

**intergalactically**

*by Alyssa Froehling*

these ulcers forming in my eye grow  
into the shape of the only flower that  
can bloom on the surface of the sun

i keep you far away from me contained  
in concrete i want to scrape my knees across,  
show me a blue capable of trapping air  
before heat's temper drives it to ultraviolet

yes you  
born in the wrong swatch of skin  
born covered in goose flesh  
selfishly consuming like a riptide

carve out interstices between planets for me  
with your fingernails  
so i can remember what it was like to be  
young without teeth

crescent to crater and still only drywall  
as separators  
we whisper in dust settling before it travels  
far enough

to reach what we could've  
with our shouts  
or our hands.