

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.

