

*After Hearing There Are Only  
7,000 Stars  
Visible to the Naked Eye*

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With its better eyes, does the housecat  
cry beneath the majesty  
of 70,000 stars? Does the owl  
climb into a rabbit's back  
under a hailstorm of light?  
How many pictures could I make  
with more stars  
and how many different stories?  
This is what I wonder  
below my own wedge of sky,  
interrupted by maple branch and rooftop,  
the air smudged with what escapes  
from so many streetlamps  
and passing cars. A soul  
could starve in this impoverished light—  
this less fabulous infinity  
than what we need  
after so many bone-bright days.