

Celestial Bodies

My children teach me
fearsome lessons:
the repetition of re-shelving
the unread book as a mantra; the pride
of cleanly wiped noses; the way love
digs a well in drought. Each day,
in their shadows, I become
smaller. I am only a moon.
I revolve, reshaped by phases;
unguarded, a heart riddled with craters.
Let's be thankful I am no longer the sun.
It believes in its own brilliance,
becomes dimmer over the ages.
It has a fixed place, the sameness
of its work, needing only itself.
However desirous, pulling the planets,
burning.

Mykelle Thompson-Graves holds an MFA degree in fiction writing from Pacific University, but that hasn't stopped her from writing poetry. She has worked as an editor, a professional writer, an assistant manager, a waitress, a teacher, a cashier, a companion, and, most importantly, a corn detasseler. She's had fiction and poetry published in *The Molotov Cocktail*, *Aperçus Quarterly*, and *Spilt Infinitive*. She lives in Pennsylvania with her husband and two sons.

