



## Telescope

We peer back in time with hexagonal mirrors,  
thinly cloaked in gold.

Gazing at stars that died long ago,  
we guess what our future might hold.

We follow the light to the edge of existence,  
the gap between galaxies growing.

I wonder, once *our* star goes dark –  
will someone peer back at the glowing?

*by Lisa Varchol Perron*

