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Night Sky Manifesto

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Blueprints I will learn to read.
A stretch of self-portrait: my smile
as a child standing at a mirror
too long. The tinkered lights ships
are lost and guided by. Each mile,
the distance further starred, the course
that should be taken keeps changing.
There is no corner to this, only
nerve: I try to own the sky
and collapse. How it feels to have
my hands in empty pockets. Blueprints
to a house made up of the bones
under my face. Where to begin,
on what level, on what foundation?
Blueprints made on paper that won't
stop moving. What I would see
if I let the river fill my lungs:
my skin could tell my stories, my heart
would cease and fill the sky. Tonight,
a stretch of stars, the knuckles of
a hand, I can't tell what
it offers. I just want to touch
the paper, push against a star.
Skin, tell my stories. Heart, fill the sky.