

TWO BLACK HOLES

In the bed of a truck, I peer down off the edge of the earth
Into what is visible to me, this small corner of outer space
And look for a pinprick of light that I once assigned to you—
Your official fragment of an ancient constellation, a kind of
Eternal game of connect-the-dots that guarantees no one
Will ever be finished looking up.

If there was some sort of yearbook, I think, made up
Exclusively for and about the most gullible citizens of earth,
I would be printed big and bold on page one,
With clear type face beneath, and an only barely visible space
Between my name and the title, “President and Founder of
The Galactically Stupid.” (And then, to the side, a small photo of you

Just to prove the point.) But I can worry about you
At the end of my scheduled hour for messing up—
And I don’t need to worry; I have seventeen minutes of
Nothing else to do on earth
But hypothesize about the invasion of aliens from outer space
And how I would protect my kid sisters from one

Of those devilishly classic countdowns: Three, two, one—
Boom. (I liked imagining the apocalypse because it meant I could keep you,
Because I wouldn’t have time to need my space
In the sort of world where all you have to do to see fire is look up
And right behind the SunTrust building, there’s a chunk of asteroid, flicking down to earth.
It wouldn’t matter anymore that you were one of

The worst liars in the universe, or the Vice President of
The Galactically Stupid.) To myself in the bed of the truck, I whispered one
Word, too embarrassing to write where the scum of the earth
Might see it. I trusted the scum of the stars that night. (I’m not referring to you.)
I wished to remember the reason I said I would chalk this all up
To experience, as if rephrasing overused idioms wasn’t a waste of space

On my page, but rather something that could truly fill black hole you left in my inner space
When I told you that you couldn’t be more than a figment of
My reality-TV-show imagination, a face to look up
In a yearbook of the Galactically Far Away, that one
Name I associate now with a million other faces before you,
Because right behind the SunTrust building, there’s no asteroid flicking down to earth.

But now there's a space beside me, which I keep thin and tall enough for one
That might be of about the same hight and weight as you,
Ready to be the second-best choice for looking up with me and over the edge of the earth.