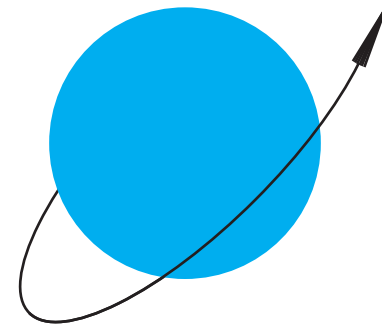


PALE BLUE DOT



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KEN HUNT

## PALE BLUE DOT

they waved until their hands fell  
to their sides, mild fatigue in wrists  
at rest in preparation to enact  
ritual motions on the craft's

precision instruments, each interface inspected  
by meticulous technicians, all too cognizant  
of conflagration, wracked by the chronicled  
costs of unchecked flaws

screens, wiped clean each night,  
disclose numeric narratives  
as data projections coalesce, harmonies  
of half-concealed sighs invade control rooms

Nemo's leagues recede into a jest  
crammed into seconds as ascent  
melds craft and blast into a molten streak

events are witness-forged

soaked with clinging wisps of wind, they left  
the zephyrous crest whose lingering protects  
the sprawling offshoots of an ancient spore,  
vast droves of colonies in ceaseless conflict

life saturates itself, and so detached  
a single, distant glimpse envelopes and arrests  
a multitude possessed by errant dreams

mirror-induced paralysis

clinging mites mingle and scheme  
on the battered crust of a molten globe  
lodged in the unknown's numbing umbra  
like a chalk outcrop atop the cliffs of Dover

as wine-dark brine pummels our porous refuge  
we should shiver like an animal, having  
isolated itself at instinct's final call  
to be so near to nothing

the daredevil flights of the few  
lure us to a roaring edge where  
eyeless as Gloucester, we ache  
for gravity's deliverance

