

a telescope

If I could craft a telescope
From graphite you could look
At the solar system inside my head
A bright white holy book
It's a glittering galactic junkyard
Littered with moving parts
Amidst the chaos of it all
You'd see two star-crossed hearts
Two vessels tessellate into
A brilliant meaningless one
Enraptured in heavenly orbit
Surrounding the gods and sun

Two silly old souls at a diner
Off the exit, silence pulled up a seat
And their eyelids fell deeper than Neptune
That's when I knew it was meant to be

Once I held an atlas in my lap
The whole world laid soft and blue
I felt destined to trace each border
But I want none of that without you