

The Perseids

The pretty dance of star death
above Rt. 1 in Lincolnton
pins us (clumsy specimens) to a speck of earth—
the ledge of damp grass between the motel and the highway.

Neither the soggy blanket nor the telescoping
pitch and thrum of passing trucks
diminishes my delight
or the Turkish innkeeper's.
We speak of physics, gods and myths,
rolling our heads in imperfect arcs,
scanning the thick dark,
until, crashing through earth's atmosphere,
a blaze of brilliant light
rips the words from our lips
and we can only gasp.