There’s nothing like a rocket launch to remind you of just what it is you want to do in life. Being two miles away from a rocket on the launch pad fills you up with a sense of anticipation unlike any other.

I suppose it could be akin to an athlete about to run out on to the field, or a band about to go live on stage for the first time. Hearing the countdown slowly wind itself down to zero builds the suspense even further until a great cloud of smoke and fire releases all emotions.

The fire also signals the release of the vehicle from the surely bonds of earth, one of the few times it is not destructive or accidental. Into the morning sky the machine goes; all eyes are fixed on the metallic tube as it spits a long tail of flame.

Visual concentration is broken as the cataclysmic growl of the engines finally reaches us, and the entire world becomes blurred by great titanic vibrations that confirm to us what our eyes already knew. Higher and faster into the wild blue yonder the vehicle goes until it passes out of site and into orbit around the earth.

The launch pad, kept company by the rocket, suddenly looks very empty, seemingly falling back into neutral expression after being brought to life for a few days by the metallic beast.

I know of little things in this universe more poetic than launching something into space, and the dreams of humanity to reach out and explore the creation around us.

About the blogger

My name is Joey Vars, and I was born and raised in the Tampa Bay area. I’m a history major specializing in spaceflight, and I anticipate a Fall 2015 graduation. I’m passionate about all things related to NASA and the space shuttle.