

# Letter to a younger universe

Anna Preston

My dear,

I know how it feels,

As though your body is too small to contain the exploding stars within you,  
your heart grossly insufficient  
to drive its blood to your outermost galaxies.

It feels like it will take forever to get there,

wherever “there” is,

but you’re growing at the speed of light,  
new elements forming moment by moment,  
in the crucible of your soul.

I have felt the white-hot light you keep at your center,

blinding and fiery,

which you are equally terrified to hold  
and to lose.

Yes, I know that it haunts you,

the inevitable tumble towards heat death,  
every atom spinning out

a flare you cannot recover.

But you see,  
you don't need to be afraid of growing old,  
of slowing down.

The creatures that breathe and walk in my hair  
and through my fingers,  
the flowers that bloom.  
Some things, you need to slow down for them to grow.  
Life is fragile,  
and cannot withstand the blinding heat you are now.

And though you may be a moment closer  
to the stillness you fear,  
you may not find it to be an entirely undesirable thing.

Because right now, my dear,  
you cannot even imagine the color green,  
and I cannot begin to describe it;  
you must see for yourself.