

I just wrote this, and I can only share this shit with the likes of you, so here goes...

Ewww!

When I die,
My atoms will come undone;
I'll be space dust, once again.

The wind will carry me;
Scatter me everywhere;
Like dandelions in springtime.

I'll visit worlds and alien moons;
It will be so damned poetic-
Until I land on your sandwich.

Charlotte
10/13