El Natador

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Brown Dwarf*

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Your stardust turns to black against the night,
and sparks then fade to nothing in its place.
A light unborn is frozen in its flight.

Your embryonic gas in gold and white
and unknown warmth can never quite replace
your stardust turned to black against the night.

A planet spins away out of your sight
and never feels the sun upon its face.
A light unborn is frozen in its flight.

The vacuum fails to hear their moaning plight,
A million lives and futures interlaced.
Your stardust turns to black against the night.

No odes composed for joy, no steel-clad knights,
no ivory pillars, no exalted race.
A light unborn is frozen in its flight.

Tomorrow broke its promise to ignite
forgotten suns alone in outer space.
Your stardust turns to black against the night.
A light unborn is frozen in its flight.

*A nebula that fails to gather enough mass to begin
nuclear fusion in its core, in essence, a stillborn star.