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Celestial

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Kylie Walsh

When it comes down to it,
love is gravity.
We read about it, make graphs,
pass secrets back and forth,
desperate to understand what is keeping us here.

In the beginning
everything was pushed apart
only to be pulled back together
in an attempt to make sense of it all.

So I wonder:
If love and gravity are the same force
pressing down on different parts of these
heavenly bodies, what did that make us?

I looked at him like he was all
the universe had to offer,
infinity pressed together.
I mapped constellations across his face
hoping one day I could find myself there.

One day I will supernova,
everything pushed out,
to occupy all the space I am entitled to.
Conflicting forces finally at ease.

Ask me if I loved him
I will say no,
he was too focused on keeping me
here.

