a world of your own

i have named a planet for you. it circles a star whose light will never reach us.

i can’t see it from earth but i know where it is: away, away, away,

behind the black hole, on the far side of the galaxy.

i realize with the left of my head that i will never set foot there

but setting foot and setting mind are two different things.

there are 100 billion stars in our little wheel, and more stories than that on our homeworld alone.

your planet is a blue of the bluest kind, an archipelago of volcanic islands in an unpolluted sea.

creatures of feather and scale swirl over its painted surface.

in the darkest of nights your name is written in stars. it is an accident, but it means more than all the holy books combined.

i have named one of your moons, the purple one with the storm of green, for myself.