COMET

The comet doesn’t come as promised in that portion of the sky; our binoculars aren’t good enough for searching planets; we know it’s pointless to count stars. Making jokes about fools not dead yet, we lie back in the scorched suburban grass, breathing the cooling dew, the full effect of sky, so many stars.

I wish I knew the names of constellations or could find for you Orion, stalking our summer.

No moon is out, no clouds to help us feel the earth move; crickets sing the only music of the spheres, as idle, with nothing to speak of, we wait—

for deeds that we have done and left undone, and which are these and how are we to know?—some consequence yet hanging in the stars.