

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