Overseas

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Cover Page Footnote
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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 drier 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.