Mutable Signs

Megan Jessop
When all is said and done,
I want to meet you here;
where the smoke of last winter’s fires
curl like histories into the atmosphere.
Where the horizon stands waiting
to meet the dawn, as if caressing
the body of these mountains
before beginning her day.

We’ve exhausted all horoscope bed tales.
The ones that say things like:
“you will find love this year”
or “people will like you better
if you’re willing to learn from them.”
Perhaps “You’ve misread the stars again.”
We’ve spent countless raising suns in Venus
waiting for them to tell us that we’re all alright.

I used to lay awake with your breathing
seeping through dreams like déjà vu.
The charts never foretold this affair
in the dark with your soul. I could never
tell if I was reliving your presence.
How many times have we walked this galaxy,
before the stars grew weary of footfall
and shook themselves
into dust at our doorsteps?