

# Star

By Megan Lutz

Star.

it's cold.  
it's freezing.  
those days of winter before the coats.  
there's a fresh wind even.  
the bus stops.  
you're free.  
walkingwalkingrunningrunningrunning  
home.  
emptycolddarkalone  
up the stairs  
I go.  
slow  
it's just slow.  
time stalls and you don't know why.  
you see Her,  
frail, fragile, frightening,  
talkingtalkingtalkingtalking  
only a few tears.  
then IT happens.  
time freezes altogether  
you're completely frozen in place.  
coughingcoughingcoughingcoughing  
you're stuck  
you cannot move  
what help even are you?  
She's gone.  
gone.  
cryingcryingcryingsobbingsobbingsobbingsobbing  
after all you're all alone.  
alone.  
emptycolddarkalone.  
and She'll always be gone.  
always.  
another Star in heaven.

*Megan Lutz is from a small town in southwest Iowa. She's a sophomore in English and journalism, but likes to tell people that she's a words engineer. Her favorite pastimes are rollerblading, collecting things, and writing.*