

ROBERT THOMAS

Sonnet with Goldfish and Proxima Centauri

Of what could imperial I be jealous?
The white rose and how the muted spatters
of rain conjure red dots on its petals,
as if bloodstains would appear on the page
when holding a poem over a flame;
of the black moor goldfish and how it glides
effortlessly through rough limestone grottoes;
of hydrogen, its flammability
and its abundance; of the migration
of monarchs, their winters in Mexico,
how the ones who begin it aren't the ones
who end it, like the three generations
that it would take to reach the nearest star,
those astronauts anything but homesick.