

Spacially Unavailable
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Growing up in the stars is easier
than you'd think.

No one bothers you.

Sure, maybe a comet comes around
every 133 years – but other than that?
You sit in complete and utter imbalance of
gaping silence and inadequate space.

All my life I've watched the sun
and moon flirt – from my brilliant seat
I have seen the Earth get in the way of the
universe's most epic romance.

Shooting stars are simply my attempt to
put Earth back in its place.

See, growing up in the stars is easier
than you'd think.

Except when it isn't.

The vacuum of it all draws you in – while you
unwittingly help the planets collide into a tangled mess.
And as humanity breathes its first and last you
simply breathe a sigh of relief – thinking,

“Thank God that's the end of it.”

And I, I have fallen into a black hole
all while watching it fall apart – attempting
to direct the chaos into something beautiful.
But haven't we all? Fallen?