

Suppose

Suppose that
many who went before
are still here--as us--
and we now go before
all future lives--of us.

Suppose that
one major all-of-us
is being lovingly built
from billions of me's
as they labor or shirk,
create or destroy,
rejoice or agonize.

Suppose that
from separate confusion
where the me is king
all grow toward a fusion
century by millennium
which births a new being,
its cells and organs we.

Suppose that
space is pregnant with us.