

Pay Back Time

All night, all morning, all day, all cycles our bodies
extrude hair,
seeking out cold recesses of our universe where
nebula
bloomed
a hundred million years ago, before you were born.

Every keratin filament strains from its skin root,
plays out rope
after tiny rope of original cellular
energy
blown
on growing each mammal's personal halo of fur.

Instant after instant someone shivers in the chill,
donates warmth
back to their body for a hot star twinkle of time,
paying out
watts
irrevocably lost: the universe has no hands,

no arms, no machine, no mechanism of cosmos
capable
of recovering skeins, loops, waves of energy used -
Orion
can't
hunt down the deer of power lost running slot machines.