

*Charu Sharma*

## WHAT THE STARS SAY, AND OTHER EMPTY SPACES

and all my dreams star you  
and me lately I am not  
in the business of directing  
tragedies past midnight  
all the happy parts of me  
live in sleep my subconscious  
is ninety-nine black ravens that fly  
and only for you can you  
imagine being responsible  
for one hundred and ninety eight  
wings being that windy  
my dreams are alive with  
telephones that do more  
than just ring and hang up  
in dreams there are no wires  
only feathers on asphalt  
and yours and mine fallen  
from skies cloudy and not even  
partly soft somehow  
together your touch  
old words all the laughs  
are killing me I mean it's like  
swallowing a piece of cherry pie  
too fast even if it was  
your favorite food even  
if you'd waited all week  
to eat it you'd choke it's like  
a papercut by polaroid  
clay too hardened  
by the sun to be played with  
brittle lipped dissipated  
and this freshly drawn hell  
eight hours of rusty emotional  
airways I know you've felt  
it in the dreamscape I hear  
the stars they sound  
just like you  
bright and silent