

CONSTELLATION: LEPUS

She samples herself

I practiced tea parties with the good china. While you dressed in slumber. Imagined the moon rose. A gentle hammock rocking a pearl from glide to glide. Stringing songs that lingered after your whispers left my cheeks. Sweetened by beams I placed poems upon. Pearl by pearl. Colliding. Where she shines in the sky where am I. Hanging onto the slender curve of her neck. She tries to absorb its lunar ebbing into her mouth. But it's all silence. She is the lover of midnight. Mellow hues of irises turned from the sun. Turned from the gun. Entangled with the bright despair of dying stars. Caught in slow curling rivers. Curving beams from mountain streams. From sand to dust the gentle breaking free of a seed she buried in her belly. Dip and curl of light in dark. Golden arrow tempts lovers beneath her glow. Exploring the tender combat of tongues caught by her aim. She tastes like honey from a honeycomb sky. Traversing the heavens star by eye. She rises and the seed sleeps. She sets and the seed dreams. Sweet dreams. Sings lullabies of stars dancing. Elliptical tangos sending waters to retreat to chase shores. She inhabits the calendar of alphabets. Each night spells a new bud. Bending its shy face for a kiss. She is an elixir for each petal. Each petal. In this. She holds the moon like a spent pearl between fingers. Closes her fist over shards and beams. His rays hammer out the curve of the sky. A river of blue pours through. Alphabets dissipate hands over toes. Blinded by the hunter's heliacal halo. Pearls collapse in pieces by my feet. I try I cry hand over eyes. Scavenging for light. Scamper down aisles. A fragment which hangs like a fading day on the slender curve of her art. She weaves my bones. I wear them as though she had the idea of me. Negotiating in the mirror. Before you rose. Thought I felt the connection when you plucked me from starry skies. Thought I had some connection when I wore you on my throat. Darkness cleaves as the sun breaks through. Round off the till and think of you. Teacups clinking in the sadness.

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