

2019

## short song

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### **Recommended Citation**

Conner, Julia (2019) "short song," *The Tuxedo Archives*: Vol. 2014 , Article 16.  
Available at: <https://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit/vol2014/iss2/16>

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# short song

By Julia Conner

for M.C.R.

even the stars collapse  
fall out of their heavens  
disappear into black holes  
from which no light  
                    no light at all      escapes

we are made of that starry stuff  
as if used to draw splendor here  
pour it through a bone, a cell, a strand of hair  
and so born to those Orders  
                    must take our leave  
  accordingly

that last time I held out the jacket  
-- your hand coming through  
that black tunnel of sleeve