



Wanda Waldera © 2014 All Rights Reserved

## January

Out to the street and we are under the near-dark side  
And the Maria. The moon's seas: do they still exist  
On nights like this? We, between the stars

And the earth's water, eavesdropping on our possible lives,  
On things that sort-of-were, were not, might still be,  
Because the stars were misaligned on the dates of our births,

Or on the dates of our dates, we are grazing the farthest parts  
Of each other when a man with a medium-sized dog walks by:  
*There's Betelgeuse, there's Castor and Pollux,*

*Scorpius, he's chasing Orion across the sky,*  
He says, as the new moon rises, yes, still  
It is rising, and we can't, we can never be sure

Of the moment the new thing begins, of the sky-conflagrations.  
I say: *My resolution is to learn more constellations*  
As our breath moves through our differentiated bodies.

I do not say my other resolution. It is as the stars move,  
As the nights of the moon follow each other: dark, new,  
Waxing, waning, then beginning again some day in the next season.

Now the moon falls to the other side of the sky.

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## Nightsweats

The one where someone is eating  
someone else's flesh:  
am I the eaten, the eater, the one  
who watches?

When I wake  
all of me aches.

The one where I run  
block after block  
glass      nails      shark teeth  
I wear only my socks.  
You, in the far distance,  
arrange and rearrange luggage  
from the trunk to the backseat.

I never arrive.

The one I just woke from:  
the apartment on fire,  
the things you left flaming,  
your chapstick, your newspaper,  
the half-drunk,  
your poems, the flowers,  
the whole room is on fire,  
my bed is burning all around me, I am heaving  
for air, more air, any air, I am shouting "fire"  
to warn you, I am reaching  
for your bare shoulder

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