

Star Dust

Geoffrey Reiter

They say that we are made of stars, and I
Reply, "So what?" Five billion years ago
The frothing fire's primeval cosmic glow,
That chilled and scattered like the sparks that fly
From ashen embers, cooled into the sigh
Of settling atoms; molecules would grow,
Would knit to proteins, breathing life, and so
Across the aeons our cells multiply.

But what of that? A star is plasma burning,
Its slow flame dying, flaring in the deep.
If these are stars, bright mites within the dark,
How can it matter that within me, churning,
The dust of distant suns may slowly sleep
If at my last breath I can't keep their spark?