Demolition of the Sky

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We'll never run out of boxes for this bunch of
From the west comes the ring of an egg
snapped on the edge of a porcelain bowl.
Fissures craze above the Pacific, but the waves
tongue along, up from the ocean's invisible floor
we mapped with our echoes. We read the almanac
and harvest early, worrying about the questions
our children don't ask. There's no such thing
as a shy god. We tear down the night's bestiary
to keep our lovers from being eaten. When we wake
to find their side of the bed huge and ghostly,
smelling of them—tomato stems and gin—we roll onto it, pressing from the absolute cotton
the wide specks of each desertion, the wilderness
another person's silence demands we expand.