

Here in the cave of our physical selves, we are black holes whose light cannot escape us. We are alone, encased in single occupancy universes. Nothing confounds us more than our own gravity. We, like Plato's shadows, exist on the stone walls of caves, while other universes we dream of pass us by. However we imagine ourselves into other's heavens, we latch onto them via love's craft. It alone propels our light beyond our mass.