Tattoo

Do you know my name?
I wrote it once here. I connected the dots in the stars
and spelled things that no one else could remember.

I waited
but an answer never came.
A half-life wasted away
watching my filigree in the night sky
trying to shine on you.

But you never saw.

Sometimes I want to lead Orion away.
I try to hand him a lantern.
This way... I whisper.

But he can't hear me.
He doesn't know my name, either.

I reach up for something
but my hand tangles in the blue vespers.
They tickle like dusty cobwebs.

When I pull my hand back down it is tattooed
with the words I've spent years writing in the stars.

The words burn like fire
but they will not wipe away like ashes.

I look up again.

The sky is empty.
Do you remember what it said?