Eclipse

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I Swallowed the Sky
Alex Abbley

I swallowed the sky,  
And the taste was weightless.  
On my tongue, the cloud shifted  
Flat, like papier-mâché  
Filling the lungs  
With lullaby chime  
Cells stranded together like pearls  
Rolling off the vanity.

Mahogany smoke, drifted through  
The room and settled at the shrine.  
To the sea he spoke in German  
And to the sea I spoke in mine.  
The letter, hand delivered in fragrance  
Passing by strangers in the night  
Words coming up like shooting stars  
My words his wings, but failed flight.

In the beginning, Atlas sketched  
our names into Orion’s Belt  
Looping holes, another notch  
Whispering, “Liebst du mich noch?”  
I already knew your answer,  
And surely, you my final thoughts.  
With a belly full of sky,  
I forgave all you forgot.

I swallowed the sky,  
And the taste was limitless.  
On velvet foreheads,  
Glints of gold fell between curls.  
To eat my words, I washed them down with ink  
Down came the shore, and on it our final brink.  
I swallowed the sky, and I got the mouthful  
And learned that even stars leave scabs, so be careful what you wish for.