

## Constellations

I spent the night remaking constellations.  
Erasing Cancer, Canis, Ursa  
Capricorn, Leo, Cassiopeia  
In wide night.

In their place pinned flat  
New shapes bright  
A hero and heroine, war  
Locked in their distance.

From me, from each other  
Angles connected by eyes, crowns  
Shoulders, hips, weapons, petals  
Firing predictably, reasonably.

I have plotted a new 88  
Hidden in my eyelids  
Discovered and decoded  
A dome of known endings.

## Wolf

Every night a wolf pulls his face to my window pane.  
He fogs the glass inquisitively.  
I stare at him and he at me, blinking until I sleep.

His eyes are crusted, his coat matted and frost.  
His paws, pressed on the sill, crack and bleed.  
I hear no whimper and see no teeth.

I don't believe this is a dream. How could it be?  
But when I softly plead for him to go away, never return  
He points his ears and his breath stops.

Terre Haute

Terre Haute is in my throat  
Words to a song  
The space around them and between them

It's the best way to remember the state capitals  
Each letter is a figure  
Leaning into the hills  
Terre Haute is a haunted Capitol  
Standing on its own  
Stretched over the hills the road  
To where my throat begins

## Paul Horse

Paul the horse is a criminal.  
He winks in his blinders and deals from the bottom of the deck.  
His hoof and his other hoof have them by the gruff. The gruff!

The two-armed man taking bets has his own flaws.  
His own disagreements.  
He sends my ticket on his breath.

I squeeze it somewhere between my fingertips and squeaking shoes.  
Down the stretch they convert, whether they like it.  
Paul the horse shows, wins.