

# 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.

