

in les étoiles, i toil
jeffrey reid pettis

if proportion is the measure of perfection,
i never was much good at drawing stars.
it was as if their crooked little limbs suffered
rigor mortis halfway through a jumping jack
or that they rehearsed stiff salutes to the sky,
then sank into shrugs, unable to be bothered
with decorum while also being relegated
into loose-leaf corners. but it's not like i
was light on practice; i doodled the divine
as eternity ticked away in long red seconds
in protest of the hour, and innumerable were
the shooting stars i claimed my own, shining
glibly with their symmetries uncoiled, bodies
frostbitten at the apex of their flights.