

Cristina,

And still, places. Many mighty places. Mountains that hide your face.
This face, this place, how better, where will we ask for more?
Author of whatever it is, we'll name her gravity

Reappear as discovery, woman
that implodes into places, places that cause a distance
This is what happened. I saw the earth, all of her body, gone the sin
of the sun.

I wonder - light. Space is constellations of grace. In words, we are
victorious, we're crawling into a planet, we're turning to fires, we're
stepping right through alone. Mouth becomes cup in our hands and
though.

The present is reappearing again. But what about when I was formed?
And couldn't for the light in me reach this time