

Constellations

Sarah diGiovanna

Inhale the dust of our long forgotten future
And practice threading a needle in a mirror
So the girl inside can see what it's like
To compose a sweater out of skulls and bones:
A shelter for what you called "not meant to be"

No one ever inhaled my perfume like you did
You used to say there were constellations in my eyes
Where now there is only rain

And now the rain that falls isn't rain at all
But dark purple-grey clumps of acidic tar
That taunts the earth's flesh
Like the flutters of your fingertips
As they touch my lips.

Fire isn't the right word for love—
And certainly not ice
Nothing so extreme

It's much more like a touch
That lingers
Long after it's gone.