

Milky Way of Impossibility

by Jennifer Donnell

She wrote,

Can we meet in the desert,
I will stand with a cactus flower clenched
between my teeth and balance en pointe.
I will tame snakes and find your serpent
tongue with my eyes closed.
I will usher in the clouds, when it grows hot,
and, should you become thirsty,

demand they rain, at will.

I will find the rhythm of my ancestors,
be wildly entertaining with my belly dancer's hips.
I will never give up.

Or, we can meet on the nearest moon.

I will skip rocks off its surface
and tell you stories about the blue,
green world, so far away.
We can play hide and seek near the flags
of leaders, and make love when the
man in the moon goes to sleep.
I will sing through the silence.
I will say only your name.

Perhaps, instead, a crowded restaurant.
The waitress will lead you toward the woman
with a distinct tap to her foot and noticeable
twinkle to the moon of her eyes.
It will always be me.

