


Thousands of
years after you're
gone is when you
really live....

[Y]our  echo is
louder than your
voice.

— Tamsyn Muir

and now these
alien flowers
could claim her.

Some day,
too, some new
traveler might
land in the field...
inspect her ship...

...lie in a new
growth of
wildflowers, and
wonder what fed
them to grow so
welcoming.

***Solace
in
Bloom***

by *Mary Sordyl*

Upon exiting
her craft, the
explorer knew
this was the
last planet's air
she would ever
breathe.

That was all right.

This had been
coming for
centuries, or
months.

She lay among
the *meadowbed*
she'd landed in,
her home less
than a *blip* in the
distant sky,

and rasped
a *contented*
breath as her
illness took hold.

She'd seen
all she could
between bouts
of cryosleep
through the *stars.*