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Under normal conditions our solar system binds, but a string of holes suggests dense shells pierced the Milky Way. Light refuses to mark

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these scars so new to telescopes and physicists. They haven't yet been named by lyricists nor compared to wailing mouths.

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One reminds me of a wreath where buds refuse to grow. Life refuses to swell like steam from its warm bowl. A seam between

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each hole reminds me of caution tape, like the hem of a dress extracted from glass (I cannot describe the aftermath). What happens

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when bodies collide in space? How few hide in a narrow hallway?
How many in a closet? If "A" lies outside and "B" lies on the floor,

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how many targets? The answer key waits on the final page, where we learn what happens to our young, our heavens.

