

TROY TYMOFICHUK / Two Poems

In the Stars

of the moment desire departs—still a space
to navigate—the night under the stars, more
breath warranted, in the stars, in the formation
of the chest, indiscrimination, carefully home

The Stress

so much weightless
in this memory, so much
off a shade unless I

intervene with a weight, almost being
the derivation of light and dark—one
alters, one can't but pleasurably alter