

Book of Days

by stephen hastings-king

1. The arrangements of lights on the cracking towers are a segment of Orion's belt, the handle of the Big Dipper and a section of Andromeda's spine. Every miniature star glows hazy in the yellow-brown duplicate night.

2. On Christmas Eve the wind comes twined with gas from the chemical plants. People celebrate the Spirits of Industry in the streets. They shoot weapons into the air. The bullets fall on other neighborhoods like the monarchs returning to San Juan Capistrano.

3. Most days I spend time in my garden of words. Some grow in the air at the ends of long, transparent vines. Others are low to the ground: when you step on them they give off a scent like chamomile.

