(i)
When set against a symmetry of stars
And the deep of the night
Everything is beautiful-

(ii)
I remember you as a frozen image
On a quiet bench in your reclusive stature
Under a streetlamp, a host to a masquerade of pirouetting flies and charming mosquitoes
I wondered why you were not dancing along

I remember you as a frozen image
The shadows marked the territories on your face in distinct shadows
The areas I could gaze upon, the areas I could not
I still think your face is more symmetrical than the stars could ever hope to be

(iii)
I remember you as a conversation
Two-fingers spacing away, from margin to composition
My fingers battled the printed line and danced to the music of your speech
I wondered why your fingers buried a cigarette

I remember you as a conversation
And though your words were crying, your windowpanes sat dry
And though I have never seen eyes more shallow than your own-
I still think your voice is deeper than the night could ever hope to be

(iv)
When set against a symmetry of stars
And the deep of the night
Everything is beautiful-
Even rejection,
Even goodbye.