

**Ways of Seeing**

*after Felicity Plunkett's 'Underwater Caulking'*

One perigee syzygy a poem speaks  
of *the ten lunar months it takes / to make*  
a *child*. In ancient Egypt

these intervals were understood  
to begin when the waning  
could no longer be seen

before first light. Currently  
you are stardust.  
Not even

                    yet  
a crescent.  
I worry I've lost too many

hours waning. My knowing  
too slim;  
a left-aligned filament

that cannot catch  
and hold  
                    a feather

let alone a ray  
of shimmering dust. Perhaps, gibbous  
with confusion, I'm spent?

(Will I, won't I? This way or that?)  
While others turn with such precision,  
radiant orbs — content

filled — I dream of conjunctions  
luminous alignments  
stackings of hope

in indigo night.  
A matter of perspective, of course,  
our nearness.

                    Glimmering illusion  
                    that you are

so easily within                      reach.