

Interstellar Elegy

A dog a few streets over howls,
a sound that cuts and bleeds.
A mutt, a mammal,
Laika, Laika,
she has faith in he who feeds.
A calf lies dormant in a paddock,
born to move but far from nomadic,
too young to know faith but faithful nonetheless.
He died like a sinner with no sins to confess.
Somewhere up North there's a woman in the slums,
resisting temptation but forced to succumb.
Way up high, a mighty kingdom yields,
a collapse of an empire, the dark night conceals.
The death of a star, interstellar supernova, so close, so far.
A nebula, a fetus, to a minute vacuum of light,
interstellar supernova, a miracle of night.
Perpendicular shapes and souls combine at every breath.
A starving mutt, a life unjust, is all the same in death.
A fallen tree that no one heard: a dormancy so discreet.
Interstellar supernova: all death divinely meets.