

Born under scorpio

Born on
a wet Wednesday,
my body is water-formed. An embryo in stasis
becomes a collection of
atoms. Star atoms.
All the way from Pluto, the Undergrounds.

A black lake is crawling to
the shore. I lay on those sands
which are burnt by the Sun.
A few light
years away, a comet scores by.
The dash is studded there. Stillness.
The lake is within me
and I am its master.
Only by observing do we notice
the conception of a universe. In
the amniotic fluid

the stars form
immortal constellations. They
breathe in a storm, a straining echo
from the lungs, vibrations.
I will return to them
like water to the sky.