

Love, a comet, omens and wings

by Roberto C. Garcia

My love for him like wax wings
so long they stretched eternal—
beating in the sky, grazing peaks,
soaring towards the sun with valerian veins.

The wings melted, grew back in our souls—
now I know they were truth.
Reckless lovers: passion is a ghost
too great to be made flesh,

heed the omens of comets, disastrous
marvels, thickening clouds, no one
should look upon you, love, wandering
plume of Haley's comet.

