

# Hopeless Songs to the Solar System

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## Sun

Radiation of romance,  
Center of this hopeless heart.  
My warmth so dependent on arms  
Outstretching into a flaming embrace.  
Revolving kisses gently blow in solar wind  
With electric charged strands held in hands  
And lipstick pressed against golden dome.  
A collection of your smiles erupt my day,  
Making life bright and sweat glisten.  
Sweet words, sweet promises  
Chase along soft axis  
Of your lips.

## Mercury

Heart ignited at first,  
But I always came in second.  
Responses flow in small variables,  
Pass of 88 days before my recognition.  
Even with thin atmosphere– transparency  
Of emotions, pressure keeps me breaking.  
I named you after a god, but my ideations  
Are Helios, and I start to question faith.  
I ignore irritations to preserve tails  
Made in quickness of our start,  
Pushing lack of shady,  
Dark moons.

Venus

Love and beauty–  
Hot and ready, so they say.  
You may appear bright in my sky,  
But acid rain laced words burn my skin.  
Despite stings, I'm drawn to your magnetic  
Field of charm, amber hair, heat unleashed.  
My thinking rotates clockwise as my gaze  
Darts to the brightest star in blanketed,  
Tragic sky, dim orbs peppered lightly.  
Even with your beaming spirit,  
A telescope still seems  
Needed.

Earth

I seem so convinced  
That only you can give me life.  
Only you can give something organic,  
Or pure slivered tastes of something real.  
Beauty can bloom, but core cannot uncover  
If crust of my being is merely being picked at.  
I'm suffocating on oxygen, but only artificial.  
The flowers on my skin are just now grown,  
And with them I make you a bouquet.  
But you can't even gift a seed  
On the day that I was  
And am.

Mars

Storms of dust whir,  
Emotion specks around– water  
Freezing over by red that I ignored.  
Not even Olympus Mons can compare  
To cratered communication days you deal.  
I keep making excuses, defending possible,  
Potential life residing in our future, but you  
Can not look past that thin atmosphere  
To even attempt to uncover such  
Revelation about my being.  
Delusions of superior–  
Astronaut.

Jupiter

Clouded visionary  
And rapid rotation of thought.  
Your heart seems so big sometimes,  
Until you are in a Red Spot. Pushing field  
Yet I pull, knowing you are no king to name.  
I see your faint rings, I have memorized each,  
Though it is too much trouble to know mine.  
Too much time, too much time, you can't  
Handle the clouds in the sky, nor stars  
So why do I expect memorization  
Of constellations? You only  
Know Little Dipper.

Saturn

No intention of big rings,  
I suppose I knew from the start.  
I asked and you took six steps back.  
As a result, I choke on your dust and ice.  
I can feel you furthering, your flattened tone,  
*Sudden rockiness to your core, short-worded conversation—  
Dense talks at surface level, and simple, small-scale visions.*  
I can't seem to land on a reasonable decision.  
My jet-streamed conscious falters pole  
To pole, moons falling to pieces  
In the weighted gravity  
Of this soul.

Uranus

Your cold shoulder,  
The very same I would lean on.  
Your particles of dust have turned dark,  
That I no longer have the skill to read you.  
We finally start to collide, spinning on my side,  
Facing my back towards what used to be warm.  
Your eagerness no longer visible to naked eye.  
I have to squint, even then you're drifting off.  
I didn't think I would begin to feel blue  
With you in my system, my love.  
Yet here I stand, a gas  
Of ideal.

Neptune

Further from heat,  
Further away from my heart.  
Frequent storms occur, but your voice  
Never had the courage to raise itself up—  
Grab the attention from 7 other planets away.  
Now you will speak of rings to others in system  
Just as you might have done while still with me.  
Only now I can't hold you back, nor can I grasp  
On the imagination of the rings you showed  
To me in the back of my hopeful mind.  
May I see your face in the stars,  
Becoming someone  
Else's sun.