Are We the Stars Between Orion and His Belt?

If you found us between your teeth, you might try and floss us out as if we were

a nuisance. You might think

we can’t wedge ourselves in the orchard between your inner canthus and septum like a shadow cast

by the women orbiting the moon. We are only a million miles above you, you are seeing us

from an ancient point of view.

Do you still think of us as dust? Are we dandruff, pollen,

or ash? Are we the bloodied louse resting in your scalp and the frayed fringe of your living room carpet? If you can’t see us

wink or fall, you can’t see us at all; but you can see who we once could

be.