Eyes are Planets that Close instead of Turn

Nicole Schulz
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by Nicole Schulz

My orange thesaurus says orbit is the same as
Revolution
and someone years ago underlined
“Adequate”
before donating the thesaurus to the church library,
where I stole it from.

There are days that feel like spinning
and years that go in circles but don’t quite close—
I orbit the same spaces,
same faces.

Revolving around the roundabouts on the way home,
I still pray.

When I arrive, my mother asks
when I will be going home?
because she knows I don’t live there anymore,
yet I always orbit back.
And she calls me brave
with a certain pain in her pupils:
round and hurt and home,
as gravity pulls me away again.