

swift escape
by Sheri Doyle

she pulls the horizon close
wraps herself in a cloak of setting sun

don't look directly at her now, just imagine
hydrogen, helium, and trace elements

at 27 million degrees and swathed in
nuclear fusion, she is cold at her core

running through city streets after midnight
a yellow flash on wet pavement

ephemeral graffiti spotted only at safe angles
she is blinding as a mechanism for swift escape

a fire trail turning corners of buildings
climbs lampposts for the warmth of dim bulbs

sources tea lights behind foggy windows
forever in search of a match to strike

volatile gravity holding us together
spinning tops in the solar flare