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## Peter: Keeper of the Sky

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## Peter: Keeper of the Sky

### **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.