

CONJOINED TWINS OF PLACE AND PROXIMITY

a cosmic fuse poem (text forms) by Pattiann Rogers and Thylas Moss

I am surrounded by stars

—a moment in a dive

hanging by my toes
from clotheslines
dripping horsehead nebula hair

—they cover me

completely

in the act of wiping stars from my eyes
my hands cup them,
my fingers enlarge
the arc of brow into extended commas
in the life cycle of comets

Each time I blink
specks fly out and shuttle
into space: seeds from fertile fields of vision
like an invisible silk veil
full of sequins
my irises

fold and unfold
become radiant umbrellas

that shift pop-up books of cosmos
into and out of my line of sight

—moon jelly *Aurelia aurita* propulsion system

in effect as the origami of sky folds
into constellations and other seductions
of geometries that fit into me at the same time that I fit into them

They touch me, one by one,
everywhere

—hands, shoulders, lips

galactic mouth, edge of spiral smile,

groove-lips

of Martian canal kiss marks

—all of my ways milky

in this moment
of event horizon, pulsar,

my emission

of crazy atoms
hatching in my sweat,
stitching in their movement
semblance of solidity:

—and billions of microbes
excreting proof-poop of life

ankle hollows, thigh reclusions

They enter cheekbone,
breastbone, spine, skull, moving out

—and in and out,

through like threads,

like weightless grains of beads
around my neck

—just adoration for support

Every body weighted with this ability: antibodies
to counteract attacks

—until:

some old bones floating solar systems and galaxies

some skeletal systems fleshed

out with life, each cell a raft

between chemistry and biology,

—every Hula hoop envying Saturn's rings

but still taking them on

—necessary reduction

to fit inside the mind

where firing of synapses is galactic, idea

does orbit, & discharges electromagnetic stuff—What can be nearer to flesh than light?

Victim of a chance for a heavenly body

Gaseous spirit states, the smoke and mirrored deception

echoed in gravitational lenses.

And halos that are debris rings

traveling in circuses of cometary circles.

Bible belt tightened

in the face of a flow of electric current fed by solar wind,

a Van Allen girdle

and a rosy glow: my Martian dirty rice-powdered cheeks

—I eat stars.

—I breathe stars.

—I survive on stars.

They sound precisely, caught in the loom of the elm,

humming in my nose,

in my throat, on my tongue.

Stars, stars

hair by hair, cell by cell, particle by particle

I ignite like a new universe

consumed

by my own brief light.