

# spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions  
ye chun

## **Astray**

After I've turned my head away for so long,

the world is still here for me to see:

queen of dark twigs on her throne of fire;

a few scattered birds, a few small lamps

wait on twilight's edge.

## **Butterfly, Pinched and Pinned**

*back on back  
wing on wing*

*fei.*

*pebbles on wings  
eyes in eyes  
arid moons*

*fei.*

*below the little perils  
above a small love*

*fei.*

*inside every window  
you are a window*

*fei. fei. fei.*

*abyssal creek  
carrying ice  
darker colors  
under ice*

*a small death*

*fei.*

## Dragon Head Rising

It's been so dry;  
we follow a river before daybreak.

For what shall we pray

when the sky is without dragons,  
land without fields?

Our loved ones are clouds  
we see from afar.

Gold beans will flower;  
wind will open.

For what shall we pray?

A feather on the heart?  
A moon on the mountain?

A moon on the mountain.

***Behind me is a scene not to be reassembled—***

*a few light bulbs,*

*a few eyes diluted by light,*

*a few hands pointing at the sky*

*and feet maybe pale and humid as mine.*

*A dog barks*

*as if its heart is being tossed out bit by bit.*

*Fog flies by, cold feathers, lifting me up.*

*The stone road crowded with gold snakes and spiders.*

**Today they** cut the tree in front of my window

you, so gentle, i've wanted  
to move my hand along you.

your birds grow bigger,  
sit on my windowsill.

we will lament together:  
stars pass through you.

**When I can't** sleep, the top of my head  
sinks until it holds rain.

My window teaches me  
to breathe slowly:

*You leave two rows of pauses  
wherever you go.*

My window falls and rises  
like the water within my body.

**Those landscapes** never wait, they sit in their shadows.

My window sits, a clear heart,  
exchanging frost for frost, promise for promise  
with what's cooling, blossoming in the wind:

*Once I knew a map which was empty.*

*Only at night, the roads emerged.*

*Destinations tingling: dew on a leaf.*

**Smallest moon**, fingertip,

two curves —

one floats on everything becoming tender,

one a breath leaving,

taking nothing, not even a murmur.