

ROBERT HILLES

TWINKLE

Stars are the lean, the spread, the gouge. All is night but where we are. Tomorrow is but a shove. And to think of love is to think inward, to imagine there is no end. Space is the expansion of story. I watch you on your motorcycle heading to the busy street in Khon Kaen. Traffic is the thrust to belief. To love is not to wish on a star or to gather in or push off. It is you on your motorcycle on a spiritual errand. It is to chant in the presence of rubber to let the skin be an entrance. Your smile is the twinkle I swirl into memories. Each day commences the same but then finds its own contorted path. Later, stars overhead pin us to this exact spot and are proof that certainty isn't what bunches in each day. You return later with bags of food dangling from the handlebars. Each day you ride off on a spiritual errand and return with bounty. Love is just such an exactness.