

A different angle in a farther land,
Horizon tilted to a golder gaze,
Engendered obelisks of onyx pointing
To their chosen deity of life,
Too sacred to be named by human tongue.
And in the New World Tonatiuh rose
Above the Aztec monuments to smear
The sky incarnadine and all below.
Ascendent Inti heated Incan priests,
Sent colored rays through curling incense smoke
As supplicants bowed low, beseeching favor.
When you withheld it they assumed the blame,
Appeasing you with living sacrifice.

You called on dying Keats to spread your legends,
Knowing lovers' pens are predisposed
To beauty, drama, grand hyperbole
And artful hymns you prized in every setting.
Poor Helios-Hyperion, you have
No modern bards with garlands for your altars,
Nor weavers of heroic narratives
To thrill your minions-- only scientists
Whose probes reveal your fire is dying too.
Like any other star, your being, glory,
Brilliance will collapse; black holes of time
Will swallow all your names as Gaia spins
A rime of lifeless white...no longer blue,
This shining eye reflective of your reign.

--Glenna Holloway