

SILKY SPARKLY STARS

Gracie Marsman

Hold me,
so I can feel your universe protect me.
Scoop me in all of your mighty blackness and into all of its depths.
Let me bathe in one of your many milky ways
so I can wash myself clean with a silky sponge I've picked from your stars
until I am sparkling from the inside out.

Why do your stars fit so symmetrically into each of my non-symmetrical grooves,
nooks, pores?
You say I am glowing,
but do you realize it's because of you?
You let me breathe a breath so wide and clear
I cannot help but take in a spoonful of your universe;
pocket your stars into the darkest chambers of my chest
and let them fill my lungs until I am spilling my universe into you.

Now my whole wide world is open
and I wonder if you can see through it?
Will you hold my hand as you walk through it?
Please, tell me what you find within it.
Because I have stars too—silky and sparkly.