

Stargazing

With our palms pressed
together he told me that the universe
is expanding, galaxies
stretching their fibers of stars
thin.

I sensed the space
between our skin growing,
emptiness unclasping our fingers
so slowly we could not see
it happen.

He said it doesn't work like that,
that only in the vastness
which separates celestial
bodies would I feel anything coming
apart.

I pointed at the sky
and asked if my hand was this
star and his hand that - polaris,
he said, and alpha centauri -
would that emptiness be
real?

He said there's no way
of knowing -- so many
of the stars we see are already
imploded. And I drew my hand
away as though it'd been pushed.

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