

# Star-eater; a poem

*by Ann-Marie Martino*

## **Star-eater**

Here lies the star-eater.

Tilting on the ancient wheel  
of summer-glaze-breath,  
you speak the oceans. Fire's the meal  
for you, the star-eater. You defy death,  
and out of your mouth, a universe opens  
pouring forth, as fleet as the stars  
light on your tongue. Space bends.  
Swallow down Mars.

You're the star-eater, alive  
in moonbeams. You inhale moonrise  
and galaxies survive  
as your fleet fingers fiddle the lies.  
Stars are sunk in your thumb,  
and meteors shower in moon-bye  
all along the star-ways that come  
down and flow out of the sky.  
There's a galaxy of planets  
stamped in your heart when you die.

And it's true that you could  
breathe back your life.  
And you know that you should  
not; you take out a knife,  
speak the oceans in riddles,  
count out the stars.  
Tear the sun-ways from middles,  
and swallow down Mars.

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You could unwind  
the bangles, the threads  
the tangles of time  
and bring down the dead  
for one final reel.  
You're the star-eater.  
Fire's your only meal.  
You speak the oceans, teeter  
on the cliff of the world.  
You slip away, crying out  
as beneath you stars twirl.

It's all encased in a fly-box  
the stars, universe and everything  
as you open your mouth, it unlocks  
all the stars that shine and bring  
a soft ethereal light  
that glimmers on your tongue  
like a misunderstood wight.  
And your arms are outflung.  
Bring up the glorious fire  
undress in the light of the sun  
and know that you'll never tire.

Here lies the star-eater.

