

ON THEIR WAY

A Ferris wheel now stands
where we used to lay down
and eat stars like popcorn.
I don't know the strange laws
of opposites. I'd like to think
that somewhere,
in the inhale of galaxies,
there are two brothers like us
who open their mouths
to taste the clouds—
throw plates off a cliff
to feed the hungry ghosts
of sailors and children
in lost airplanes.

And somewhere
in the back of the sun,
a ship is coming for us.
Our father standing at the helm,
his arms raised, his hands
tugging a parched moon—
on it is our mother,
her hair of stolen white silk
from glacier beds of Ursa Minor—
the broken ladle, the small sister,
the droopy eyed, the half-opened bear,
the baggage, the lag.

And behind them,
the many armies of God
whipping the frayed edges
of our mother's midnight dress.
Her head tilts back
and she's in it for the ride,
in it for the boys
caught in between somersaults—
boys born out of trespass,
of failed angling,
of steel anchors swimming
over the small hands of coral.