

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Home Thoughts

(from the last Star Diaries)

by Steve Brown

I.

Shot distantly, and spun with feet to stars  
into the sharp blue silence: all day  
the indigo night tugs round me, drawing on  
beyond the reach of Earth's gravity  
and grounding. I am venturing far  
into the dumb non-human. If I dictate this,  
it is only to counter that: the mouthless.  
Each day I try to string the familiar beads  
which make up my, and the World's, shared history  
-though each day with more muted fingertips.  
Going: the wide, flat smell of grass, the pointed acids  
of green apples, the blown particulars  
of train smoke; the worn-down cutlery,  
that cracked vase.

II.

How far can the elasticity of loves and guilts  
stretch, when snap – and then, into what mind  
beyond the difficult shorings we have hung upon?  
I see myself down a wrong-way telescope,  
diminished to dot. The stars are a scattering of salts:  
a bitter white, Himalayan pink, ground amber.  
The constellations are decomposed; I myself  
am spread across the skies like discrete residues  
of what I was made from; dissolving alchemies.

III.

Here, slowed, then slung like a shot  
round vortices, approaching speeds  
half that of light, I entertain mathematical ghosts  
of time loops – selves who multiply  
in different times, speeds, places.  
They are a kind of company, their faces drawn  
- fine lines on multi-axial graphs;  
they correspond to mine in distanced resonance.  
We seldom talk; words tend to stall,  
verb tenses, problematic. Each to other  
has the groping presence of an uncertain 'x',  
sub-algebraic. What we share, I guess,  
is some common 'home' – though what  
that now means passes through my skull  
like ghostly fingers.