

**Michael Kagan**  
It Lasts Forever

May 25 — July 30, 2022

*Forever*

Grandpa spent forty years  
Staring  
Lyra  
Cygnus  
Draco  
Pisces  
Forty years  
Dreaming  
Leo, Cancer, Aries, Cassiopea  
Forty years  
Working  
Ursa Major Ursa Minor  
Gemini  
The Magical Three of the Hunter, of Pyramid Correlation, of Stonehenge, of Hopi  
Mounds and Lunar Mansions, of speculation and myth, hope and belief, the Magical Three  
of the Hunter  
Orion  
Grandpa started early  
And the Astronaut's earliest memories are of the stars and the sky, blackness, infinity  
They would walk  
Hand-in-hand  
On nights when the moon was gone  
And the only light  
Came from  
Forever  
Out the door  
Across the lawn  
Through an empty forest of towering green  
An ocean of still reeds  
A hard smooth polished white concrete road  
Rarely used  
This barren road  
Symbols appearing  
Signs  
Warnings  
Gates that they climb  
Hand-in-hand  
Until they arrived  
A giant circle  
Burned  
Covered in fuel stains  
Deep marks repaired, caused by falling debris  
Launch Pad  
A taking-off place  
Conduit to the eternal  
Site to seek the vast unknown  
They would lie in the middle  
Without words  
Holding hands  
No Moon  
Staring  
An hour two three or four  
Staring  
The tingling bright of whatever you believe

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God  
The Big Bang  
A simulation  
It didn't matter how or what or who  
It was there  
Space  
They were there  
Billions  
And billions  
Billions and billions more  
Tingling  
Bright  
Forever away and eternal  
The stars our stars their stars who knows whose  
Stars  
Where they are might or  
What might be  
Among them

– James Frey, writer.