

astral ages

by Kitty Boots

star baby suckles greedily at the Milky Way
kneads and yawns like a kitten
sleeps, grows

wakes up to the Sun as a reckless adolescent
dead reckoning, no thought to the wind or the currents
marooned, unintentionally by the heart

now a time of eclipses, no control over the tides
the equinox approaches
the harvest has begun

