

The Difference Between Night and Day  
/ Bin Ramke

The geography of dream is complex  
so I look to the stars, I live  
within a copper dome, taking snapshots  
of God. He is ugly. He burns  
red and orange. He has names like Aldebaran  
and Alpha Centauri, ugly like him.  
But he is clean.

Astronomers know the texture of fish,  
and how they shine in the moonlight,  
and how they move like the stars in the dark  
ocean, and they are clean.  
There is nothing like it under the sun.

I pick up a fish dead in the road  
at three in the morning in the desert.  
I put it in my pocket  
and continue to look for love in the night.

If you watch the track of the stars  
tonight, you will see how useless I am.  
I have charts, but cannot read them;  
I tell you a star is green,  
but you do not see it.  
I predict the end of your sun  
in twelve million years:

there is murder in the sky  
like tossed bones  
and counted teeth;

like water in which we breathe  
the air shines planes and cones  
that pop and glisten;  
the fish grow ugly in the heat,  
mouths puff open, eyes  
will not close properly.  
The stars in the desert are a dream of fish.