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Peter: Keeper of the Sky

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Author Bio

Stephen is a first-year tentative Environmental Studies and German double major from Concord, Massachusetts. He is currently a German PLA. He plays in the Jazz Band and on the ultimate team.

Peter: Keeper of the Sky

Stephen Lin

They are stuck in endless orbit
Some have wheels, rolling in different ways,
Some are red, black—all colors
Some are fragile, some sturdy. From the Americas to
Zambia. It all culminates in this one place
Stories, waiting to be finished.
What do you pack when
You're going on the trip of a lifetime? What souvenirs
And nirvanas can you bring back? Peter:
One of the twelve, watches each baggage
Disappear through the corral with the rest
Destination unknown, do you, yourself, ever come back?
Or are postcards all that's left?
Families, vacationers, explorers. Whole groups exist
Touring their own worlds. Their own agendas:
Will I need sunscreen? I heard it's bright up there.
They don't see you. Too preoccupied with excitement
Of reuniting with their loved ones.
You don't see them. They coalesce
Spilling across the polished floors. He trudges
Through the murmuring ocean. Peter:
The retired fisherman, surveying the depths for
Interim souls. Things to pocket here, spare change
And there, the forgotten gems of our era
Buried under waves. The unread
Novelettes floating on oscillating abundance of
Belongings. Totems that have defined our whole lives
It's a damn mess of treasure, hidden. Peter:
The janitor mopping the excrement, keeping the
Realm pearly white as the hair on his head. And the strokes
On his face tell a harsh tale, for such a simple life. Lost,
You hand him your ticket and he has,
For such humble occupations, great authority
To send us to our final destinations. Peter:
The keeper of the sky.