

# ABOUT US

## Golden Record

The girl who left peeled oranges on my doorstep  
is years away.

Does everyone cry when they forget? If someone  
finds us here,

they will see the arch of your hand extended  
in corpse-like rigour, and they will hear  
the quirk of your lips when you sleep.

Maybe we are negative space in a vacuum  
predetermined to collapse.

Maybe we are galaxies colliding, never meeting,  
incomprehensible, eternal.

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*Author's Note: The Golden Record is a time capsule that was launched with Voyager in 1977, designed to portray life on Earth. It contains music, sounds of nature, greetings spoken in 55 languages, as well as instructions on how the record is to be played. It will be 40,000 years before the capsule approaches any other planetary system.*

Jhermayne Ubalde, Winner in the About Us poetry competition