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Stellar Matter

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Stellar Matter

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Author Bio

Eric Kozlik was born and raised in a dirt-floored, one-story log cabin nestled in the heart of Massachusetts bear country. He discovered his talent for writing when he was given a pen and paper for his sixteenth birthday and has not looked back since. During the off-season, he enjoys taming shrews, underwater basket weaving, and competitive knitting, along with track and field and improv comedy. He believes that the quickest way to a man's heart is through the left side of his rib cage, and that revenge is a dish best served with a side of onion rings.

Stellar Matter

*"We are bits of stellar matter that got cold by accident,
bits of star gone wrong." –Sir Arthur Eddington*

How dark a day it must have been
(for we seemed so bright)
wishing upon our lucky selves
that we could have stayed~
because the firmament is softer than it seems.

We spoke only in hushed flickers
swallowed up by a deepening dusk
waiting for night
and the remaining tears of derision
to shine coldly down from infinite cheeks
on us prodigal suns.

(It was only light)
Years ago, we were just a twinkle in someone's sky.
I guess we got too real,
too hot,
burning a hole in the pocket of some deranged galaxy.

And, like so many Mercuries,
We plummeted down as if some child
had plucked the little wings from our sandals
one by one
(moon by sun)
Just to send a thousand wishes
simultaneously hurtling
after the dizzying tails of our descent.

And now, at day's end,
when we return to our singular craters,
we silently pray for clouds
lest we stare too intently
at our own crystalline potential
and wake the neighbors
by glowing too brightly.