

# Relic

Sometimes, in the middle of the night,  
trudging back from a visit to the bathroom,  
I feel like that piece of space flotsam,  
Ultima Thule, endlessly circling the sun.  
I touch down onto my bed,  
some billion miles beyond Pluto,  
lay back down in the Kuiper Belt of dark dreams,  
hardly recalling the days when I, too,  
was a celestial body, and you were alive,  
and we did the dance of the planets,  
and all the universe was in our future.

—Jane Yolen

