

MotHeRhood

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L O, how our sun lives:  
alone it silently spins,  
o turning aBout its axis and  
n burning without complaint.  
e around it, the eArth does race  
l in its elliptical orbit tightly encased  
y because if it were not For the light and  
gravity the sun pours, the earth would  
a into the endless void and be Gone. but the sun,  
r its death eminent but far, refuses to abandon our  
e world; itself it continues to slowly Kill, waiting for  
something quite as simple as a halt in our fighting and arguing  
throughout titan's cold blue rain that tumbles froM clouds of methane.

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T hose without help.