



## ***Crying to the Stars***

Your departure came too soon

So, I crawled-  
                  onto the Moon  
To cuddle weakly-  
                  with the Stars

In hopes- that it would heal the wounds  
Before they left me-  
          those ugly;  
          tale telling scars  
and somehow, end up published-  
          onto Mars

Where the world could see it all  
and make of me, a twice awarded goon