

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Science Friction Story

By William Doreski

Debris of a planet destroyed  
millions of light years distant  
adheres to every surface,  
including us. Can't scrub it off—  
its molecular structure clings

with immense friction. You joke  
that it's "science friction," but what  
of the people of that planet?  
How evolved were they? Sun  
worshippers, their star less

stable than ours? How much  
of this debris is organic?  
Maybe only lower forms thrived,  
whole orders of being no one  
will ever get to classify.

Could we place a bit of debris  
in a petri dish and grow it?  
Could we clone beings no one  
in our corner of the galaxy  
has ever seen? December rain

slobbers over a brown landscape  
warmed by unnatural forces.  
We shouldn't mess with events.  
That planet probably died of sin,  
its inhabitants worshipping wrong

or nonexistent gods, its surface  
fried when its star went nova,  
its architectural orb exploded  
into muck and matter flung  
from its past into our present.

Let's name this planet and forget it,  
with all its failed ambitions,  
those many millions of light years  
merely a wink of eternity  
to which we can never respond.