

Ghost Transmission

Trapped in the static of time itself
There is your exiled twin
You see her in her shiny exosuit
Made impossibly young again
In that final streaming
You recorded decades ago

Her vast city ship was slowing
As she alone piloted the approach
And with the colony mission finished
Those cryopods and habitats delivered
Her future was almost guaranteed
An icon among the new and vital

Her smile vivid as a solar flare
Yet so far far beyond
A simple state of solitude
Yes this is when you inevitably
Too want to feel as singular
As untethered as she chose to be

This is when you know at last
Truly know why you loved her
Though you've never heard
From her world again

—Robert Frazier

