

I Dreamt an Alien Was in Love with My Ex-Girlfriend

The light of distant galaxies is also shaped by local space:
a rising moon may lengthen a heart, an upraised thumb eclipse
a shower of sparks among the skies slowly turning.
But the streetlights' titian glare washes out all other color:
only darkness within their sodium glow; constellations of loss
red as her hair, they recede into apparent infinity.
The stars are not mere miles above us, nor even only very far away—
expand, by powers of ten, the distance against us:
this the soul must travel, a bird, a beam of light in vacuum dark.
Within the years you took to reach our world, we drifted on.
They do things different now: the spectrum, domestic,
stretches catlike at her fire. At the kitchen table, a cup of milk
and bowl of apples. Through the window, light's slow pouring
honey Schrödingers this unwished-for vision; all light's cold
is captured in her diamond ring; such radiance might break
a heart into symmetric shapes. You are a stranger here
on Earth's too green and alien skin: light sets its limits
on how fast our knowledge passes, but love speeds faster.
What remains in its blue wake—the streetlight's hum, its cold
unfinished business.

—Don Raymond

