

*Melted Star*

Once a year  
a star  
drips to,  
heaves to,  
and falls to the ground.  
But first,  
like a child's stomach  
sloping a snowroof,  
far enough out to matter,  
far enough out to tuck its fat legs,  
it leaves the skyshef,  
arms outstretched in a tilted prayeryawn,  
head high and star eyes in the happy cartoon arc.  
Its luscious yellow:  
the sea would like to swallow it.  
For its vanity.  
To glow for awhile.  
But it isn't meant for the sea.  
Nor is it for me.

It is for the little boys  
playing soccer on the perfect lawn,  
forgetting to look up,  
forgetting today is the day,  
but also  
forgetting the terrible night  
when other stars crashed in the ugly kind of way  
and adults held their small cheeks in the crook of fat elbows to rock them.  
And they hated the minutes and days that made them children  
instead of humans that believed they had to get to the bottom of it all.  
You can see it in their faces,  
their eyes, farther apart,  
their throats, tucked.

The star falls upon the mound a voice call away  
to watch  
the little game.  
The arm is branching and sinking,  
the butter legs, jelly-belly now.  
The roasted daylight stares down,  
the glad arceyes, melting to starchub.

There is a golden shadow on the warm grass.

They look up--

*Sylvia and Anne*

The path that came to earthquake  
you and her  
rose high like the intercontinental land bridge  
and  
the men gags  
yet to be discovered  
fell you both  
in a restoration of yowls.

*For Sight*

My friend came to a doctor once  
to see if there might be a way  
(because the doctor was different)  
to pull back to him,  
from the molecules waggling invisibly close,  
an eye.  
The eye was dead,  
poised stilly in its socket  
like a cool marble stuck in a drain.  
But the doctor,  
he could tie it back to its life, he said,  
by swallowing  
and touching his lips  
and walking to the cupboard for a snail shell.  
It crackled a little when the torch passed over,  
reminding itself of its armor and becoming warm.  
And my friend's breath,  
harming his rib bone;  
and jaw, pocking the air:  
the marble eye looked inside the shell cave and searched for its soul.  
My friend said he saw only warm black at first.  
But soon the heat was pulling,  
and *it was like a reaching*, he said.  
*Outstretched like a spanning foot*, he said.  
And then,  
as sudden as a hand that shoots out to catch a falling child,  
Colors came first, then sight.  
It has been 10 years,  
and I didn't know my friend  
when his eye was stuck in the drain.  
His eyes are still gray, but striking now,

and they move  
with dancing certainty  
over all the faces in a room.  
But when he turns his head,  
so slight  
I am sure I see,  
within the blackness,  
a naked and redemptive gastropod,  
turned almost inside out,  
lying light and still on its side.

*To Rise 300 Feet in the Spring*

*It sounds like bone scraped on rock when you say it like that, she says.*  
*Like what, I want to say.*  
Instead I say, *I'm sorry*, and she lowers her hair.  
I want to pull and wind it round and round like on an old reel.  
She can feel the world as it is, in front of her and without hysteria velcroed to her hippocampus.  
Why is it that it feels like something might escape  
while examining eyes or grass blades or chocolate dipped pretzels?  
And so I say to her *Let's go ice skating*, and she must have thought I said *You are impossibly ugly* and then walks up the high hill and doesn't look back.  
Perhaps high hills have more ice than grass and she will slide back to me.  
But this one is almost green.  
Skating on ice is sleepy, and the wrapped up people yell at me to come back, but I've already begun running out the door and in a stumble toward the naked trees.  
My skates melt the mud and little ice, and I am flying through the narrow.  
An open wing and then another.  
I beat the air and the mud flies to Jupiter, leaving the sharp blades like bullets.  
I pump and kick and feel my armpits turn to mushfrost.  
I will always be the hysterical bird with ice skates,  
and she won't see me like a moving hailstar above her,  
even if the bullet shells make perfect holes in her mudbrown hair.

*Special*

The authority has the scent of cast stones.  
If we, all, are dust, then I'm the out of hand, dirtier kind of wind.  
The oratories are turned inside out.  
We can't be sure of salvation if it has been curried up with our own hands.  
So why worship special humans  
when it isn't they who hold salvation, but  
the ones who spent last night on the shag floor because the head voices wouldn't go away?