

Supernova

It is the destiny of stars to collapse,
Their burning hearts are too heavy, so out of sight.
They fold inward. Undone by their own maps,
A silence faster than any light.
A star must end in a violent flame.
For it's written, no one is to blame.

Yet they are still called upon, some say Apollo.
They are dreaming of yesterday.
They are dreaming of tomorrow.
Ashes write their hymns as they decay.
While the days lose their luminance,
Stories are whispered into adolescence.

Upon the flame, new life is seen.
A broken night; a thousand worlds became.
Between ruins, beauty becomes so obscene,
The stars no longer dream.
Life begins again,
From ashes it did then.

Author's Note

I wrote **Supernova** to compare the life of a star to the stages of life on Earth. A supernova grows, collapses, and regenerates, a process all living things experience. Therefore, this poem highlights how the cycles of change and renewal are universal among all living things. This idea forms a kind of scientific blueprint for how life evolves and how we understand the world around us.

doi: 10.15173/sw.v1i5.4053

Author: Salma Abuzaiter¹

¹McMaster University, Faculty of Science, Bachelor of Science (Honours) 2028

Illustrator: Japleen Saini²

²McMaster University, Faculty of Health Sciences, Bachelor of Health Sciences (Honours Biochemistry) 2028