

India Harris

The Scientist

Oh take me back to the start,
at the moment where opposites attract,
for this is where we begin.

We were both made from stardust
and blood rust
as the sky began seeping liquid gold,
the kind that still refracts through your eyes.

I'm not sure when we collected this specimen of sadness.
Helium and hydrogen hauled together
at our heart's core.

I keep us cold in a glass jar,
but secretly hope there is
no possibility of preservation.

You tell me there is
always something I could have done differently.

There is
nothing
in between.

For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

In between
nothing,
there is
always something I could have done differently.

You tell me there is
no possibility of preservation -
but secretly hope there is.

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at our heart's core.
Helium and hydrogen hauled together.

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the kind that still refracts through your eyes.

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