



Constellation

I know that I am mortal by nature, and ephemeral;
but when I trace at my pleasure— the windings to and fro
of the heavenly bodies— I no longer touch the earth with my feet:
I stand in the presence of God himself and take my fill.” — Ptolemy

for Hans Verboten

Cygnus

Cygnus is one of the most familiar constellations in the northern hemisphere. Its name derives from the Greek word for "swan." The constellation was originally listed by the Greek astronomer Ptolemy in the 2nd century. It is shown as a long-necked bird with its wings spread wide.

*

Are you the woman who is "afraid" of dark corners
and snakes, wearing such nice knee socks?

Tell me your time of return and we can go together
if you want

*

Altair and Vega

The story says that once a year, all the magpies in the world form a bridge so that the two can be together, and the constellation represents the celestial bridge.

*

I only see mountains when I'm looking around.
Everything I left is still waiting it seems ...
It's not so bad, no time to cry—



*

My world got a little crack.

If pain is an illusion there is no lock anymore
so I looked into my box:

many little things
and some really big things
made me feel sadness, desire ...

*

I scatter legs and hair like so many seeds to feed him.
He caws at them, blinking.

Of all the winged things that might keep us aloft,
our claws teetering on the telephone wire

of uncertainty—
It was a volcano. In Iceland.

*

I can hear your voice when I read your poems.
even I do not know exactly ... anything ...
your rhythm gives me doubtlessness.

On one hand I can feel desire
on the other hand you act like a creator.

You build your own spaces,
so for you it is impossible to be poor.

Never.

*

Creating— the work of thin air,
makes me feel much less tired, more feathered ...

The Lyre

Orpheus, the musician and poet, was said to have been transformed into a swan after his death at the hands of the Maenads and placed in the sky next to his lyre.

*

What do you think about a photo of you?

For me, to paint.

Perhaps sitting on a table.

Perhaps standing in water ... or some dark fluid.



The Cross

Cygnus contains a prominent asterism, the Northern Cross, formed by the brightest stars in the constellation.

*

It feels like this for me:

You write words to me
I do not know the definition,
Google says something to me
and I respond
and I use words I don't know about.

*

Feed me just a teaspoon of milk
and I will drink it.

Spill it before me like a million stars
and I will reflect each one back to you.

Stars and lightning are my weakness.
Ich werde Sie essen gesamte.

Deneb

The brightest star in Cygnus is alpha Cygni or Deneb ("the tail"), which is also the 19th brightest star in the sky. Deneb is a blue-white supergiant that marks the swan's tail and is one of the stars of the Summer Triangle. The triangle can be seen directly overhead at midnight during the summer in the northern hemisphere.

*

I watched you and knew I could be a "victim" of your power.
Perhaps sometimes I believe in my own power and I'm not afraid.
Let's cross our energy and watch lightning.

*



burnt to ash our bodies seem identical—
still bracing after so many years

volcanic silt coddles vertebrae
like a memory of skin

our earthly regalia of teeth and eyes and hair,
abandoned—

your chest, a nest of bones to be uncovered
my mouth still holding you, opens like the sky—

Sadr

Gamma Cygni or Sadr ("chest") lies at the center of the Northern Cross and is surrounded by a diffuse nebula.

*

One time on our way back from the barn you told me you are forgetful.
You lied!

There is no word
I rremember.

*

At night his face is black against a stone pillow.
The trees hover over him like pink palms warming at a flame.

Ticks discover the mountain of his body.

There are bones beneath this quiet.
Sharp, scratching bones, unsettling.



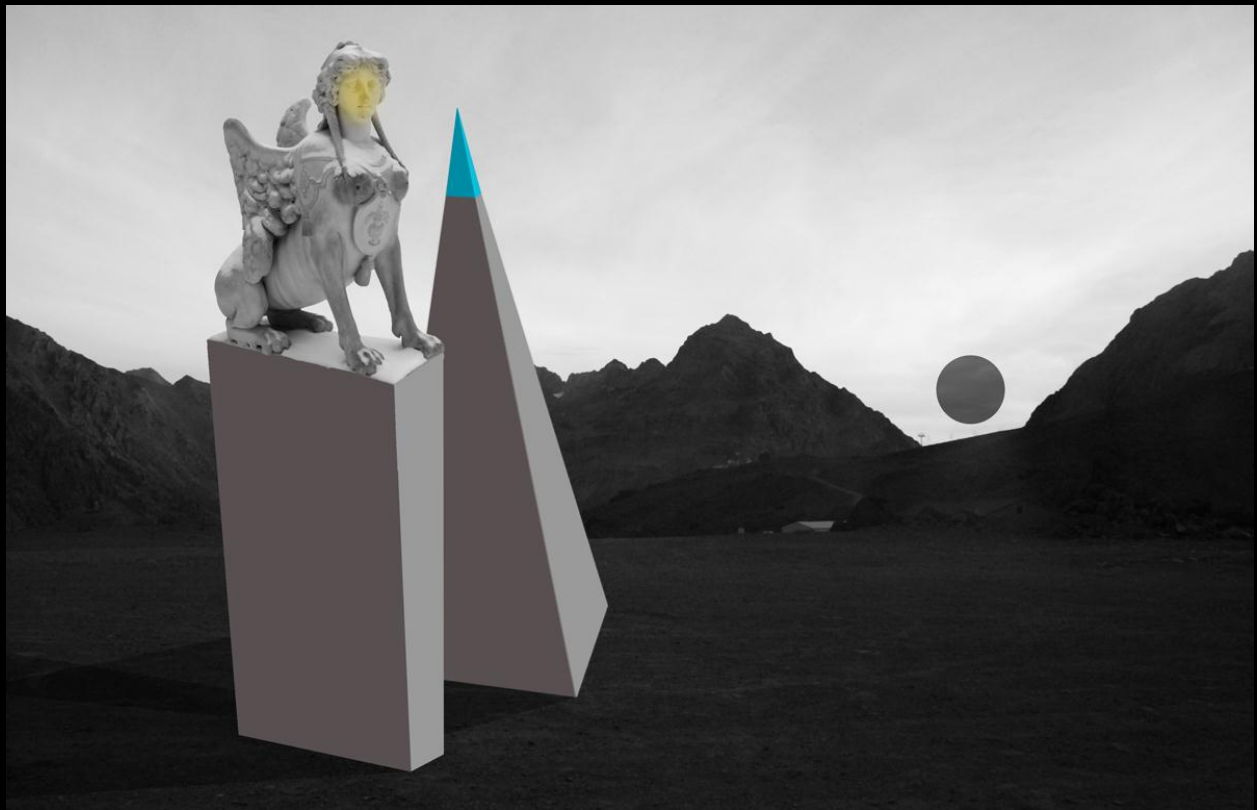
Rukh

Delta Cygni, also known as Rukh in Persian is a magnitude-3 star named after a huge mythical bird of prey said to have been able to carry and eat elephants. It is a triple star approximately 170 light-years distant. Its components are a blue-white supergiant that can be spotted with the naked eye, a yellow-white companion star, and a magnitude 12 orange star.

*

Behind me I can see a few exhausting days and in front there comes a little trip.
I'm sorry, but you have to play without me for a week.

*



I would like to tell you more, a lot more, though so many words I miss.

*

In a week, my skin might grow too tight
and itchy to wear. I might have to eat myself clear
of my shell and molt for you.

The droplet of you I can hold, evaporates in my mouth.

My mouth my mouth my mouth opening and clamping
down again without a sound.

When it unfurls, my tongue is a violet flower—
pink on the inside and made of steam.



*

Life is sometimes a bitter beast.

*

I fear I hurt you? Somehow?
be aware, I never want to give you isolation.

*

I am happy just to be in your orbit, even if not the sun.

Gienah

Epsilon Cygni is an orange giant that shares its traditional name, Gienah ("the wing"), with gamma Corvi.

*

You use one word often
and there are two very different translations.

You explain or I decide on my own
what translation I like most:

“intrigue”



Our metaphors coil
like golden-tipped tentacles
searching without eyes.

The ocean bottom—
a zone to be discovered—
quiet with fragments.

I am alone here
Hovering close to what shines
with only my string.

Albireo

Beta Cygni or Albireo marks the head of the swan. It is a binary star with blue and yellow components. It is only the fifth brightest star in the constellation.

*

Perhaps this sounds strange and you ask why I am so strict.
Perhaps that is my own question.

*

We should found a company.
Offering adventure travels.

Where to?
First, let us send them to your hippocampus.



The Veil Nebula

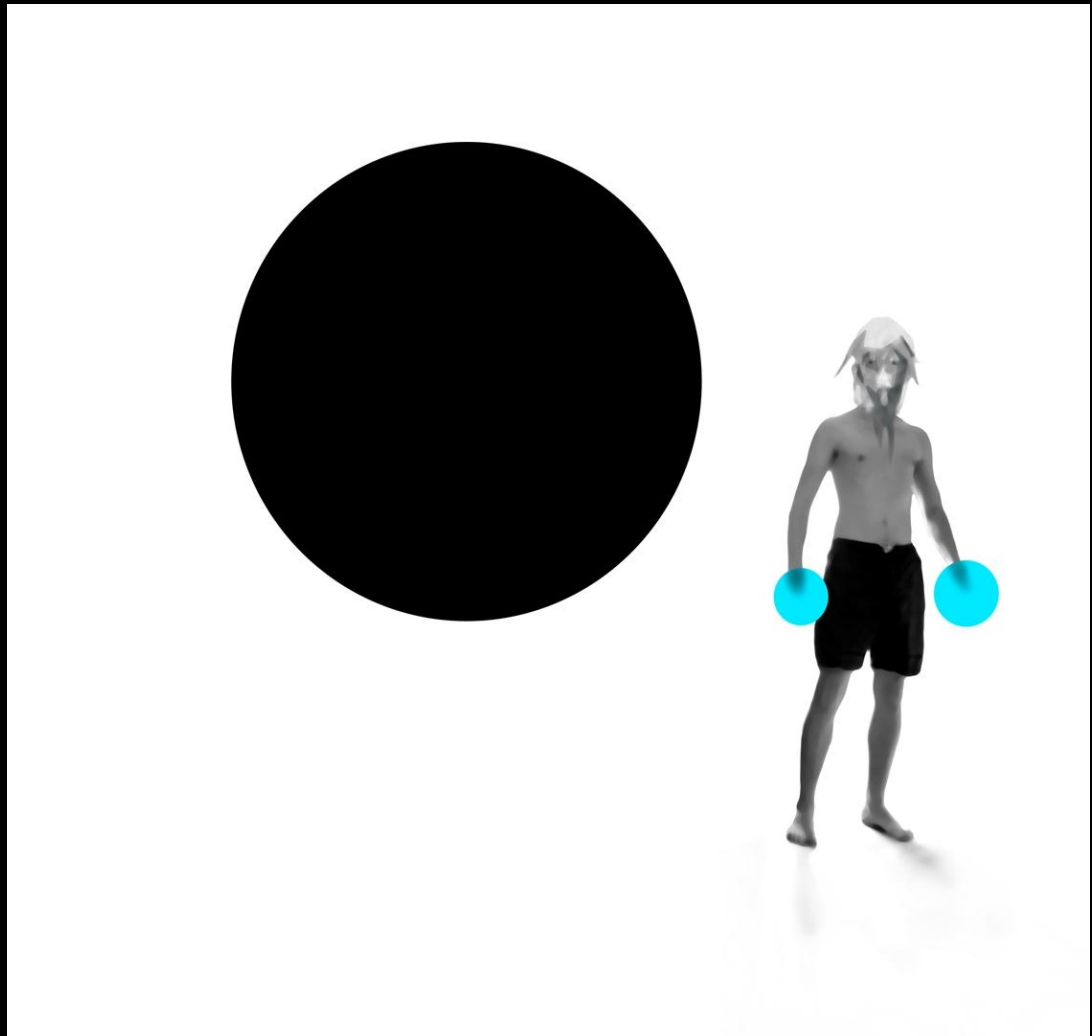
The Veil Nebula is a large, ancient, relatively faint remnant of a supernova. It can be spotted south of epsilon Cygni, but is difficult to see without a filter.

*

There is a certain moment when I know what to do, out of silence.

I can work in some kind of flow too,
but things I do not know are always born in silence.
Perhaps in exhaustion.

There is this moment when can't stand keeping still, and I have to comment—
I feel it is necessary, not only because I have to work, or to be.



The Fireworks Galaxy

NGC 6946 or the Fireworks Galaxy has been the site of more supernova sightings than any other galaxy. It is an intermediate spiral galaxy lying on the border between the constellations Cygnus and Cepheus, approximately 10 million light-years away from Earth.

*

I will bother you sometimes when I miss your *you-ness*.



*

Do you really want me to tell you about your contour?
My eyes can see you even if they are closed.

*

Anyway, my fruit is big enough.

*

I could touch you, I did before
and I can remember your frequency
to breathe years later.

You want to burn? ... Me?

*

The Crescent Nebula

NGC 6888 or the Crescent Nebula is an emission nebula created by a fast stellar wind of a Wolf-Rayet star, an evolved, massive star showing strong emission lines of helium and nitrogen or helium, carbon and oxygen.

*

I cannot distinguish between me and you as abstract persons in your poems.

We lack any body language.

Even if we were to write in a language familiar to both of us, we could never be sure—

How can I determine what I feel then?

*

Before the dive:

Left hand, a fist of blue energy.

Right hand, another.

Locked to strange forces, you glow—
as if ready for anything.

*

In the dream, we don't have tails,
but are similarly turned into and away from each other.
I have curled your hair into a wild nest like mine.
You have wings.

*