O, how our sun lives:

alone it silently spins,

turning about its axis and

burning without complaint.

around it, the Earth does race

in its elliptical orbit tightly encased

because if it were not for the light and

gravity the sun pours, the earth would

into the endless void and be gone. But the sun,

its death eminent but far, refuses to abandon our

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.

Those without help.