

Tell Us, Comet

by Wendy Darling

Ice and dust, you hurtle
Through the vacuum of space.
In your wake, time.
In your sight, time.
Time again to make a visit.

What do you see on your journey?
Who do you visit?
Is it only we who know you?
Only we who see you?
Are we alone in the Universe?

Or are there others,
Who point, or shriek in fear,
Or calculate your orbits?
Do others track you
With powerful instruments?

Tell us, comet,
Tell us of your journey.
Where did you come from?
How were you born?
When will you die?