

Kaleidoscope

The first concussion cut the rocket up the side like a giant can opener.
The men were thrown into space like a dozen wriggling silverfish.
They were scattered into a dark sea; and the ship, in a million pieces
a meteor swarm seeking a lost sun.

The sound of voices calling like lost children on a cold night.

“We’re going away from each other.”

“Which way are you going?”

“It looks like I’ll hit the moon.”

“It’s Earth for me I’ll burn like a match

“I don’t want to die, I don’t want to die

It’s a long way down.”

I wonder, “if anyone’ll see me?”

"Look, Mom, look! A falling star!"

“Make a wish, “Make a wish.