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## Barn Star

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Ariana-Sophia Kartsonis

## **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.