**I Miss the Milky Way**

Greg Friedmann

*Milk:* as in nourishment from the mother,

as in suckling, as in gone. *Way:* as in a path forward,

a trail other than road, asphalt’s eternal enemy.

We could see it once, that sparkling arm of galaxy

popping electric, spanning the night sky, stunning us

with our smallness. But the city lights we’d fled

decades ago followed us as the exurbs became

suburbs, blunting the black night to a banal gray

against which stars cannot compete. Losing sight

of our galaxy, we begin to think ourselves immortal,

our planet eternal, carrying on as we wish, burning

lights against a night whose darkness we still fear

and calling it progress. Most grievously, we’ve rendered

the flash of fireflies—the most brilliant of our blessings,

really—as something less than stellar.