

The Whirlpool Nebula

High above, in the night sky, a great cloud of dust and light
floats at will, unseen by human eyes alone

A circle of palest silver lies at its centre

As if a celestial athlete has hurled a discus across the heavens

A veil of fine gossamer trails around its edges

But cannot hide the brilliance of the stars

As they grow in their stellar nursery

Sprinkled like tiny diamonds on an endless swathe of black
velvet

A smaller spiral nearby suggests a child? an acolyte? an
apprentice?

Its shape and resemblance to the mother ship are striking

These astral swirls speak of energy and force

But time and distance protect our planet

And as this shining jewel reminds me of the scale and majesty
of creation

I, for one, feel very small.