

gemini

ethan grant

Sometimes it takes a change in perspective
for us to consider scales of distance anew,
to see stars above not as ensigns or tales,
but luminescent dust hung about the heavens
like motes stirred from curtains some August afternoon.
It's true these parallaxic pictures live only through us,
inspired by our senses, our cares; yet even in this
enlightened age we still peer up on cloudless nights
to trace the lofted points of universal patterns
rising on the pastures and frost-strewn fields.

From there we draw comfort, and there I find
in Gemini the shape of two unabashed lovers
stretched supine upon a black bedspread of sky,
knowing that somewhere, beyond these measured
hours of earth, she sleeps—that soon she too may rise
and stare up at this same starry pair, alone
with her own secret, skyward thoughts.

And so I feel love: love for her, for the night,
and perhaps it is love which drives us to maintain
our gaze on these glistening planes of collective kinship
above earthbound mankind, to know that while
the mortal creature sleeps, our twin lovers embrace
on their bed of blue darkness, heedless to time,
and stars may die a thousand, ten thousand years
before their light ever fades from the face of our sky.