

POISONOUS STARS

The night drips sweat beads
like a fresh squeezed glass
of April.

My mind going a hundred seconds
a minute.

Stars lighting fire by fire
in the mystified sky.

All my ideals being poured
into the Big Dipper
lost in the night.

And I drink my thoughts like Juliet,
drinking the poison
that would set her free.

—*Tiffany Hord*

