

## Jupiter

### Sleeping at Last

I wrote it down in the winter of 1610.  
Just a secret under lock and key until then.  
While collecting the stars, I connected the dots.  
I don't know who I am, but now I know who I'm not.  
I'm just a curious speck that got caught up in orbit.  
Like a magnet it beckoned my metals toward it.

Make my messes matter.  
Make this chaos count.  
Let every little fracture in me  
Shatter out loud.

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