

*in space*  
Sarah Street

I'm captivated by the lunisolar efforts of the sky  
with invisible threads woven between planets and asteroids  
marrying the sun and the moon in an eternal stolen dance,  
stolen glance,  
a perpetual amorous trance.

A gallery of burning stars spectate with burning envy  
the union unreachable by them  
as they endure,  
strung up in vacant darkness, resplendent only  
by their own stale glow.

I'm fizzling, my feet fixed to the concrete of  
my little frozen over world,  
longing for a vantage higher than this,  
a purpose more than this,  
and an accomplice—  
forever linked in joint motion  
spirit  
and duty  
and life.

A lunisolar affair,  
mine and theirs alone,  
transcending the jealousy and malice  
of those forlorn onlooking stars.  
Will I too be a star forever?