

the stars

have gathered to feed, they
open onto the night with a
sucking cold thirst

we are loved by those who drink
and we're aware of the distance
the touch of luminosity makes

mist from a mouth smokes up
black cold swims and stirs lamp
and window light

relished by the suns
our ingestion is a matter
of slow burn, an atomic return

we hold our children under the sky and point at the
light trailing back

moon sucks on the night and drops off

(from Morgan Yasbincek — *Firelick*, p 73)