Shadows drum on the wall
for a second. The lightbulb
holds a galaxy inside—
recrystallized midnight, humming.

Two worlds in the thicket of sooty war.
Dust-mites flinging forward are starships
raining across the filament of candescence,
delicate-mortal-spire lives, merely a mirage.

The next eyes change this
experience, that cannot exist
in my mind, spiraling hungrily
swallowing line after line.

The flakes from the February freeze
had nestled in your nose
when you said you loved me—but that was
just the coke talking.