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The Weight of Grief

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We sprawl under a sky
scintillating with constellations
we cannot name. After two
bottles of champagne, our veins
pulse with the energy of
bottled-up stars. Our hearts beat
with the vigor of flying corks

until night's drape weighs down
our eyes, and our words begin
to slip out gently, like a lullaby.
I'm still half-asleep when you shake
me awake, and I miss your goodbye;
miss warning you that I am an Aries—
I'll only burn you with my light.

You drive with ambrosia
in your veins, oblivious to double
yellow lines — ichor spills where
you weave into a pair of blinding
lights looming through fog like ghosts.

Memory haunts like spectral
ink bleeding into the sky. Every letter
I never sent finds its way towards
the atmosphere, finds you there,

not here
amongst the broken windshield—
the champagne bottle shattered
into a hundred glassy stars.