Cobalt Poets Series # 535 ~ August 2, 2022

PLUTO'S LAMENT

A desolate lump of frigid rock,
my barren surface never once touched
by a single living being - I am wretched
in my solitude. Yet completely captivated

by your gravity, I shyly orbit the peripheries
of your social circles, gaze into your pale blue eye
from across the solar system, hope
you'll point your telescope in my direction.

Only, you think of me not as a heavenly body
but rather as a cruel caricature of a cartoon canine,
unworthy even of planetary status.
Still, here I am - waiting for you since the beginning

of the beginning - your last desperate refuge
before the bleak emptiness of interstellar space.

PANKAJ KHEMKA

Pankaj Khemka has been writing poetry on and off for ten years, punctuated by periods of writer's block. His work appears in Star*Line, Rattle, Ghostlight, and this year's Rhysling anthology. Sometimes you can find him haunting various open-mics around the Orange County area.