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The Gravity of a Life  

Elizabeth Ponds

I’ve got my ambitions, but I need the gravity of a situation.
I’m situated in the dead zone.
It’s the Zone of Avoidance where telescopes will not discover me –
A lone planet sustaining life.

I’ve got a constellation, but I need the glitter of the Milky Way.
I’m waylaid by the weak force;
It’s the force of our natures pushing and pulling without relief –
A dozen fixed orbital patterns.

I need to
b r e a k away.

No, I don’t need to be Kelly Clarkson.
I need the gravity of a life
That drags me off my orbital plane to careen into a fiery wormhole.

I need out of this inner space
That pulls me in my circles on the way to nowhere but here.
I need the gravity of a life
That takes me through hyperspace to a zone of endurance.

This  e m p   t y  floating can fuck off into the void.