

*How Gods Are Made*

As a child I painted the inside  
of a box, hung Styrofoam balls  
from fishing line: one, two, three,  
until the solar system formed  
in a fury around the sun, yellow  
as dandelions buried face up,  
this galaxy imagined behind  
an orbit without moons.

When Pluto was a planet, little  
ice cube held in the universe's palm,  
my elbows and knees gave way  
to felled bikes, the stars a brush tip  
on an infinite coat of black.

To define what was different  
in my body, the weightless fumble  
from girlhood into god, would strip  
the paint from Venus's blue dress,  
interrogate the constellations  
that have never been named.

I want to love that girl into myth,  
girl who holds aggregates  
of galactic dust, feels her fingers  
tie suspension for every known globe.

I want her to be real in ways  
I'm not, call the night sky down  
over sediments of grief,  
show us how light we all could be.

*Imagine How They Sound*

You told me about ghost apples  
in Michigan, how freezing rain cocoons  
the rotting fruit before it turns to pulp  
then slips through the ice, leaving behind  
a frozen skin still clinging to the trees.  
Translucent globes catching light below  
the stem where the living thing once was,  
perfect shell shaped as Jonagolds.  
My grandmother's ghost eats apples  
from my fridge, licks the sugar from her  
fingertips *one two three* so I'll hear her  
coming clean, little sounds in the dark,  
her robe still hanging in the closet  
keeping shape where a body used to be.  
Imagine how the apples sound when they fall,  
thump on the snow as hard as baby birds.  
Hard as a woman's head against the floor.  
I know they taste like the memory: cold at first,  
nowhere left to bruise.