

Who do we become by the shadows doing?

Fragmented matter will scatter across skin  
and open galactic wounds, and I mean stars, not wounds  
There will come a day in each of our lives  
when stars hold our bodies hostage  
not unlike love in a breezeless summer vacuum  
We will hold each other long, close and not know why  
and we will understand that our skin  
our ephemeral epidermis, is the container for withering light  
We will hold each other questionlessly, fast and close  
and our hearts will pulse in anticipation of dying stars and the end  
the endless dawn of the shadows  
I will hold you until that day when, tethered, we become a supernova  
exploding all the matter that's drawn my body into yours

