

**As the Vortex Goes Down The Drain**  
By, Some Quark Based Matter © t+3d

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What's next in line after our fall?  
A bursting star?  
A new universe, perhaps, null state our fate?

Before the gods we swear  
with our speck of time devoted.  
This ring I wear?  
To that I swear devotion.  
But to myths and ghosts?  
By what right do I to you  
or you to eye for and I-question sanity.

The universe expands and others bloom  
Some fade never making the grade.  
And we in our infinite wisdom  
on oaths made to ghosts  
as if the gods could care  
from such simple minded hosts.

Energy-souls/ chaos every where,  
Loose to coalesce and break apart  
A holographic play of the grand.  
played in our sand box  
rewind compress restart.