

Lehnen, I, The Rocket

speeding through darkness, searching for my purpose.
stars and trumpets pull north from my compass.
sewn up, undone, so much past to run from.
i was searching for the sun.
there's so much space.
i, the rocket, spinning out of orbit.
you, the soft kiss, whispered on my eyelids.
i'm still hopeful, running low on fuel.
brightness, pull me into you.
there's so much space.