

Stellar

by J. Bradley

After our first kiss,
a team of scientists
scrubbed away the cancer
of your lipstick.

On our second date,
you insisted we get
matching black hole
tattoos.

Over the phone,
you described the way
your underwear changed
with your mood.

I no showed on the third date,
changed my number into
an unsolvable equation, wore
mirrors and radiation suits.

Baby, I'm sorry
but the distance between us
was vacuous.

