

Miles To Go Before We Rest

Behold Ultima Thule,
ancient, eyeless, nose-less
and with no mouth to speak of
way out there in the Belt.

A time worn fertility figure,
abandoned after our solar system's
birth and slow formation.

New Horizon's snapshots
taken on the flyby, as if from the
backseat of a speeding car;

time-delayed digital postcards
sent from our solar system's edge,
this side of the heliosphere,

NASA's sophisticated
odometers racking up billions
of more miles, with many yet to
travel before we rest.

—G. O. Clark

