

16 Psyche Speaks Her Mind  
by Penny Walker

I tumble sideways through the black.  
Gravity means something different  
when you're as ancient as I.

Am I merely an asteroid, or  
something more? Oh, I won't give up  
my secrets that easily; you must come closer.

I am metal; I am rock; I am alone;  
I am waiting for you —  
come closer.

I am the hardened survivor of trauma, glittering  
in all the most intriguing ways, the core of  
my soul laid bare to starlight.

I have secrets to tell of ancient beginnings, to  
share with a tiny namesake striving toward  
me under the power of the sun.

Now, the sun — she is definitely alone, despite her entourage.  
We gaze at her but can never truly know her heart until  
her last gasp that will kill us all.

Did I scare you? Don't be. What are any of us  
but promises in the dark? I will be alone again,  
but for this moment, tumble in the black with me.