

The Stars by A Goodman

Oh how lovely it would be to find myself again,
To be the girl I once knew.
Maybe not exactly her,
But close enough so I recognize myself in the mirror.

I use to have goals, you see.
A plan, a dream.
Maybe all of that is lost far away.
Perhaps it's no further than the galaxy.

My thoughts used to land among the stars,
Swim from planet to planet.
Now I can't see further than my driveway.
Perhaps that isn't such a bad thing.

Maybe I need time to be lost.
Maybe I need to dream once more of the stars,
Or maybe I need to learn to love myself down on earth.
Learn to be happy where I am.

There is the possibility that I'm not lost at all,
That I just finally have returned home after my space journey.
After all, all astronauts need to come back down.
Humans can't stay among the stars forever.