

**MARK WAGENAAR**

**Riddle**

For the particle of dark matter whistling through you right now,  
the moon hides the same emptiness as your bones. It leaves you  
without a sound, the way the upside-down five-towered silhouette  
of St. Charles' church disappears from the reflecting pool. Two men  
row out on another pool

beneath the earth, beneath the neutrino detector, a sea mine the  
size of a building: a metal cage a thousand times larger than the  
one that held the heart of St. Lawrence.

Felt the breath go out of the dead, we say, when a piano variation  
in blue goes through us. Felt the wind go out of the stars. What  
would we call something that touches what we touch?