Woosh into the atmosphere. Turn to glittering stardust

Young, seeing garbage stuffed in sidewalk cracks

Floating through the universe, gaze at the blue orb you once inhabited

Teacher told us of cracks in the earth

Nothing happened in your years, you narrowly escaped apocalypse

A serengeti plain, bare as arctic ice sheets
Cracked, charcoal shrubbery, ash kingdom

Spirit bubbling through pearlescent stars, upward to paradise

Are you even allowed a glimpse back towards that swirling world?

You imagine

wind screaming crashing waves destroying
fire burning crackling people running swirls of
ash flying red and blackness everywhere help us please

Things will be alright