◆ AMY RAFFERTY ◆

The Dust of Distant Comets

We have been here so long we un-grow the grass, flat on our backs we watch the sky.
Us-shaped angels in the garden, paper-chain people holding hands, you talk about orbital velocity, radiance points

The Earth is a Rotor-Ride, gravity pins us to the ground while you point out the brighter stars, you name them in couplets just because you can, naming constellations just for fun, a game while we wait for the big show

There has been some trouble lately, we had to sack the dog, the neighbours are mad, the clouds threaten, you speak unkindly about my eyelids.
Our children do not know us anymore

We throw suitcases at each other through open doors and shout *here's your fucking suitcase*. Only our fingertips still touch, you still make me laugh,
we are tether-tied, stitched together by a boy who cannot talk

The universe played us a trick and it deepens and yawns, expanding intrinsically, it touches everything. You use your hands so much when you speak, I stop watching the sky and think about the fish you catch, how they flop, flailing in the keep-net

Their colours changing, waiting to be weighed, and I think you would say anything right now rather than tell me you don't love me. We are still talking about planets, the celestial mechanics of falling out of love, there are no easy answers

The Earth rolls slow, pushing us through debris, left over from a close pass.
We watch the glowing sky, the dust of distant comets,
a neon scratch etched across the lens of an eye.