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Night River
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Though the night river moves on, the stars on its back remain. If not forever, for long enough, as far as we're concerned. We'll all be gone before they can assume new patterns and identities. Tonight there's still room in your pocket for one smooth stone, its patina of heat. Though it's true, as the experts say: you're as likely to find a spent matchbook as a key in the yellow beam of your flashlight. Or a paperclip turned back on itself, holding nothing. In the end, of course, a hole mysteriously appears in your tennis shoe. You cross your leg to look at it, calculating the miles you've come. Sighing like Galileo the night he found Saturn in his telescope. Believing the planet had ears, he brushed bread crumbs from his chin and immediately gave up his profound old loneliness. But not without regret—so accustomed had he grown to it.