

2000

Overseas

Mark Bowers
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

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MARK BOWERS

Overseas

The satellites are out tonight,
loosely joined wires running new mail routes
through glass blocks cramped for space.
Even with the night, city lights
act so bright one cannot be blind,
the air direr than breath,
through this distance air burns in waves.
Before I left you spoke of space.
now and then, what's in between is mass.
You said, in time liquid will move,
currents are not stopped.
But here volume does not equal mass,
I cannot see your distant expansion,
thinking, in dreams without sleep,
you spoke to me as a ghost,
above you another mass climbs
emptying itself,
tearing away from me, your
fluids mixing into one another.
I cannot speak,
without sleep breath has become short,
lungs holding the suction within chest.
Stepping away from myself
and through streets where I courier,
walking I will be watching
for the boxes to shatter.
I will be waiting to return from my distance,
where in light you can be seen,
your figure distinct among the dark.
I will come back walking over shards,
glass as if memory engraved
in my soles forcing out the blood.