

Sometimes, instead of going
forward, I try to go further back—
beyond fourteen billion years.

I try fifteen billion, sixteen
billion, sixty billion—long before
our planet was ever created.

Sometimes, the small girl in me wonders
if all of our universes are a roux roiling inside
a large stone cauldron,

inside the warm midnight blue
kitchen of the infinite Black Sorceress
who lives inside my cells

(Sometimes, I can't stop thinking
about the fact that before Mao Zedong became a genocidal
murderer, he was—first—a librarian).

Quantum entanglement.

Something female inside me knows

that she is evolutionarily expected

to wake up in the middle of the night

and stare through the dark. And wonder.

All the worlds spinning beneath me.
Toggling.

I have been

thinking about you

again today,

as I do—

so often—think of you

wondering

if people can see the sky

of our childhood

the way we still see (the sky)

whenever we think

of each other.

Well, not see, but feel—

the way

every feeling

has a trillion eyes.