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## I Dream of your Words Flowing up to our Glittering Infinite Space

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# I Dream of your Words Flowing up to our Glittering Infinite Space Denis Drachenberg

We ventured out  
to find new constellations in the sky.  
And all a constellation is  
groups of stars that form imaginary outlines.  
And as I'm finding these Recognizable patterns in the sky; out there  
I'm finding these patterns in you too.  
Forming these very real outlines here.  
Of You; the outline of your body of your face of hands in mine.  
Discovering the curve of your smile every once in while  
I get lost in it.  
You see while we were finding things in the atmosphere,  
We may have found parts of ourselves too.  
And we joked it's a sign,  
But somehow the stars did align  
perfectly that day,  
to display this rare occurrence of nature.  
If the heavens ever spoke -  
They did now.  
Performing spectacles for us,  
Right to us!  
As if giving us the twinkling go ahead.  
A perfect rendition of orange moons,  
and setting moons and,  
splattered dancing light.  
And yet, there's nothing as intricate as this.  
We are like two stars in the same constellation,  
that crashed into each other.  
Just wait and we'll create gold.  
Just wait and we will wobble the universe.