

POETRY

PLUTO

Eliso Khatridze

To be a human, but not quite enough
to be considered as one.

To orbit the edges of their solar gaze,
existing in shadows, avoiding the sun's flame.
Frozen, distant, yet warm, craving acceptance,
yet facing isolation.

In cosmic silence, a quiet plea:
acknowledge the stray, acknowledge the free.

Pluto, the dreamer, finds peace
in the galaxy of thoughts, in the universe of minds.
Not quite a planet, but holding a place
in the magnificent canvas of heavenly space.

To be a human, a soul,
yet finding true completeness in being alone.
A wanderer, floating on stardust and dreams,
in the void between worlds, or so it seems.

Invisible, small, yet with stories untold,
a heart full of awe, a spirit bold.
Assigned to darkness, but longing for light,
a journey through the cosmos, a beautiful sight.

Pluto, the paradox, a sign to show
that even in isolation, a soul can still grow.