

CAROL ANN DAVIS

Breaking the Night Sky Mug with Luke before the Bus Comes

Some part of it goes or is taken blue because white and slick the driveway
and me absentminded from my hand quickly falling so that what he made
cracks along elemental pathways cracks as those parts of the brain without much
prompting surrender themselves the time it takes to forget I'm holding it
later grateful not to have clipped artery on ceramic some part of my body
missed or missing in blue Luke once imagined darkest nightfall
pinprick alongside celestials the morning half delirious with worksheet sums
and what they add up to when you shade them in *guess what from the night sky*
your numbers make his dissolution when he can't see one V each
for Big and Little Dipper and one missed number for star-tip tracing by hand celestial bodies
the way the mind parcels out minuses your night sky's in pieces careful
when you go out and when he does he is but falls where they fell says *after I go*
can you save them *can you pick them up*