

Constellations float in a dark wine.
They remind me of another year.
Sparkling Orion shimmering through the leaves of trees,
Can you see him?
 Feel the rocky edges beneath your feet.
 Stones like fossils,
 Stones like sharp bumps of cooling passions, once molten underneath.
 Can you feel the ancient heat?

Anniversary

Joe Hemersbach

Each year circles and surrounds
Like an irritating bee.
Hear it, hear that sound?

Each newborn year flees
From you and me.
Each hardens into a vast geology.
Each an anniversary

As we blaze like galaxies,
As we spin our heads and roam the earth
and watch the seasons.
Can you hear the change?
Can you hear it each year?
Can you hear, my dear,
The grief of old lovers newly strange.

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