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Watching Falling Stars at Rancho De Lucks

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WATCHING FALLING STARS AT THE RANCHO DE LUCKS

It was bare as snowlight
high at the Rancho De Lucks.
The sky glazed black and glassy
as igneous rock doming Ptarmigan Mountain.

We had come here with our last money
to be together and alone
while another year calculated its end.
We watched stars celebrate concave night,
traced each one as it bolted
over snow like the wild center of a horse's eye,
each so naked and white and hot and hissing,
we could not sleep
even after the mica-faced stove failed
from red to black
warming only its small center.

Not the last time, we were
broke but not missing
any champagne,
so that years gone we wait up late
after spending our last money
to see the final star fall far from city light.
Then, teasing the cool
opening of night, we
lie coverless,
sunfishing like hot white horses in dreams.