



Air Mail and Falling Stars

Jessica Chen & Nathan Stables

Watercolor and Gel Pen

Crystallized light drizzles
down to the asphalt, flattening
out in concentric circles on contact.
These flashes interrupt the chaos in your
eyes, lightening the pure black in your pupils.
Momentarily, I see the fear of abandonment
I've been trying to understand.
The glint of the starburst, the sunburst
closing in, not separated anymore by dead space,
The silk fabric of clouds is unraveling,
lazily dripping down while the solid earth
loosens, disintegrating upwards to the heavens.
Gravity relinquishes me; I find myself ascending
alongside confused ocean critters,
crumbling cityscapes.
Somehow, I manage to tolerate the impressing
heat, the thinning air, and accept
that our bodies are truly fragile vessels
because your gaze keeps me cool, your presence
drives my breath, and your essence
dulls the existential pain.
And in these final moments, as the concept
of land and sky, space and time become so
utterly
devoid of meaning,
your light persists and I understand you
more than ever before. I reach out my hand,
unsurprised to feel yours already there waiting,
and with one last embrace you know
you'll never be alone.