

## To the Stars

The less traveled path is alluring because it smells a whisper of fragmented masterpieces,  
Glow that once flowered whither in afterlife's illumination, intensity becomes colorless,  
Brushstrokes depart me pondering how you will gloss me over, a delicate melody entertains itself on her radio,  
My building is breathing like how you bear down the blouses of entity's existence, extend my power because I am of womankind, I am competence, I've gone missing like teeth,  
And let your tears of wine turn to dust as they are bloodshot,  
Like your affection, flaming scarlet is forevermore in my imagination.  
Angel mist strikes me faithful and I marvel at where the little ones will idle away,  
Wax and cables connect the cosmos, this is no daughter's world,  
and I fantasize the determination and ecstasy on this infant's expression as she attains how to move on her feet,  
express but later express abuse, banned discussions that pain and carve the calm like blades,  
This is how she grasps it, from the ones that appeared in the past,  
A heartbroken story as breath shatters with blaze and melts a gash through my heart,  
One that's not disposable,  
I dream up satchels to deliver to you but not overflowing with cash,  
Loaded with passion and daybreak's final cracking, an exasperated moan in the hush of twilight,  
I catch a glimpse of translucent baby blues exploding and your lips imply "I love you."  
For I clasp this torch beloved and before you splinter and puff it out, I'll question you,  
"Where do you want me to take you?"

You'll reply "To the stars."

-Michaela Steiner