

Coming Home

You wrote in your letter  
“Haven’t seen the Big Dipper in years.”  
Coming home, you saw it,  
tilting low and pouring  
night onto the hills.

It made you think of the times  
we curved along back roads  
before the big city  
took away the sky,

and all we wanted  
to do for entertainment  
was roll down the windows  
and zoom through our own hemisphere,

the cool, clear air singing on our bare arms,  
and every mile of constellations  
giving reasons to look up.