The Heavens Take Issue

Wielding city lights, you pretenders,

Imposing your blaring gaudiness on the night

Sagittarius, Orion, the original pantheon

Whole constellations are blotted out by your ignorance

Solitary pinpricks of lapis lazuli struggle to keep their tears in once rich dark fabric

One or two prevail, the rest in hiding and forgotten while

You build ugly five-point stars to remember yourselves on boulevards

This fabric too wears with coarse gray cinder

As more stars recede into gray darkness, there is no world for worldview, no grand scheme for your understanding

One star will tell you nothing while whole constellations crumble

When you find there is nowhere to look but the sky for guidance

Then you can put your head to your own gray star-studded boardwalk and weep

Toss your pretense

In silent darkness, the beauty of the universe will reveal itself to you