

# SPACE

Josephine Bullock

LOPEZ ELEMENTARY SCHOOL | 5<sup>TH</sup> GRADE

The sun, the moon, the stars  
Come out at day, come out at night.  
The sun shines brightly across my face  
While the moon goes back to the shimmering bed of space.  
A cool breeze falls gently across my body  
Like a swan gliding across the dazzling bay.

I am a satellite in space, happy and content  
Although isolated and all alone at the same time.  
The feelings swirl around me, sucking me into the eye of the storm.  
I am a tornado.

In the clouds, calm and carefree.  
The peace of space envelopes me.  
Lying there not wanting to go back to stale reality,  
I look up and I see you, the wonderful sparkling you  
And all my problems have vanished  
Into the breeze that howls in my ear  
As I float in the beautiful shimmering darkness of space.

