

## Satellites

Not a zephyr across the windowsill,  
too early for the birds. I am that age  
when I can lie awake at night and gauge  
the pain in my spine while completely still.  
These nights, before the birds, if I can will  
myself to rise and go outside, the page  
of night about to turn to dawn, in this stage  
of life, watching satellites is a thrill,  
a silent point defines a silent line.  
And when outside while all the household sleeps,  
my dark windows seem as deep as the sky.  
Among the stars up high is one that creeps.  
Then, as the second bird begins to sing,  
I see the difference a drifting mind keeps  
between a falling and a flying thing.