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The Night Sky (After Rimbaud)

The night sky
 explodes on contact,
is rust-resistant,
 a self-addressed,
stamped envelope
 to nowhere.

The night sky
 reverses rainbows,
stretches starkly
 over sleeping
swarms of unknown
 soldiers.

The night sky
 bellows in negative
fluorescence,
 delineating
details of forgotten
 hopes.

The best of it
 is neither
 black nor white.

Agonies exist
 exactly where
 the light intrudes.