

Perseids

We wished on shooting stars that night
When tomorrow still brimmed with hope
They slipped through moonbeams
And illuminated the sky
Whilst we spoke about our futures
As if every path would stretch
Forever in our favour
As if every door
Led to promises of
Adventure, fulfilment
Our one true love
And opened with ease.
How innocent, how naive we were
That warm August night
All those years ago
When we laid on the hood
Of your dad's old Chevy
And entrusted our wishes
Our hopes, our biggest, wildest dreams
On tiny grains of comet dust
Posing as shooting stars.