

We shot to the stars

In a race,

A mad dash,

The insane idea of space travel.

I looked over at you,

But a dot in the black.

All you are is a name on my console,

A solitary flashing light.

Limited to conjecture and hypothesis,

I stare at your name.

May my words reach you through the soundless.

I know you not,

But I know this.

To choose to sail in the inky void,

Is proof enough.

So let's dance,

two white dots,

twirling,

floating.

Let us hope,

That foolish, beautiful hope.

Let us love,

My Dearest Cosmonaut, you found me.

Just to love.

My Dearest Cosmonaut, you found me.