

Reference Frame
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I watch you in your reference frame

making clocks
with beams of light,

taping candlesticks to rulers,

and other
crazy person
things

You whiz by in a boxcar
headed for
a little barn

In your hand,
a detonator and
the distance to your target
shrinks

I've watched you for just seconds,
but to a muon,
it's been years

I listened to your batshit uncle
tell me
how I could cheat lightspeed
to keep up with you

The thing is--I don't want to cheat--

I'm waiting for a boost,
for a grid of ancient letters
to get me from the lab
to you

I won't be able to take much with me
that won't change along the way,

just a few invariants from
frame to frame:

who I am,
how much I matter,
and what it looks like I
might do.

Until I catch up--
until then,

let
time
 close in
let
space
 dilate