



by
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Alexander

Astrophil drove himself to the west coast dreaming
of a scar, light and drunk, hiding beyond the darkness.
Seeing the body of his flaming lover at such a distance!
a broken hymnal, savages praying for rain -
heal, boys, heal;
we know she's been dream-fucked by every Tom
dick and harry with a telescope. We lunar lovers
gotta hold onto something, right?
So Philip, that breakwater boy, that dagger -
how do you hold up the stars so high?
we know they've been falling since we had eyes.