

Lacie Semenovich

Constellation

She connects
the stars
into a puzzled
sky. On scraps
of paper
her life
writes itself,
dissects the space
between love
and sadness.

He whispers
behind trees,
from wild grass
in the field
on top
of the hill.

He wants
to be born.
He wants
a name.
He wants
nothing more
than she has.

She holds
him in
the invisible
between
thought
and breath.
Wishes do not
grow flesh,
do not wear
wings.

She braids
moonlight
into nets,
binds her
hands
to her
heart.

Wrests
the future
into sacks
of forgetting.
Buries the last
orange glow
of birth
in the ground
where April
will grow
blackberries
and stone.

Born in the Appalachian foothills of southern Ohio, **Lacie Semenovich** now lives and writes in the greater Cleveland area. She enjoys hiking with her husband and dog. Her poetry has appeared in *Barrelhouse*, *Zygote in My Coffee*, *Kansas City Voices*, *Leveler*, *Rat's Ass Review*, *The Ghazal Page*, and other journals. She is the author of a chapbook, *Legacies* (Finishing Line Press).