

# Odds, Out Come Stars

a city cloaked in orange, glowing, heavy clouds  
all the belches of indigestion  
weigh heavy all around  
a small car buzzing down a wide road  
drifting out of bounds  
out to a place where the noises of light  
make a distant tiny sound

when out come the stars  
pinholes of light in a moth eaten blanket held over the night

tuning out the engine, tuning out the song  
get there but I don't know how  
and why it took this long  
I need something to burrow through my weeds  
and blast me from the sand  
to open up the new twilight  
open up the can and

out come the stars  
pinholes of light in a moth eaten blanket held over the night  
out come the stars  
targets for wishes and satellite dishes reflecting their light

and they're so far away it can't be fathomed  
an elephant made of all these atoms  
nature is patient with its jailers  
like brothels will humour all those sailors

awestruck dumb and silent, consumed by all that's vast  
it's a comfort to know that you're not in control  
of anything but your past when

out come the stars  
pinholes of light in a moth eaten blanket held over the night  
out come the stars  
targets for wishes and satellite dishes in astronaut white