

ROWAN RICARDO PHILLIPS

# Mare Incognitum

That I can't recall my first glimpse of my mother:  
Alien-eyed, wrapped in alien cloth, how could  
I? Once she held me she just was my mother,

That's just how it goes. This is just one of many  
Beautiful moments I've been a part of but can't  
(And won't ever) remember. That's just life, I guess.

The void. That's just a part of life: some hidden cave  
Sunk deep in the mind and built for Beautiful But  
Can't Remember. I saw it once: here dissolving,

There reassembling like gleaned second-long seasons.  
And for what reason? I just don't know. Years asking  
Myself Why? Why can we not remember this? passed.

Are we here because the mere dust of stars torched  
In the throat of an equation? It's a cold thought,  
I know. But belief just burns brighter in the cold,

Brighter as the first idea flares and reverses  
Like the first new motion of that first majestic  
Ocean just as it discovered impregnable ground.

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Illustration by Shonagh Rae

