

a  
sky  
of our  
heaven  
is fraught  
with martyrs  
of 28 thousand  
stars. I've looked  
for yours for years, and  
I think I'm close to finding you.  
Can we sit in this quiet cosmos for a bit longer?  
I don't think I'm ready to speak. I haven't had to for decades, so  
I'm sorry if I sound hoarse. Do you really want to see me? Are you sure that  
I'm the one you want, and you aren't just hoping for a second try  
at something you've never experienced? Is this  
anything? Are we anything? Could  
we try to be? I've been  
hoping, and maybe  
I shouldn't be,  
but I think I  
want this  
to work  
well  
for  
us  
.