

Constellation

sometimes people write poems
about fire that are really
about lovemaking

and sometimes people get
sunburned while swimming
because they think
they should've felt the heat

as a kid I liked to press
my hand against sheets
of paper and trace my fingers
to draw little stars

it's true that I call you
an old flame even though
I still reach
across the dark

at night when you turned on
my street I could see
the lit trail
of your cigarette sparks

you would say *let's just see*
where things lead
then my body would
become a satellite or stream

the way the sun beams
off the face of the moon
as they rotate apart

one time I curved
my hands together in arcs
and you held up your fist saying *no*
this is the heart