

“Astronomers May Have Reason for Milky Way’s ‘Lumpiness’”

They know now why we are reeling in space,
the sun a swinging lamp in a warped galaxy. Brother,
what new ritual will emerge from this knowledge
blistering sinners on the corner, its lungs bellowing
as it hands us a leaflet? There’s a lump in the breast
of the muse, who once had a lump in her throat,
to see the moon handled like a marble, and earth
like ground teeth, bones and powder. Let me hear
again the sea hammering and feel the new sheet
cool as she slides into bed beside me. Let the desk
smell of fresh ink and the lawn of cut grass,
and above all let the news of the day be more
and more of the unattainable so I can reach all
I want and still my arms will be around her.