

# The Fallout of OUR Gravity

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The ones who burst you into the cosmos! Straight out of nothingness, protectors from evil as foretold yet not selected by you, They were once fresh and new like you were at the start, mere starter seeds eventually driven mad by potions, They selected you from a random, meaningless assortment, stronger, saplings, who might've fared better,

They selected each other from brief spark of magnetic attraction, into each other's orbits, Ice Ages have ravaged each other's fiery core, until nothing but ash!! soot! and muck!

Their attraction weakened,  
needing a fix to rekindle their magma cores

They've overdosed

on elixirs said to re ignite wildfires! But instead made them addicts for more,

and more, until yet again their left empty! Emptier than when they stated, addicts to being needed

Their polarity for each other's beings has shifted, inverted, flip flopped upside down, and left you stuck in both of their gravitational pulls, their heavenly attack spaceship shooting their explosive asteroids to your Switzerland

while aimed towards each other,

blind to the damage on your fortress,

idiotic wars! meaningless battles! on your soil! And you try and keep your core safe and protected, endlessly forever chanting to yourself of how one day someone, anyone might notice that Hiroshimas story is getting played again and again! All over the soft coating of your soul, tearing and ripping you down! But yet they say you're not a part of their battles, not a part of their war, separate from their inextinguishable hatred for each other! They say you are safe, and they only care for you, not themselves, but

They blind figures who've claimed wisdom, act as if they are newly formed pure new seeds in Their universe, real wisdom never granted to them, infinitely sightless to their reality, They who have been here more years than they even know, claimed you,

and you try and covertly help both sides, secret spy illegally working for the other, because they both yours! And you are theirs! But their misguided whims take over the calming oceans meant for you! not stopping to think of repercussions! not stopping at all, they run and run and run from themselves! and from each other, they try and run but stay within each other's galaxy,

While

you are left behind, and in between, they are sending out troops employed to keep you safe, but the Distracted troops run across, straight past you, into enemy territory, and they pass you up, And now your borders are bare,

naked, and unguarded as you are as wondering when they will run out of war to declare, and when you'll run out of care, wondering if your core might turn like theirs, below freezing, wondering and wandering trying to find someone to notice your invisible internal craters, children of destruction, losing count of how many you now have, hoping another might be able to let you know how fallout has played out on your polluted atmosphere

While you tell yourself you'll never be complicit to another or to the genetically modified

Placebos, prescribed by so called medicine men, with proof of their higher intelligence, CIA, FBI, KGB knowledge and wisdom, wisdom the conspiracy theory written by other medicine men telling us angelic beings how to orbit, when, where, why, explanations through veiled windows of smarts thankfully yet to penetrate your biosphere, but for others its worked, they've polluted and infested and degraded and eroded your progenitors biosphere, they pass on the medicine supposed to cure, that truthfully only keeps them stuck to Need. Need of more! And more! And more!

They who burst you into the cosmos, with counterfeit wisdom, keep you prisoner in their nuclearized orbit, forever trapped between warring childish states, because where else in the infinite universe could you be, they are yours, and you are theirs, but where are you?

And you, sitting

perched atop boundaries of

war,

a scoreboard for fraudulent victories from your bogus protectors, wasting away the eons! Until one day hopeful Polaris, who's led celestial navigators for infinity plus shines bright enough to lead you out of the gravity, and you hope Polaris will also come for your child-like protectors, because they've been in a state of war too long, decades that have tuned to centuries, and centuries into millennia, and the millennia have reverted back into days, and weeks, and the eternal wheel turns over and over,

Polaris star we

We are here!

Inspired by "Howl" By Allen Ginsberg