SKY SPEAKS (II)

“Against Childish Helplessness”—Sigmund Freud.

I tremble to myself. I hold my distances tight as if water between my fingers: sieves, you see. I am relying on the push and pull of the weight of myself. Once intuition told everyone I was a body and why not still if it helps everything remember that I am full, fluid, not an empty mouth of indifferent starvation, and tragic accidents. If the sky is a brain, perhaps consider one of my stars a synapse, firing out time that you can’t tally, call it eternity. What intelligence is not a chemical firing condensing down the body of the helium of intuition? You have come to me so many times before with so many stories, and what will you make of my body now?