

Until, the Stars

by J. Michael Wahlgren

Until the stars form *last night*
I zoom out with an empty heart.
Whose forgiveness forges
seas of overabundance, parks
Under the river's bed as magazine?
Jet heavy, my tenses shift in
an operation between two frightened
doctors. I'm hiding onside: the lines
& in the branches of a waiting room
where I've riddled a king, where I've
paused a movie which never
returns from its static.

