

ABOUT US

The Beach of Space

What are we?

If just but a grain of sand on a cosmic beach,
With the milky way as the ocean,
Flooding space,
Washing ashore stars like shells,
They're pretty but we don't mourn their death,

With billions of kilometres of space,
There are bound to be more,

when we see the beauty of the planets that are around the galaxy like
islands,
that one day may sink or be destroyed,

we set sail to these places.

How do we know they exist?
If we see them in the past,

are they still here?

Dillon Watt, Highly Commended in the About Us poetry competition