

Venus Loves Us

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Out the window,
 past the flicker
 of our reflection
 the sky shows us
 visions of another world,
 dancing in and out of focus. A hand grasping skin,
 bone, teeth, arteries –
 piercing eyes
 begging to be known.

Exchanging looks in corridors,
 a fickle blinking heart, with the other pair of eyes
 gazing undoubtedly in the dark,
 and that's all we ever really are.

But Venus loves us,
 loves you, oh heart, even if the
 world lies otherwise
 even if they say
 their god will come wreck us

Take a swift step,
 past the gazing, past the corridor,
 won't you?

Hold them, even momentarily –
 their skin is not fire,
 their hands are not salt water,
 they are not passing through you
 like a scorching scar
 like a nameless fish.
 They are someone you can know.

Venus loves us,
 strokes like matches
 kisses like eclipses and
 our world wears its halo.

