

# The New Criterion

## Poems

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### Untitled

by [Adam Kirsch](#)

The tin balls that the Planetarium  
Designed to demonstrate the powers of ten  
Range from the pebbly fraction of an atom  
To a hot air balloon that means the sun,  
Indicting cosmologically provincial  
Habits they can't help but reinforce  
By tailoring their exponential spiral  
To the perspective of an audience  
Whose unraised power is thereby made to seem  
The integer of all created things.  
Where is the diorama that could shame  
And reconcile a creature that belongs  
In the dark bowel of the universe  
Only as our insides accommodate  
Weird flora whose unconscious processes  
We never see and couldn't live without?

**Adam Kirsch's** most recent book is *Invasions: Poems* (Ivan R. Dee).

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