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Category: Poetry

Stars

Stars (Studying and Perfection tried to ruin me)

I've spent so much time trying to use scientific principles and trying to demonstrate theories that I forgot why I was drawn to it.

I became obsessed with the faults of my own learning capabilities.

I used to sit outside in the dark for hours, watching our magic dust balls.

Now, I'm sitting trying to figure out all the complexities and I feel like a failure when my brain begins to fail me.

Why did I love them in the first place?

I'm making myself forget.

Looking at them again, I remember.

Because it's art.

Because it's communication between atoms.

Because it's communication between the Heavens and me.

Because it's light and hope.

Because it's darkness and comfort.

Being in the light and shining feels good.

After a while, it can become overwhelming.

The dark is a nice place to close my eyes and rest and to explore.

The stars and ideas of the universe are not concrete.

They're limitless and ever-expanding,

Just like me.

I am made from stardust.

So the evidence of

Creation

Spins

Explosions

Energy

Heat

And entities of life

lie in

Stellar Nucleosynthesis and me.