

Empty Skies

there was a time when you would
trace constellations in the night sky,
catch auroras and leave them by the doorstep
in a glass bottle, tied in a red ribbon,
pointing at butterflies waltzing between flowers
and write their scientific names on sand,
a time when you wouldn't have worried
about weekend grocery runs to town,
freak storms and slippery roads,
the headlights that come in the wrong lane,
a time when I wouldn't stare at empty skies,
and wonder what the brightest star is called,
why it burns so bright when everything else is dark.