

## Two Poems

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i miss the stars.  
twinkling balls of gas,  
a map in the sky,  
pointing to you,  
to home.

i miss the moon.  
she listens to us confess—  
love,  
sorrows,  
fears,  
and does not judge as we hold each other closer.

i miss the sun.  
even though his gaze  
could never be as brutal,  
as scorching,  
as warm,  
as yours.