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All the Rest of Yous

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ALL THE REST OF YOU ELIZABETH PONDS

I stopped looking up at the stars when I was seventeen
My eyes weren't made for tiny orbs that run away
With the space over my head.
My mind wasn't made to believe in stars that manipulate us with their
old light,
Placate us with the Sun they abandoned to give us life.

If humans and aliens alike live in the gutter,
I'm not laying on my back like the procreators.
I'm traipsing about the length of it,
Sighing the leftover air,
Caressing the cheeks of these fleshed-up Gods,
Searching for stairs to the heavenly dirt.

But we don't, Mr. Wilde,

I live in an apartment with a nice kitchen
That my roommates don't know how to fucking clean.
And I swing my head round horizontally
Because I refuse to miss one expression on the faces of the Gods
Who stare at the grey stones, yes,
But into my wide eyes some too.

I refuse to miss This – the Now – the Earth,
This reality more Divine than the Irish God will ever be.
This is not the gutter like those Catholic schools brainwashed you into
believing.
This is Heaven.
We are the Stars.
I'm walking steady on this rain-soaked Isle.
And I'm keeping my gaze level with all the rest of You.