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Holes & Stars

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Once, someone said something
About firsts and forevers
and silent roads and
words wasted on wooden posts
and I remember something
about a million different directions,
and not one of them leading us home.
None of it made sense—
Not the leaves scattered like bones,
or the cold wet smell of
September in Michigan,
Not the wind, spreading your hair
like fingers across my face.
Maybe it goes without saying—
I know there are holes but
I have yet to see stars,
And
none of us know where we're going.
Once,
Someone said something
about a million hours spent like
this,
And what's so terrible about
waiting,
What? Two people combined in
a moment so small,
it doesn't exist. And that's it.
And I remember something
about hello or goodbye,
not sure which,

It's this coming and going I still
hold on to,
not understanding a sky so vast
we can't even swim across it.
And you said something about
hands so small you could hold
them forever,
but once I realized the world was
spinning
nothing I did could keep me
from turning
And it's still on my mind, if it matters
at all—
tiny veins twisted through leaves,
rain so cold it chills our bones,
And our feet—
tangled together so perfectly,
a million different directions
quietly fading,
And I'll tell you one thing I
understand,
There's nothing like
time when you're looking back,
And we've all said it—
I should have known
But for some reason, the sky on
our shoulders, so full of holes,
let's us know we're
too late, and the later it gets,
the farther we are
from home.