

Star Roping

I ran out to count the stars,
to see if they were still there the way we had left them,
to see if any dreams had finally lost their grip
and fallen with slippery hands into
today.

I flung my arms wide,
and saw such a large moment.
I found myself – still standing alone.

I realized that stars flicker,
THEY BURN OUT!
Every time. I close my eyes. I lose. My place.

And somewhere in Argentina,
my star flips and rolls.
My dream slides into a stranger's hands.

One day I will find a way to lasso a star.
For now, the chain I throw is too heavy,
the star I chase too free.