

**For
Laika**



**Для
Лайка**

An angel flung to space,

small and perfect and beautiful,

wreathed in stars,

in your alien ship from the future.



You did not know how special you were.



Our hero of destiny,
our victim of invention,
our tiny lady of progress:



I like to imagine you above us

in the Black Heavens

walking twice about in a circle

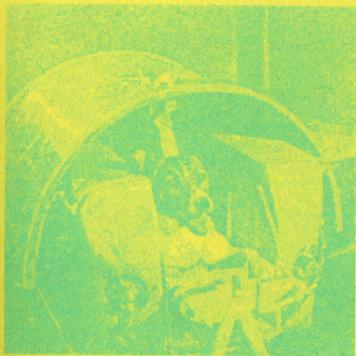
before lying down on your celestial bed

and dreaming of your own private
sea of tranquility.

I like to think that you saw

our humble planet from above

and understood.



Comrade, did you know

that you, too, were a star?

zine and
poem by
Claire Thompson

clairethompsonart.com
@clairewitchproject1999

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