

Outermost

The girl I saw through the James Webb Telescope

Somewhere, out there, the light is setting off
In lengthening strides through space
From stars oblivate.
I see it, as it was, before it was,
The dust that used to be
Before it came to me.

I see the form that holds what now is mine,
These leaseheld particles
The matter of a life.
Years after dust, the image also falls:
The photon passing through
Still brings me news of you.

Out there, upon a desolated world,
The sparkling of your eyes
Exceeds the atmosphere,
Leaping reflected past the empty skies
To spark a current lust
In this successor dust.

