The sun is in my chest.
A billion years,
It would be dead.

But now
It is devouring,
Diffusing time.

The system’s center
Concealed by cells that flicker
And planetary organs
Spinning in the light.

I feel it.
Fitful, pulsing.
Warm where your hands were.

Every asteroid trembled
As your fingers ran
Along the rings of my neck.
Your thumb found the notch
Between my collar bones.

The sun screamed.
Theoretically,
A cosmic event
Thwarts orbits
And time unravels.
Fingerprints glow
For an instant, then
Squint.
Blindness.