

Without the guidance of the noonday stars

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [June 8, 2016](#) issue

Where will I be when I confront the dark
the stars have lived in for millennia?

I'm no ascetic, I love what I call
earthly paradise, the vegetable stand
beside the road, I love to buy, devour
seconds after purchase, peach juice on my chin,

my sticky fingers unfit for anything
except delicious licentiousness,
licking them clean, tonguing sweetness, myself.

But to keep hungry, I need that wavering
incertain doubt provides my stars at noon,
the luminous I think I'm making up
some days. And other days I count on, countless.