

CONSTELLATION: TELESCOPIUM

To twist the outer eye

If I could just focus one star at a time. To remember. Teddy bears dangling on key rings. Won from machines where mechanized wrists slip. I've something to show you he says. Imagine my pen skidding across his jeans. Hear the cogs of planets hum as we leave the shop. Arcade machines buzzing. Infant suns sob over us. The potential to be so close to the beating. To detect the terrestrial spin beneath feet. Celestially pinned in the alleyway. Imagine the distance between our fingerprints. Static singing electricity in tiny hairs. Dexterity of irises stretched in tubes in mirrors in lenses. Breaking the barriers of heaven with glass. Plying through cloud by cloud. Mechanizing a better view from here. Observing where we are in space-time. Cogs wheeling back reeling back. Universe stretching from a seed in my palm. Planted with a kiss like this. X. Tendrils breaking through green. Leaf by leaf emerging tree. Be the universe in palm. The soft pulp. Constellations mapping potential worlds splitting origami seeds. Read by the breath of a sometimes god who appears when equations fail pages fail. A breath then a breath remains. Flames of light matter curl in galaxies. Nebula pulsar quasar burst across space as time fails to hold us in. To where we've been. A map we trace as if we could stop the crashing of pores in ink. A map we could erase as if we could perceive edges in those ocean skies. Dark matter squeezing. Static buzz pulsating in the minds and hearts of every once spun star. Planets and suns swirl in ellipses. Colliding with clouds with lines. With gingham doonas and a torch under sheets. Embalmed in books. Ebbing light sky. Seeds splitting thighs. Your sky is my sky too. Hand in hand histories receding the distance. Star maps we trace illuminating. When faced with the tree we cut it down. As far as we can see is as far as we can be. Try to climb it to bind it to name it. To stick pins in it and draw lines to tell it where to go. My gaze slips and I into darkness. The crunch of leaves beneath feet settles my breath. I'm real by the view from here. The view from me to you. In tubes in glass in night sky. And I see you in the distance. Larger and larger. You started in my palm. Sprouted to become my parts and pieces. Of teddy bear key rings and the view from you. As if I could remember.



