

Candidate 2

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Celestial

In winter-time they come early,
the stars;
our sun, our very own star
sets, and our atmosphere clears.

Not completely, of course,
but enough that we can see constellations
asterisms
nebulae
sometimes our very own galaxy.
The Greeks assigned myths to the patterns:

Cygnus,
cast into the sky by Zeus
neck outstretched and wings beating
frozen mid-motion
splayed across the cosmos
so she may escape Hera's wrath;

the Pleiades,
seven nymph sisters
transformed into doves
then stars.

There are, of course, more than seven stars in the cluster,
with its true and optical binaries,
such hot blue stars;

Orion,
the hunter who dared love a follower of Artemis.
His asterism is clear,

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Orion's Belt, the line of three
points of light.

And I wonder if, when my time is up,
I too will be cast into the sky;
if I'll be scattered across the heavens

torn apart
ripped from myself
and when future generations look at the sky
they'll see me,

a new-born star,
or a constellation,
or part of many constellations,
an asterism, perhaps?
Points of light, shining bright

until I reach the end of my star-life;
and I explode
and create a supernova
that lasts for weeks, or months
flinging me all across the empyrean azure

and then that
will be
the end.