

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.