

To you out there, looking for me

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I look up and often
for you.

Sometimes I like to think when others think of me,
I start to think of them too.

As though we feel alone but are not.

Did you look up with me in mind this very moment that I look
for you?

I tell myself that I will
find you.

I build giant structures on and off the ground just to get a good view.

I scour many worlds for short glimpses of your sky just for your sign.

I might not see you, as you are. Maybe an older version of you.

You may have done the same to
find me.

What do you hope life is like
for me?

Do you consider my size on my world? Perhaps I am so small I'm imperceivable. Maybe I'm
so enormous that a vast ocean contains only me. Would I be more impressive if I looked like
you?

Or perhaps you don't wonder like I do; maybe you just want me to exist.

I hope you are looking
for me.