

Julie Suk

---

*What We Know Is Not What We Feel*

which explains why we shiver  
when the heedless stars swing by.

*Come see,*  
says my son,  
the lens of his telescope  
momentarily focused

beyond  
what I want to believe—

that the earth is not  
the last place we touch,  
our song whisper rant  
not drifting off  
without route or shore.

I trace lines but find  
no discernible shape for Vesta  
Omega Aquarius Cetus,

no trail marked  
THIS IS THE WAY,

nothing  
of anger sorrow love  
or the foolish wishes  
we wept and fought for—

not knowing they seldom  
come true, hope  
the most savage lie.

And there in the lower sky  
Venus—

no, a night flight

flashing through trees  
and beyond,  
and I'm not aboard,

am left, you could say,  
like the aura of a burned-out star—

the body,  
that incorrigible flirt,  
still leading me on.