

Cosmic Love & Falling Stars

I

Hold me tightly together
so I can burst apart,
splitting my own seams
with cosmic energy.
The trail of stardust your mouth creates
as you streak across my darkened sky
leaves me breathless.
Your gravity pulls me up,
and around,
towards the sun of your face.
And I am held in your orbit,
and you are captured in mine.
They say
that there are distant solar systems
where, at the center,
two small stars shine together.
Their pull is so great,
and distance so small,
they appear to be one bright star in the sky.
And oh, my love, how brightly
you and I shine for the universe.
Oh, how brightly we shine.

II

The bright jewels
looked like planets,
orbiting the curving galactic plane
of her ear.

That small solar system
showed her cosmic presence;
that is to say that she, herself,
was a black hole,
pulling in the light from those
around her.

Yes, her gravity was most
inescapable.

But like Mercury or Venus,
Earth, Mars, or the others,
I revolve around her
as if she were a sun,
and we were cascading our way
through the universe.

She tucks a wisp of hair
behind her ear,
and I long to explore the nebula
of freckles on her neck.

How did my lone star
find its way into her universe?

III

The night causes my bones to shiver,
the wind so bitter, so cold.

I watch the stars
and wait for the awe to hit me.

But the magic between
those pale pinholes
is gone.

Oh, how you ruined the stars for me.
And the moon too.

The orb I once told my secrets to
whispers back to me now,
reminding me of how she watched
as our lips met.

She says she saw everything.

But did she see how I changed?

Did she watch
as the stars in my eyes
became a nebula in the wrong galaxy?

Did she watch as I bloomed
for someone

who never wanted a garden?

Did she like the fairytale

I told myself?

That story is ending now,
and I'm supposed to be forgetting
about all of this, aren't I?

But I can't.

The truth, I guess, is that
I loved who I was when I loved you
as much as I loved the real you.

And losing you is nothing
compared to losing myself.

IV

I wished for you,
in that handful of glitter
tossed against the molten black;
on each of those millions of tiny stars
and on each passing satellite.
I wished for you,
telling the universe that
forever wasn't necessary.
That you were a mistake
I didn't mind making.
And for once,
the universe obliged,
allowing me to sip the sweetness
of your touch.
And when your hands were on my back,
and when your breath was in my ear,
I disintegrated into star stuff,
particles and molecules
expanding
like the birth of a star.
I was those distance specks,
and you were the myths
that formed me into
constellations.
And as those constellations fall,
as the cosmic sphere turns
and those myths are forgotten,
I know that I will never wish for anything
the way I wished for you.