Perseus in Want

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Author Bio
Julia M. Chin is a first-year English major with a minor in Music at the conservatory. Books have been her best friends long before words and long after. When not ensconced in a novel nook, she passes the time ranting about fictional romances, displaying a lack of motor control through swing dance, or attempting to make others laugh. Like Jane Eyre, she “would always rather be happy than dignified.”

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I hate the fact that you’re a clichéd metaphor with a Classics degree and a penchant for telescopes,

so I’m meeting you halfway: between left and right brain. I admit there are stars in your eyes. But they’re not for me.

They’re a dull, Grecian hue, glazed over with an edge of steel similar to an engine on Apollo 13 or some other overzealous endeavor to learn more, do more, be more.

Misguided, I’ve sent out countless expeditions to your supernova eyes and the universe locked within.

At this rate, I’m surprised there’s not a miniature flag with my initials embroidered in red, planted firmly in the obliterating vastness of your cornea.

That uncolonized planet rivals Saturn with its sapphire rings and the supermassive black hole that lies at its center, swallowing me whole in a single heartbeat, till the point that I am nothing but a black speck.
Foolish not to have foreseen the dangerous, forlorn circumstances of the unreciprocated nature of your world,

I seek to make contact; however, I reach for you, and my arms only close around vacuous, oxygen-deprived space and time.

Chained to a craggy bluff here on Earth, my fingertips only dip into the milky water of stars lapping at my thighs as it rises higher.

And I look to the sky and curse the astronomer and the snake-headed woman and the reflection which gave you your beginning and end.

I remain a speck, out of your mind and nearly out of mine, while they have made you Immortal, always in sight and always out of reach.