

# Poppies

Christopher Cassetty

Bloody constellations—and patterns—  
lay beneath my woeful nepenthe,  
strewn by fate across my bed, and floor,  
where they dry and wither, and turn  
brown, almost—almost as if to say  
no joy may last longer than it takes  
to feel satisfied, and I'm not satisfied.  
I watch these stars stir amidst the  
bleakness of dried tears, and virgin  
stars join, occasionally, as old ones are  
blown away like dust when they grow too  
old to keep themselves whole, and when  
will I join their fate? not long, not long,  
I watch her droop, as if there is no amount  
of love and care that could be given to  
force these dying cells awake—and I weep;  
I weep at my bedside while these stars  
burn my feet, and in some ebbing measure  
of hope—for the chance that a tear will  
bless this earth and heal my burns—I will  
not surcease. The curtains sough through  
open windows, and feels my grieving face  
the virility of Spring—and I see through  
watery eyes my nepenthe drowned, and  
only then do I realize that it is possible  
to love something too—too much.