

STARS

by Katharine Zaun

I like things that remind me
of other worlds,
or inner ones. The way stars
send messages from a past life,
or a future one. Synapses firing
across a blackberry sky—a head
turned inside out, a brain
lit up.

When weather mimics the space
inside you; some relief in knowing
a burden can be shared
through wind or rain
without saying a word.

This, like the alluring stoicism of John Wayne,
when I was small
and really only watched
for the kissing scene at the end.

His badge a silver star that glimmered
in an alien desert and made me thirsty
for that sweeping singular kind of freedom
reserved for such men. To go
wherever I wanted
whenever I wanted.

Even backwards, to start
again.

I was always too young to be so nostalgic.