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## Alchemy

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## Alchemy

Thoughts are consumed at once into nothing—like stars.

Thoughts could consume you and I at once into nothing like intergalactic stars that were furious and fat before each galaxy thought of itself. Stars collapse into nothing.

Love begins when a galaxy thinks of itself, and then of itself not alone.

In those eyes I see my own vision; a panorama over his blue skies, and take up alchemy with an androgynous man.

I let myself onto a world where it feels like it did in the beginning when I thought of myself alone.

There was nothing to touch—
all was my own—
and the skin which held me then as I floated alone

becomes his arms as I am yet still alone, and there is nothing else, because we are one.

by Melissa Patterson