

BOTH HALVES of a  
DISTANT BLUE OBJECT

by Edith Lyre

*See a damn thing in this light—*  
*Is that closer? That's close enough*  
*Now—* to one side fly the empty  
Terraces and scraped nests of let's  
Call it Worldwarland, a busy place  
And serves a decent espresso, but's  
Got no milk that's not long off.  
Here's the promises and wet cargo  
And the uncaptioned foreignness  
That comprise the wide wastelands  
Of Prologue and his accoutrements,  
His flashbacks and scores and lyrics  
And flinches at the smell of her or  
Anything like

Veiled stairwells glide to my  
Darling at the head of sixty  
Shadowless lights all calling  
Laughter's call in the atrium / to  
The gilded City of Corridors  
A swirl of hemi-  
As the colours run home / to  
Her hands as each declares its  
Own fragment of Dawn, waits  
How the moon waits – with  
Shining, loving dispassion,  
Upon the reversal of the day –  
*How click and whirr the million*  
*Engines of its body, golden bell*