Astronaut

Professor Green

She builds a rocket from the stars in her spoon, straps up, the only way to make it to the moon. Dear god, I hope you haven't forgot this young brave astronaut. A habit she never wanted, a pain she needed numbing and she'd rather feel nothing than the pain, an evening she can't forget, memories she can't stomach but for nothing but a needle in her vein, friends she ignored till her phone stopped ringing, till her doors stopped knocking.

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