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Existentiality

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Existentiality by Kyler Monroe

When you live on a dwarf amongst stars, It's easy to feel like a mite amongst runts. Discarded, like tobacco in cheap cigars, When I'm pursuing Buddha in sublunary blunts. Even in my summers, I could feel the frost From *Metaphysical Dogs* and their bite. I contemplated things that weren't yet lost, When I was acquainted with the night.

The day did break out not a moment too soon, And though my lonesomeness was not yet done, My companion would no longer be the moon But the comfort of a rising sun.

Even if it seems there is only a swirl of dust And gas, the skies will be where I hold trust.