

**WHY THE JOURNEY'S FAR**

*by Charlee Jacob*

ever other worlds,  
flyspecks of cold ore  
between suns,  
always seem to be leaving,  
pockets full of sand,  
the last sip of their water  
clattering about on your tongue,  
look out and see  
what elected to travel with you,  
pressed against the outside hull,  
a single ghost condensed  
from all the other ghosts you leave behind,  
countless as the freckles  
on the love back home  
who never writes,  
conquest  
theft  
dreams.  
and then the night unzips,  
time queer with spirals  
flashes with your death,  
whispers free of wind,  
shadows in the music,  
hungry  
lonely  
sleepless.  
how much space do you need  
before the horizons disappear,  
before your fears are eaten by the dark,  
before the distance you've run  
equals the hole in your line of sight?  
moon  
blind  
tomorrow.