

Space

by Greg Lyons

Why do you want a home we'll never own?
She asked when we were together and pushed
off my chest with both hands, smiled alone
as a blue sky, as if a blue sky could be anything
but blue. But the night sky reveals space and stars—
daylight's scaffolding and rivets that hold it all
together. Hand-in-hand we walk the grid of city streets.
Our constellations. Orion is nowhere in sight, I said.
The city lights are so close and so bright that that
city night sky deepened like an iris, black and black and black.