



## Michael D Boot

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The cosmos weaves a quiet thread,  
Where wandering comets softly tread,  
And galaxies in silence spin,  
To hide the dark that lies within.  
A giant fades, its furnace spent,  
Across the stellar firmament.  
It does not vanish, torn and blind,  
But leaves its glowing dust behind.

The nebula, a swirling ghost,  
Embraces what it loved the most—  
A silver seed for worlds to be,  
Released into eternity

For nothing dies in endless space,  
It merely shifts its resting place,  
And lights the dark with every spark,  
To guide the voyager through the dark