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The Pescetarian Tilts

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THE PES CETARIAN TILTS

her face down, as if nodding asleep, to drink
 red wine from a glass filled too high. Rising,
 her eyes open and she explains
 celestial cartography, her tracings
 of movement through color, spicules, muon passings over a screen
 and sparks of divination— she is pointing

her blue eyes at mine and then to the constant
 scatterplot at night. Have I lost you? She continues
 with her research on star birth and interstellar clouds. I now see the haze she is
 referring to, stenciled from astrological charts, her mind also
 into arcs of speed and momentum. She stops talking,

 bows her head and drifts into the soul of the space
 where the rest are now standing
 talking over the band, eating crabcakes
 under a white tent. A segment of sky flashes.

 Through lenses of industrial telescope, a man blinks
 like foil shaking back. A tenured man spills his wine, laughs more and tips forward,
 stops, tips and
 falls into the pool. Ripples throw light but for an instant there is nothing
 then people laugh and a woman says oh, oh, oh! and then it is as if nothing had happened.

So what do you do. I am looking up, the sky is twitching, she is
 beside me again, carefully unwrapping a piece of bacon from shrimp.
 So, what do you do? she asks again, then closes her lips tightly. Inorganic synthesis,
 I say, and then, light-activated molecules. She is studying my face,
 pupils scrolling back, forth, then upward, filtering a signal from noise
 to discern a constellation as I stand talking, talking on the grass.