

## 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.

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**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.

