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Swirls

Molly McGowan

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Swirls

i have forgotten how far
the stars are
being so close to touch, but never to hold
i feel am made of stardust
i miss reaching for the sky
included in the night's ventures
like it is all i've ever known
to be swept from the ground
thrown into an elliptical galaxy
to feel as old as time itself
stars woven into my hair like wool carefully woven into someone's favorite sweater
right ascension and declination leading me from galaxy to galaxy
spiral
looking bright but feeling dim
is it just the galaxy or how i feel within?
following constellations through my telescope
feeling a part of something bigger than myself
i will never stop loving the sky
i will never stop greeting the stars
i will never stop exploring the galaxy through the small windows of my eyes
but most of all i will always be made of stardust.

Molly McGowan