

## The Linking of Things

She was a witness to their disconnecting

when they sat on the porch at a party. Dizzy from mingling, they smoked  
and told stories about outer space, how her friend bought real estate  
on the moon, and how the early Greeks believed that Venus was two stars

when they saw it standing on either edge of the night. He tried to show her  
its location in the sky, but from her point of view, she couldn't follow  
the line extending from his lifted shoulder pointing past his eye.

When a leaning shape shadowed the doorframe's orange glow, she saw the house  
was haunted with yearbook faces. Chilling as her whisky glass of ice,  
a loop of shoebox tortures reeled around her mind in cinematic dark

when she closed her eyes. She leaned on his shoulder for the warmth of being  
absorbed in another's feeling. He was moved, and a Blue Moon toppled  
from the wicker chair's arm. In the settling beer, she could see the stars.

When he held her hand, their fingers locked like gear teeth. She was alarmed  
by her grinding knuckles, the whispered mechanics of their aligning  
digits, to the aluminum light fighting for definition in the broken flood.

I am born, said the morning star.  
Too soon, said the mirror moon.

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Sitting on her roof, she traces patterns across the sky's scattered map,  
whiling hours over wine, wondering what his words meant  
and whether in the end they will connect to some constellation  
related to her own.

She knows light travels in time.

Glove covered hands steady the merlot against November's lunar wind,  
but her fingers loosen grip when a rain begins to drip from faucet clouds.  
Time warps as the bottle tips, orange light rolling off shampoo glass,  
then slopes down the roof.

They say it was the crash that halved a whole.

The scythe echo threatens to open  
night's bruise, and she thinks, irony.

No, machinery.

Machinery's movement  
is fueled by disruption. Designing a future  
stitched out of past becomes habit, but  
that erratic material snags into furious lace.  
Half craft, half chance, what's romance  
is improvisation. These patterns  
show beauty when intruded upon.

Machinery's metaphor,  
which links unlikely things together,  
fills the spaces between explanation  
to unfurl some meaning in a world  
where paradox desire is woven  
in the fabric of our braided souls,  
though its winning dangles by a thread.

Machinery's memory  
is obscured by reflection. Words beat  
the rhythm of a life written in images  
as clear as the moon's Peyote rising  
on bottles of Belgian white. Evergreens  
grip silver beams in their branches  
the way she wishes poetry could remember

how the brass light glared off the floor  
    like a doorknob,  
how the foam settled into a quiet mirror,  
how their eyes could be two wild shades  
    of the same color,  
how Venus was doubled in a puddle of beer,  
how love's percussive ending was a recital  
    in breaking glass,  
how she missed her chance.

\* \* \*

A blue moon is unusual because  
the lunar calendar is not a calendar  
humans can compute. Big Ben  
looms over London, a vulnerable  
luminary plugged into the universe's  
revolutionary clockwork,  
    but abstracted numbers  
keep ticking after the world stops spinning.

Titanic time, the divine child of this earth, castrated  
the night sky. Star sex slipped into the silver ocean  
and beauty bubbled up from desire's spilling lungs.