O, how our sun lives:
alone it silently spins,
turning about its axis and
burning without complaint.
around it, the earth does race
in its elliptical orbit tightly encased
because if it were not for the light and
gravity the sun pours, the earth would
into the endless void and be gone, but the sun,
its death eminent but far, refuses to abandon our
world; itself it continues to slowly kill, waiting for
something quite as simple as a halt in our fighting and arguing
throughout titan's cold blue rain that tumbles from clouds of methane.

what I wanted to know first
was which hand did he use?
The right, or the left? The same hand
that reached into the cold air
of the fridge at 2 A.M. for a gallon
of milk as I watched
with my neck craned and my eyes
fixed on his dark stubble
until he slurped from the plastic jug
and passed it off to me?
Was it the same hand he clasped
with another as he held me from behind,
striking my stomach until a wet jawbreaker
fell loose and rolled across the floor?
But after a few moments, I found
something I wanted to know more-
what kind of love did it take her
to set me on his sun-bleached porch,
kiss me on the cheek and turn around,
knowing everything would be more than fine?