

Stella Knows Sin

CANDELIN WAHL

The first words to reach my cradle startled
like a lark nursing a scratchy throat

“Fix it! Fix it! Fix it!”

Too many tries later I flew out my
teenage window
landed on soft dancer’s feet

Give up your sextant, tuck away that compass
for though I was named for a
constellation

I have no fixed position, can’t lead anyone
but myself away from
heartache

In my hemisphere, the darkest skies are strung
with the brightest
stars,

my black belt in adventure defies your GPS,
and the Great One comes to me
in words preached by a former nun—

Sin, she said, is the failure to perform acts of love