

Comet Hyakutake

Rod Mollise

Hyakutake, you surprised us all,
strutting in from outer darkness.
Just up and out of your black mansions,
you're ready to warm yourself in an alien Sun.
Did you come for me, you flirt?
Or are you just dressed to tease in satin
that shines all the way from the Great Bear
to the breasts of Andromeda?
Give me a little tail, beautiful!
Make me forget the dixie cups, cigarette butts
and rumbling rest-stopped 18 wheelers
of our hot-chosen rendezvous.

Way away from the sodium-pink skies
of the scared and greedy,
I lie back on dew-wet grass and gaze along
your fancy ion-blue gown.
Did you wear it just for me?
Or is it left over from the time
you came smoky with anger
to scare the bejesus out of Nile boatmen?
You're mine as long as eyes hold you,
which won't be long.



You'll want sleep after this hot tussle
and flee where a man can't follow.

A car door slams
and I get up in a hurry.
I want to be long gone
before some tourist kid asks,
"What ya lookin' at mister?"
I won't share you with the peep-show public,
who'll slink out of the city for a thrill.

As if they could look at you like I do,
who knows your secret paths
and can imagine the glory of rounding
the full-fired fury of a sun
and running laughing into the dark.