Barn Star

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**BARN STAR**

A starfish tears
itself to confetti. Planet
Earth. We hit that geode
with a hammer. What matter,
irreligion? Beasts leave
the water trough before their thirst
ends. The things I learn on public
radio hunt me, so I keep my tusks
tucked close, and when the plinks
of antique pianos shriek bloodily,
I close the lid.

The things I wish not to disclose:
the high mountain air that made me turns
against me when I return. Some hike, this spurn.
Picture a lightheaded woman on a highwire.
Photographers open silvery umbrellas
to hypnotize light. What if we open
our wrists to find ribbon instead of vein?
Our hearts to find clotted the stuff of vacuum
bags: so much dog hair, bobby pins,
and our own dead flesh?
This is a disbeliever’s monologue:
we’re the poacher and the prey.
Ivory calls to ivory.
Listen, no one’s playing
our song and we haven’t a prayer
against the two fangs of the crescent moon.