

## Beverly Magid

### James Webb Space Telescope

A flash, an explosion and the trip begins.  
Off to find the morning of the universe,  
when the world was diapered against exploding stars.  
Black holes filled with empty darkness,  
memories of a big bang before everything was anything,  
before fish swam, or birds flew,  
before you and I decided to walk upright.  
Pictures of our past before there was a beginning.  
Light and darkness swirling together.  
No stars yet to wish upon,  
No answers given,  
no questions offered,  
no voice booming "Let there be light."  
Is there collective memory,  
dreams of a past before knowledge,  
a world without form,  
a longing to belong?  
Fire will be discovered.  
We will come down from the trees.  
We will build houses reaching the skies.  
We will hold each other close to our skin.  
We will learn the ways of evil  
and try to remember the good.  
We will shoot past the moon  
In search of all our yesterdays.

**Beverly Magid** was a journalist, a publicist and a novelist, having written *Flying Over Brooklyn*, *Sown in Tears* and *Where Do I Go*. Her poems have appeared in the *On the Bus Journal* and in the newly published *Side-Eye on the Apocalypse*, an anthology of prose and poetry from the Los Angeles Poets & Writers Collective. A long-time resident of Los Angeles, she still insists that her heart commutes between LA and New York.