

Polaris

On our January porch, hands
open to starshine, we are pierced
by Polaris. It's a stigmata I feel
as my right palm presses
your right palm, fingers laced.
It's a burning, a covenant. Later
in our bedroom, some shine
on your shoulder where I touch
as you drift into your own night
sky. We have been pierced
by starpoints, filled with light.
We sail on it, I your compass, true
North, and you my lantern
and flame, tower and beam.