

SKY SPEAKS (II)

“Against Childish Helplessness”—Sigmund Freud.

I tremble to myself. I hold my distances tight
as if water between my fingers : sieves, you see
I am relying on the push and pull of the weight
of myself. Once intuition told everyone I was a body
and why not still if it helps everything remember
that I am full, fluid, not an empty mouth
of indifferent starvation, and tragic accidents.
If the sky is a brain, perhaps consider one of my stars
a synapse, firing out time that you can't tally, call it
eternity. What intelligence is not a chemical firing
condensing down the body of the helium of intuition?
You have come to me so many times before
with so many stories, and what will you make
of my body now?