

You're always gravitating around me.

Some scintillating substance
caught in my gravity,
unable to sever ties and let loose.

With every fluttering of eyelids
I spy your veridian stare,
sentiments concealed under
scores of aurora,
borealis bending and breaking,
shaded stratum sliding over
your ceramic skin.

You always hung so high over me,
like satellites.

"like satellites"