

# RETURN

I have painted the stars onto my hands  
constellations cloak these fingers  
this is how I navigate my return

no ear for the fasten of siren song  
nor lips for honey-dipped apples

like the spear-flighted cormorant  
my course cleaves the waves

each night as the sun strays west  
I fix my thumb upon that horizon  
as once I placed it above your heart

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