

TRANSCENDING THE NEED

Miles Patterson

I want the warmth of the sun
to satiate my desperate need for love
a need
that waxes and wanes
like a moon in fixed orbit
a need
that will never die
like a star going supernova
a need
born in a black hole

Warmth from the sun
is not enough
to satisfy
alone

The love I need
is not from outer space
but grows deep within the crust
of Planet Me