

Blindsided by Margaret Chang

She was always quite the wanderer.
In a nebulous corner, she found me:
unmade, unformed, *unborn*.
Even then, she became my gravity,
pulling me until I was there,
bright and burning and *afraid*.

Instead, she was intrigued,
wondering what had prompted the change.
For her, I would have fueled my fire with my ashes,
consuming everything if that was what pleased her.

But soon, my shiny, new blue wasn't enough.
I shone green, white, yellow,
reduced to a friendly star in a distant system,
visits rarer than the blue moon of one of my planets.

Eventually, my light had become red,
a burbling, simmering, dull red.
By cycles, I've been lulled into this fragile haze.
When will she come back?
No, I don't need her.
If there's nothing to lose, what will I be hurt by?

Then, she came back, a sparkle in her eyes.
I wonder who it's for?
"Oh star light, star bright, I have come to see you."
"Space traveler, what brings you to my part of the universe?"
"You see, my dear, I thought it was right to tell you!"
"What news do you come bearing?"
"I've found a someone to be with forever."

In that moment, I was no longer I,
I was a star in the throes of its death.
My world crashed in, I've collapsed into myself.
I wanted to hide, never to be found be.

From the wreckage, I was forged anew,
intensity never to be the same,
but it's the light that I've come to accept.
I've learned to live for myself,
lest letting others rule my flame.