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

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.