

Night Star

(I)

Night star burning
She breathes white light
And soft heat

The winter wind
Kicks, drops, and spirals
Dancing at her
Luminescent feet

And I can feel her pulse
Beat through light years
As she sleeps

(II)

When the sun rises
She descends to earth
Silver dust shimmering

From her point of slumber
To the temple pillars
Of Athena where her words

Translate the purity
Of Heaven to becoming's
Bright and clamorous song

(III)

Thereby we
Are pupils
Of her Grace

Witness to
The choric glory
Behind Space