

CONSTELLATION: LIBRA

Where we balance our books

Meditate with two suns waltzing. Chariots chasing each other's orbit. One rising the other setting. Eternal light blaring. Blazing from the stereo behind the counter. Sweeping dreams from my eyes as I delude into page. Suns and moons enamored by the light in my pen. Again and again. Day after day. Twilight kissing dusk. Over the counter. One sleeps one shakes light from lashes. Halos of heliacal gods sending slumber into night. Always attracted to insomniacs. The way they pushed me open with caffeine nicotine stale dreams. Longer than I could struggle against. We were two moons suspended on the necks of lunar goddesses. We were three states of the heart. Happy. Sad. Imaginary. Night disintegrates day dismantles night. Stars shine just the same beyond blue. I wanted to wear you in my gaps. Sink into that luminescent gaze. An abyss presenting itself on all fours. A flame flickering in the shadows of a universal duo. Where infinity holds its shape in your palm. Your tears. Test the difference the distance. What I hold in words touches your skin. Before I have a chance to begin. I'm folded in. Pressed against infinity's dome. Shaken lightly. A snow globe to remember the sun. I imagine scales. One balanced by the other. Shift numbers around page. Making sense of the profit the line we meander. Imagine a wall. Wide enough for toes to curl around. Collapses. Hold tight or fly. Imagine a line. Try writing on it. Imagine two suns emptying. Over the counter. Write as though made breathless by it. These little white curls against black. This pulp dribbling down chin. Between the breathing and you I suck. I danced between them all and the only distance was time. And time was kind enough to pry space. It's all I have. I have sex with them in different sheets with different knives. If there is judgment then it collapses in the mind. How many guilts can you carry on knees. Imagine two lovers. Scaling each other. Over and over and over.

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