

Columbia College Chicago :: MFA in Creative Writing—Poetry

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Rooftop Gravity

She tells me to look
through Orion's belt
loop, past the stars
and the visible galaxy.

My eye traces the unfamiliar
constellations: connect the dots.
There's a big dipper.
Even physicists

say beyond all of it
there is still more hurtling
away from us faster
than the speed of light

that we'll never see,
space moving faster than
here and there. It starts
to snow upward, the wind swirling

stars or snow flakes,
our eyes lost in that hall
of mirrors, unsure where we are,
which lines to draw. The smoke

from my breath sinks down
over the factory lights behind
my backyard. We stand, my arm
around her waist, and fall into the snow.