

Life cycles

Twenty years feels like limbo
Like I'm standing on the edge of the Berlin Wall
Which is strange because it's not there anymore
Or most of it isn't anyway.
Less, than a year ago, because my brother
Sent me a piece.

I'm on the edge of the woods
But I can't tell if I'm going in or
Coming out,
So I just pace up and down the trees
Like they're soldiers and I'm their drill sergeant.

Twenty years feels like nothing
And in another twenty, I'll be forty
And will it still feel like nothing
And will I still be standing in this same spot
Thinking, hell, what I have I been doing with all
this time?

Have I done anything but stare at the stars?

If I have had a daughter,
I would like her to have grown up to be just like
my mother
And a boy, just like my father
Except without the obsessive need for
A perfectly clean stove top.

Will the sky still look as big
Because it seemed big when I was little
But now that I understand that we are
93 million miles from the closest star
And beyond that the next one is
Proxima Centauri which is 25 trillion miles away

It seems so much deeper and darker
And so much more forlorn.

It first occurs to me that it
Must be lonely to be Proxima Centauri
But then I think
It must be peaceful
To just sit there combusting

Dwindling away, spewing

Infant iron into the void.

When it dies
It will take everything around it down too
Peel it atom by atom through a point in space
So thickly dense with matter and with time
That telescopes can't even see them.

I would rather be a star
A burning ball of plasma
Held together by my own gravity
Than this amorphous
Rattling being
Held together by ligaments and cartilage
And a prayer.