

Weightless

Weightless.

For four glorious seconds, I am suspended above the ground.

There is no feeling quite like this.

To soar higher than any human and lighter than a feather.

To watch my home planet from afar, to see all the lights

Of a beautiful world. Reflecting the sun in such a way

It seems as if it is shining. In the blinding brilliance

Of the sun's light, Earth seems awake with beauty and life.

Weightless,

I glide over to my ship,

and am struck by the beauty of the wasteland surrounding me.

The white-grey craters are lovely in their own way. Though nothing lives here

The Moon is as striking as the Earth. Though they are different,

Their balance is elegant, perfectly even. A world with nothing

And a world with everything. I let myself dream. To imagine

Explorers uncovering new finds. Making it possible

To live here. To imagine

This world full of people. Cities of life flourishing

Somewhere we never thought possible.

Weightless.