THE UNIVERSE

An end to Number
A start to Time
A limit to Space -
The one and same tale

It was old when it was new
And always new on growing old;
Never will be what was before
Yet always is the same old thing,
Becoming, never recurring.

Space and Time together walking
Hand in hand through the galaxies
Ageless Time devouring
Limitless Space providing
Centre here, Present now.

As far from us the end of Space
As were the start in Age’s race
We push them back, they both recede,
They both vanish midst the night
Of the Faraway and Long Past.

As well as Space and Time - Number
This we can prove: it has no end.
We push it back as much we want,
As far and long as any please us,
But this we know: it has no end.

We, crumb of Space Number and Age,
We new when new and old when old,
For long we looked to Number’s end.
Still longer looked for the start of Time,
Yet some will assert that Space is closed!

As big as we make it
As small as we take it
It has endless complexity
Yet so wonderfully simple
In its three personalities
Of Number, Time and Space.

Never Henaff.