

## **CONSTELLATION: CAMELOPARDALIS**

### *The emptying wound*

My belly huddles over its secret self. Lights chasing ebony curling the distance. Bending in clouds hollowing out the rough dome. Stars sparking into view. For you dear child. It's all for you. Was he love above those sleepy eyes on the horizon. Rising. I'd pull down skies. Join lights dancing in an untraceable distance. Maps riding the breath into constellations. Night designing its own signing in synthetics. Saccharine hieroglyphs prodded into myths. Emptying and circling. Butterfly nets trapping letters here stars there there. The sometimes gods didn't need to name lavender heavens. Birthing blank stories running down my thighs. Inspiring dreams of golden crowns and indigo tears. Of mothers stretching their ochre bellies towards children. Towards children that don't inhabit skin. Don't exist in. Gaps unnamed and weeping. Splitting the darkness the sky words. Cataloging the rising the setting. Tears splashing Gaea's moans. Searching out hearts to create narratives to believe in. Blank spaces stretching beyond pricks defining. You and me. Here. Fingers tracing lines separating you from you from me too. Dancing across darkness. You were an illusion in a bright space. Dust of stars collapsing I blow onto maps. Turn the sky around and pin you down. Synthesize creatures straddling the heavens. New stories falling into old outlines. Collisions sending threads and skin and gaps spinning. And you slipping. A child's hand from his mother's.

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designing                    hieroglyphs prodded into  
                  Butterfly nets                    stars  
                  name                    heavens    Birth                    stories  
dream of golden                    tears    Of mothers stretching their ochre bellies  
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