Moth Erhood
Alexandra Terlesky

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.

Those without help.