

if the giants strung together teeth,
and femurs, and spines, and tibias, and skulls,
around the gnarled necks,
why did they never think about the stars?

i know giants know love. i've felt it
known it, probably
been it. i've been it
(it, and the giant, because skin is whisper thin
and my bones grew too fast)

what *have* i known?

i've known food, and i've known men, and i've known
we're both equally as consumable.

non-perishables. we last forever, and a day, until we don't.
biscuit slime caking the back of your molars, and down your throat,
and you decide you prefer heat to longevity.

i think i've known solitude
if solitude is the time of day
when the light feels too harsh, a truth
you'd rather not be told. i've been told it
i wouldn't listen,
if i was the giant.

i've known tricks, and how to pretend the stars were already mine,
and i've known not knowing how to say this word
or that one,
and those, too, are stars.
or the holes they burn in my chest are.

i think i could count everything in the sky,
and every body on each planet,
and then every thought of every body,
and i still wouldn't get close to the magnitude of those giants.
they knew they could have the stars,
but they refused to take them so we could look at them
and remember love