

## **To: Mothers Who Feel Worlds Away And Aborted Suns**

I wish I could've told my younger self that *he* was meant for  
Power,  
Convinced him the way I did my exes father the second time.  
Took him out for lunch, blueberry pancakes, and  
Preached him testimonies of, "I will 'man up' and take care of my  
responsibilities".  
Little did he know,  
my sermon was a promise to not be driven to madness by people  
who are now past-tense.  
Honestly my hands get tense when I fear becoming my own Black  
Hole.  
I am a variable through the space continuum but my being stands  
here – whole.

A whole adolescent brave enough to sit down a grown man, and  
admit his mistakes  
Striving to recreate a world where he is not defined by beauty and  
revelry; but his name a Legend synonymous with the seeds planted  
in the chaos.  
Dear, Black Hole  
Consumer of the Sun in its path  
Consumer of horizons craving nature's blue  
Why did you Eclipse the love of we, and becomes a telescope only  
focused on you?  
Dear, Dad.  
Funny how even blue berry waffles start to look like mirrors and  
the milky way, huh?  
How they smell of warm cake mix, stardust, and you can wish  
upon the perfect squares  
dancing in harmony....  
Or at least wish on the memories coming back, like a shooting star  
soon forgotten.

Dad, I miss your secret recipe, home made, from scratch, with love.  
They were Wet Too.  
But like the smell of fresh cake mix,  
You too soon became just another thing to wish upon.  
And now this Black Hole grows closer to me as I Atlas the weight of too many worlds on my shoulders.  
Dear Aborted,  
The pain of not being able to show you, Orion – that I could be better than I ever was ever taught is killing me.  
Reign, I wanted to show you a way through the pain of your mother having the same name as mine.  
O, I love you, and I know you are dancing among the stars like 3 King's  
Reign, I love the power behind your name and the comfort it brings.  
Mom.... though my love never goes,  
I didn't deserve to be the sun consumed by a Black Hole.  
Even the largest stars do not deserve the pain and wrath that someone else once wished upon you.  
But I promise,  
that I will never become the Black Hole that consumes my family,  
The same way you let your solar system consume countless casualties too.

By: Alejend Bowman

Inspiration: *Dark at the Edge of the Woods* by Sheryl Budnik