The Difference between Night and Day

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/ Bin Ramke

The geography of dream is complex
so I look to the stars, I live
within a copper dome, taking snapshots
of God. He is ugly. He burns
red and orange. He has names like Aldebaran
and Alpha Centauri, ugly like him.
But he is clean.

Astronomers know the texture of fish,
and how they shine in the moonlight,
and how they move like the stars in the dark
ocean, and they are clean.
There is nothing like it under the sun.

I pick up a fish dead in the road
at three in the morning in the desert.
I put it in my pocket
and continue to look for love in the night.
If you watch the track of the stars
tonight, you will see how useless I am.
I have charts, but cannot read them;
I tell you a star is green,
but you do not see it.
I predict the end of your sun
in twelve million years:
there is murder in the sky
like tossed bones
and counted teeth;
like water in which we breathe
the air shines planes and cones
that pop and glisten;
the fish grow ugly in the heat,
mouths puff open, eyes
will not close properly.
The stars in the desert are a dream of fish.