By: Jonathen Baker

Just how i feel.

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I miss you like the sun misses the moon, cliché but true. Not many, I believe can fully understand what that means. I never see you. In fact we are perpetually opposite each other. Not only are you not around, you are never around. But how valiant is it of me to call myself the sun? You are the bright star that lightens up my life. You are the optimistic one with their head in the clouds. Can I even call myse, If the moon. For I could not measure up to the moonâ s beauty as you can. You outshine the sun Olivia, you are not only planets but stars. You are as powerful as Orion, as fierce as Leo, as cunning as Scorpio. The Milky Way, in its vast array of planets and stars could not do you justice. You are so perfect that the universe bends at your will and all you should want you may have. Yet with all that power, you still will not choose me. You will keep on shining, and I shall continue to dwell in the darkness, the places where your radiant light cannot touch. For I deserve not to feel your warmth, see your light, or be touched by you; the goddess of the sky.

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