

When we lived in each other's rooms we had

a soft space under and behind the bushes of Empire Heights,
the Milky Way,
iPhones with stargazing apps,
a map of New Zealand,
a dream of a Kiwi passport.
Polish shopkeeper, gatekeeper.
A bunker.

Prusik knot,
Wakos knot,
Honda knot,

Overhand knot,
Overhand loop,
Figure-of-eight,
Figure-of-eight loop,
Rewoven Figure-of-eight.

Vines,
grasses,
rushes,
barks,
palms,
animal hairs.

No shower,
no central heating,
no friends with rotten faces,
no noisy friends,
no friends.

We had no music,
no memories,
dreams together of each other with each other,
not on your lap
not between your legs
not in my dreams.

All night long with broken glass perhaps, and sea salt whirlwind and darkness on the
tired tanned skin that hurts from salt and desire.

With you cleaning sleeping arguing cooking boredom never happened.
With you always,
mutual dreams of fox fighting under an apple tree.
With you always: dark matters, universes, deep looks into the Milky Way.

Matter that does not produce light,
matter that does not absorb light.
all around us,
everywhere in the secrets of the universe.

Our Apartment

had three floors yet we only dwelled high in the attic, under the spider webs and the spells of cheap wine and each other's skin. Your toenails with a silver half-moon on top of mine. A dead fox around your neck, coiled around like a snake.

Smile in the armchair. Bright, pretty thoughts. The ones you wrote down, never far from love. You were older, you should have known better. You should have waited with a patience of a lover, a mother, a friend.

Crab Nebula,
Pillars of Creation,
Carina region,
Outer Spur,
Cygnus X,
Gulf of Camelopardalis,
Auriga region,
We are made of star stuff.

The foxes told us about this entire dark universe,
composed of unknown particles and waiting to be discovered.
They told us about
matter that does not produce light,
matter that does not absorb light.
All around us.
Call it ordinary matter: the stuff of stars, planets, the Milky Way and us.
Call it dark matter: the large amounts of mystery in the clusters of the universe.

To guide you through:
Dark Matter,
Dead fox.

