

Meteor Shower

And now in age I bud again
George Herbert

The last fixed thing I saw, a fall of ash and moth-wing,
not ready for old hungers and

your whisper in the pure dark: *like sperm racing
towards a cosmic egg.*

Once plunderers, now lost, scratching runes on stone,
in this virtuosity of skin on skin

all shapes burn and break, fingertips in tiny voids
of dimples and folds, a palm over

the ribs' insignia – the habit of knowing one thing
through another: and a day long ago

when night rain barely hung on spruce boughs,
constellations marooned, trembling

as every tenderness through which a man can vanish,
the body extinct, the who of it

as now, no longer seed silo, not yet an urn of ash
but a pure toll of an ancient singing

bowl from us, padded hammer on lip, endless circum
navigation,

a single note ransacking the furthest reaches. We are
younger than the river, older than the sky

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