

3/24

By Ro Feitl

The sky is alight
Oil spilled on the blacktop
Shining emerald
Against the onyx night

They called her Aurora
I sing in her name
Chasing to capture her radiance
In my throat

I fail every time.

How could the ways of the universe
Ephemeral and bright
Be captured in something so small?
It's pathetic,
almost.

I dreamed that night of northern lights.