

starlight

they dot the
inky canvas; spots of
ember, burning holes
in the imposing abyss.
they say each star is dead,
and all we see are the
hollow corpses of
celestial radiance. but in the
million years it took for
their glows to reach
our blood and flesh,
those incomprehensible
magnitudes dissolved into
hushed whispers of
beguiled awe. in those bated
seconds as we
intertwined with the strands
of the universe,
these earthly worries
felt so small, scatterings
in the boundless narratives
of converging starlight.