

## Make of Break Star City

Remember that season we gathered without shadow.  
Got rowdy and filled the creek with cuss. There were two beards  
In the trash and nothing was new. It was night and that one star  
Was the only same again thing. Or maybe just the only thing  
Worth carving to what mountain. You were sleeping that one time  
I sneaked down three stairs to unsense the sound of meaning. I meant  
Meaning writ large. As if words themselves were mere as bells to decorate  
The *fugit*-ness of time. That was so many administrations ago. The only  
Pundit left we can trust is the river. Every other channel scrabbled static.  
A nonbreeze blew through passably brown branches. If I had wanted  
To wake you I didn't know it. Going back to that one line about sleeping.  
Referring back to that sense of sneaking through a duskdrawn house.  
In search of some shape to wrap my lazy mouth around. In hard want

of some sound to know by which I mean

of course I miss you buddy.