

The Universe Poem

Tim Needham

The universe, I have learned,
is dangling on a string,
hanging from a lid,
inside a trash can,

filled, of course, with fireflies.

Well ... that explains everything,
doesn't it?

(but only for a moment)

Until I begin to wonder:
What is outside the trashcan?
and
How did it get there?
and
What day is trash day?