking
 In
 Gravity
 Gone mad
 Pulling everything in to itself
 Letting nothing escape
 Not even the slightest ray of light
 But energy that reaches out and sucks into its
 Vortex

Marden J. Clark, professor of English at Brigham Young University, has recently published a volume of poetry entitled *Moods: Of Late*.

Cosmic dust, worlds, stars, whole galaxies
 Growing proportionately with each in mass and energy

Let's risk something
 –Not a cosmonaut
 (At some point, long before he was close,
 He'd be stretched out a kilometer tall
 Then much taller before the final compression) –
 But try a ray of light
 (Gravity has little pull on light)
 Beam it close, but not too close or the hole
 Will suck it in completely.
 Get just the critical distance
 Ten kilometers or so away
 And you'll send it into orbit around the hole
 But keep it just a little farther out
 And it will veer in toward the hole
 But of its own energy and speed
 Pull itself out again.
 I can't help wondering, though,
 If it could possibly escape unscathed
 If it wouldn't go forever
 Corkscrewing its way through space
 Warped eternally by its encounter.

Could Satan be such a hole, the Son of the Morning?
 Lucifer, the morning star. Lucifer, ferrier of light,
 Child of light,
 Cosmic rebel for kingdom's sake,
 Born of Light, shed by light, exile into night
 Pulling his third of heaven
 Pulling into dark, utter dark, black
 Black-hole.

So now his task: to suck into himself the sons of man
 And of God.

But push the vision, push the horror:
 How much mass can zero volume hold?
 What cosmic counter-forces could compete?

Our sun or any sun or any constellation of suns

Or galaxy of suns
 Safe only by light-years of space and time.
 But that energy reaching out,
 Sucking in
 Until the whole of heaven yields
 In ultimate cosmic vortex, ultimate implosion.

What need of fire or ice
 Just gravity
 Pulling all to
 Nought.

If Satan be infinite singularity
 What then is God?
 Zero density and infinite expansion?
 Infinite Love and infinite Light
 Suffused through infinite space?

That ray of light we risked
 Some part of God
 Not just that ray
 But all those suns sucked in
 –One-third of Him?–
 Those centers of light and energy
 But now become the enemy
 Sending nothing forth but pull.

Cosmic Armageddon:
 Galaxies flow, like streams of atoms;
 The pull increases, reaches out farther ever farther
 To suck all in
 Till God Himself must feel the pull,
 Light only lightly subject to gravity
 But all that gravity
 And so many of His hosts gone in
 How can He—even He—resist that pull?

But here my vision fails me,
 Has failed me all along,
 For God is now a what—
 Is Who

–Infinite expansion, perhaps,
 But with a local habitation and a name:
 Love.

Ah yes, He feels the pull
 The terrible pull of Love toward loss
 The pull of Creator toward lost creature
 But not that awful gravity.

Cosmic Armageddon:
 Assume it's true,
 Assume that Satan wins,
 Sucks infinite space
 Into himself.

Still never God

God gives forth

Outside that hole, outside that force
 God gives light

But if some force of God pulled in,
 Deep within at the very core
 Something must
 Stir
 Those neutrons must stir
 Respond to Light
 Respond to Life
 Push out push out push out
 With ever-increasing force exponentially increasing
 Come to life, generate neutrons, electrons, atoms, matter—B A N G!
 The universe is on its way again, generating
 Cosmic dust, suns, stars, galaxies
 Earths

And here on earth we talk
 Or pen our feeble poems
 Safe in light year spaces
 Exponential numbers, eons and infinities
 That awe but comfort and protect us
 Our little world bathed in light

Our beneficent green synthesizing our food from light
And hardly know what power might now be pulling on us
The faint dull power of dark upon me now
The soft sweet pull of Light.