

I Slingshotted Myself Through Space

Where does a comet intend to go?/thinks the astronomer, watching through telescope glass/
Perhaps/what it says/was the intended destination/all along/is marked/solely by the minute its
glacial face has burnt/crisp/the only point/to fight its exhausted/dying embers/leaving a trail of
proof/Sisyphusian loops through the icy primordial dark/heading/heading/

Where?

Where am I even going? /thinks the comet/rummaging within its body to find/a hidden reservoir
of fuel/more of itself/to consume in flames/

Shall I just wait this out?/Push against/the boundaries of the cosmos/tightrope walk a black
hole's event horizon/or shoot straight/back home to the Hand of God Nebulae?

There/it thinks/I'll lay out the little bits and pieces of myself/as an offering of kindling/Give it to
the next bright and wide eyed traveler/who knows exactly where they're headed.

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