

Egypt.

by Johnny Dantonio

When the sky was thinner and water faster,
we would chase the falling stars,
thousands of them each night,
and we'd sprint until we found them
already exploded against the land
into a million bits,
pieces piled on top of one another,
covering all water,
smothering all green;
the stars there,
broken and soft and yellow and warm,
running through the grooves between our knuckles,
trying to feel the fragments
childishly forgetting to wonder why.

