

Comet (2016)

I'm a spinning, winning, tripping, zipping, super-sonic ice queen:

see my moon zoom, clock my rocket, watch me splutter tricky space-steam.

I'm the dust bomb, I'm the freeze sneeze, I'm the top galactic jockey
made (they think) of gas and ice and mystery bits of something rocky.

Oh I sting a sherbet orbit, running rings round star or planet;

should I shoot too near the sun, my tail hots up: ouch - OUCH - please fan it!

And I'm told I hold the answer to the galaxy's top question:

that my middle's made of history (no surprise I've indigestion)

*but for now I sprint and skid and whisk and bolt and belt and bomb it;
I'm that hell-for-leather, lunging, plunging, helter-skelter COMET.*



Kate Wakeling