Ephemeris

He watched Hale-Bopp with its two-fisted tail through his small, wide telescope in his long, tall yard, raised two kids and three dogs not all gone to good ends,

Sketched Hyakutake's sheer thin smear across his dark night almost all absent of cloud but present of wind,

Worked one job for three companies, some low, some high, none gone to good ends, mastering the last great telephony entrenchment before the cellphone explosion and the texting that followed,

Thought sometimes of that last date with Alisa and how the best things he had known could not be made into language but instead came across his sky in silent spectacle of form,

Like something that moved under the surface of things but was always there, or always returning, in every end he could ever see.