

Strands of Andromeda

Strands; auburn curls framed
Your freckled cheeks like a frisky blush of dance ablaze
With appetite-
Gazing, craving, smitten;
Telescope aside, you ask,
“Gran, why is my hair in space?”

Braids; tendrils tied back
Fastened apace with a scarlet tribute to Antares,
Hair clouding sight-
Staring, scanning; stumped;
Pen and pride aside, you ask,
“Gran, why is astronomy so hard?”

Locks; billowing waves-
Monochrome takes on a vagabond star cluster lost
In cosmos faint-
Searching, seeking; success!
Graphs and charts aside, you ask,
“Gran, have I really discovered?”

Plaits; scholarly files,
Trencher-concealed with a salvo of raucous applause;
Spring in your step-
Beaming, bowing; praised;
Grant and gold aside, you ask,
“Gran? Is this the summit?”

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A single solitary bun
Upon your crown caressed with strands
Of times before when you were young
And fancied deep celestial lands-

Of frontiers glazed with flames eternal;
Wisps of aethers cast in embers;
Lustrous gleams in festival-
Frozen still in space;

Of constellations wide, uncharted;
Depths no fabled lore remembers;
Quests alone you departed-
Boisterous in your chase.

The white dwarf has blazed its time
In mystic realms of ventures past
But now fresh stars must see its prime;
Familiar strands; replaced, recast-

Gazing, craving; smitten;
Telescope aside, you answer,
“No child, that’s Andromeda”.