



## 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.

doi: 10.15173/sw.v1i5.4053

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