STEFANIA GOMEZ

Elegy: North Star

	After	circling	
	he was	/ at night,	
	gone there	drowning	
	were so many	out all else	
	satellites	with a shine	
until one day,	V		we easily mistook
after years,			for organic.
it dies.			So hard to
			discern
			41
1:1.			
_			
to be alive			light pollution,
	1		
	/	dims.	
	like		
light one never understood to be alive	Absence devours, grief tears logic wide. Almost like	smog, thinning air. The world he left daily dims.	the heavenly bodies with all this light pollution,