

## Galaxy Albuquerque

Albuquerque gradually flicks on scattered stars  
throughout neighborhoods: street lights, porch lights  
while the rose halo of the powerful star  
still graces the horizon

behind the lesser stars below:  
queens of their kitchens,  
abuelitas with their hands in corn flour

mothers worry about their daughters  
fathers feel proud of their children,  
even those not theirs by blood

kids wish they were somewhere else  
in a major galaxy like New York, Paris, L.A.  
others bask in the glow of their forever home

an old woman's glad for her new puppy  
who circles her like the moon  
she calls her Luna

another woman gets the news she will be  
a grandmother for the first time, anticipates  
the brightest star she'll ever see

approaching stars, receding stars  
passed out far from street lights,  
flickering cold

stars about to blink out  
in sacred rooms with hushed tones  
glistening eyes

each star holds storied mysteries,  
celebrations behind dancing lights:  
we can't begin to know them all

tourists in the windowed restaurant  
at the top of Sandia crest,  
me in my stucco spaceship  
docked in perfect position,  
look out and take it in—  
if the darkness holds pain  
we can't see it—the

Galaxy of Albuquerque  
sparkles across the night floor  
its collection of lights  
our own Andromeda:  
peaceful,  
magnificent, a  
comfortable fiction of stars

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