

## *Gravity*

They told me the universe runs on gravity—  
that everything is pulled  
toward something.  
Planets toward stars.  
Tides toward the moon.  
Dust toward the quiet corners of rooms  
No one has entered in years.

But no one warned me  
Those memories have gravity, too.  
A voice—soft, familiar—pulls me backward  
years at a time.  
A smell drags childhood out of hiding:  
warm bread from an old kitchen,  
rain on a forgotten street.  
A single photograph bends time  
like light around a star.

I think about how stars die.  
Not loudly—  
not with roaring fire or shattered skies  
like movies promise.  
Most just collapse inward,  
carrying their light with them  
like a secret they never told.

And the strange thing is,  
The universe barely notices.  
Space keeps stretching.  
New stars form.  
Galaxies drift past, strangers on a train,  
Like apologies we never delivered.

It makes you wonder  
How many quiet endings  
The universe is holding right now.  
How many people  
stand in kitchens  
staring at cold coffee  
thinking of someone  
who will never walk through the door again.

How many sons  
wonder if their fathers ever learned  
to say love  
in a language softer than silence?  
How many daughters  
carry whole oceans  
Behind eyes that look calm from shore?

Maybe that's the real gravity.  
Not the force that holds planets in place—  
but the invisible weight  
of everything we never say.  
All the apologies still orbiting our mouths.  
All the forgiveness  
We are too afraid to land.

And maybe growing up  
is realizing this:  
The universe is unimaginably large,  
But the heaviest things in it  
are small—  
a sentence left unsaid,  
a door closed too quickly,  
a hand that almost reached back.

Somewhere, stars are still collapsing  
into themselves,  
pulling their light inward—  
the way people do

when the world gets too heavy to hold.