

Proxima centawri / Dead bodies

Nightfall

This cosmos made of stars
Logic fails to name
Spectacular and grateful
Of liquids, rocks and metals made

Unsolved for years, millions
That puzzle of enormous scale
Simple minor humans
Endless effort to explain

The black
That folds
The great white
The bottom of elements in life
How that black
Never fades to grey
Hymns in lowest octave
Macrocosm pray

Planets stars and red dwarfs
Of non simplex gigantic morphs
Countless orbits so strange
Admire the powers these arrange