how far will you
careen from your warm cradle? cold
and cruel is the black stranglehold
of dark. pray tell me, is it true

that still you think yourself aloof,
immune to loneliness, unfazed
by whipping winds that strip and flay?
it must be so: when gripped by youth,
your neighbor is a stranger, closed
to your interrogation. "strength
lies in belying your great warmth."
(this fib becomes the oldest ghost

that haunts you.) distance only grows.
out here in space, you ill flare, expand
with fusion, and then wither, damned
to shrink until black and go

unquietly into that good
night. no one seeks your mid-life calm.
they're drawn to spectacle. the dumb-
struck watchers of the guest star took

explosion as a sign. of what?
you cannot say. ignore them: your
fires cry aloud. your stellar forge
glows ravenous for matter, sought