Tonight the constellations are all cattle
grazing the sandhills of outer space,
and keeping them herded together afield
is an electric fence, a single wire
through which ticks a current of meaning.

Of course it’s a trick; of course they could trample
the fence in an instant, the shock so small
compared to their strength, size, and girth.
But the stars stay away, and the fence stands
thin but distinct. Somehow it works.