

## Save-On-Black Hole

We are the dust of long dead stars. Or, if you want to be less romantic, we are nuclear waste.

SIR MARTIN REES, "A Conversation," *New York Times*,  
Apr. 28/98

The most unnaturally selected locus in which to procure Astronomer Royal cousin Sir Martin's new book on cosmology (intro by S. Hawking) is the promo shelf in front of the skin & muscle mags adjacent the freeze-dried zone in the local aluminum-box mega-store

Pretty much akin to decoding a metonymic universe from the current multiverse stacked deep in black holes

This one's slurping up fluorescent lite as it slices, dices across the bleary eye tripping, peaking (as we used to say) down aisles of diminishing return.

Here you really are like the cyber-manual astronaut soul-sucked by a "gravitational imprint frozen in space"

You're pasta, astro-babe, low percentage karma, instant "spaghettification" layered, 10-D superstring squeezed thru an "inflationary universe"

And near the low-cue checkout, final buzz of Tim-Oh-Leary time, they'll be pumping in a second, unplugged Steverino "We are stardust" all the way from Yasgur's farm to wide-aisle warehouse bulk-world waiting on options to your choice of slow expanding flushed out heat-death, or vacuum pull Big Crunch returning the entire merchandise, as it were, after its consumption.