

Coming From Alabama

by Johnny Dantonio

In the state that the stars fell on,
Love and I stumbled upon bits of God
where he forgot sky and moon, too.

She and I had come into full possession of heavenly bodies,
in the heat of a September night's rain.
Within the Milky Way that splits the sky,
we laid in the warmth of the darkness,
feeling the compliments of the pulsating satellites.

At the moon's height, two shooting stars sand a lullaby to quiet her
and I,
piecing the night whole.

