"Greetings from Innerspace"

People of Earth, I love you
But your ways are not my ways:
Your smooth confidence in "up" and "down,"
Your faith that the ground will meet you
Only on your own terms.
It's not like that up here,
Where the only constants are tilt and yaw,
And momentum reigns supreme.
I used to envy you, People of Earth.
Your charm surpassed my careful ways.
But with every orbit I gain knowledge you lack:
I know that I will fall, but I know too
I circle round again, again, again.