Stars

a pinprick in the veil of night

a velvet shield before our eyes

and far beyond, the source of light

which retina and mind despise

creatures slow of mind, in shade

scan the skies with hopeful gaze

imagined contact lost, and made

wander lustless through the maze

Polaris! Sirius! Betelgeuse!

each one a captain of our fate

adorned and scorned as any muse

entice us but to sit and wait

as planets wander, marking time

the Goddess, wakened, starts her climb

would that the stars could touch the soul

in glory, oceans of delight

and fill that aching blackest hole

with blind affection, sweet and bright