

## FIVE YEARS OLD

Stars fell all night.

The iceman had been very generous that day  
with his chips and slivers.

And I had buried my pouch of jewels  
inside a stone casket under the porch,  
their beauty saved for another world.

And then my sister came home  
and I threw a dart through her cheek  
and cried all night,

so much did I worship her.

*Intersecting nocturnal trajectories of stars, ice, jewels, sisters, darts, tears. Crouched under the cold porch the boy finds a black, broken comb that still smells like his lost father's head.*

- Joe Fletcher