

— The Astronomer Poet's Star Garden —



*Come light your lantern and mine with good cheer;
We're magic lamps; our spirits dance in there.
Our beginnings and ends are of nowhere,
So let's radiate, since for now we're here!*

*As once we were, our presence full beheld
Spirit, body, heart, and mind, so, in meld,
As more than the parts we become the whole—
Human beings living lives unparalleled.*

*When Nature with thy will's in harmony,
Be just, though every breath oppresseth thee;
Sit with the wise, for water, fire, and air,
With earth too, form the base of thee and me.*

*To this lost haunt with wine and love we fare,
And pledge for drink, soul, heart, cup, raiment here.
And quit of mercy's hope and fear of law.
We are freed from earth, water, fire, and air!*

...

*Oh Peri, jasmine of midnight's garden,
We bask in our moon-glowed, vapored haven,
Bathing in the orb's silver light again,
Here in our otherworldly forest glen.*

*Omar, the moon's ring binds us dearly here,
Wherein from the strict world we disappear,
They to wonder hence whence we went—
Mind, selves, hearts, and souls bonded to endear.*

The stars are not just white, they scintillate:
Sirius is blue, its companion green;
Betelgeuse, red; many, like Sol, yellow;
Arcturus, orange—all jewels constellate.

Colored stars pierce the veil of formless night,
Gemming Heaven's gloried, crown-jeweled might;
In the depths of the deep we live, anon:
We're all alone here to weather the plight.

*Earth couldn't be farther out in space, alone;
In all directions it rolls along, unknown.
Look to yon stars piercing the depths of time:
They beckon, warm and welcome, the fires of home.*

Purgatory's on Venus, where sulfurs rain.
Hell's found in the sun's heart—hot burning pain!
Of Heaven's site, no one has an idea;
It's the world's best kept secret: Earth's its name!

*Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,
A planet of boundless beauty and grace.
One might search the heavens for such in vain,
Finding no equal, any time or place.*

Where is the Light that shines to make me so?

‘Twas born of the stars in that milky glow.

There is a light seed grain deep inside you;

You fill it up with yourself, or it dies.

Why do we wander around in the dark,

In the middle of the night like this?

Well, if we knew the answer to that one,

We would have been home some hours ago.

Do we not tire, e’er walking, looking, lame?

At first, we did, yes, but then beauty came—

The grand moment of wings grown; lifting, new.

The rhythm flies us—our music plays through.

I love the dark, and that we are the arc
Inside the light that makes our love to spark.
Undisturbed by the day’s bright noise, I sing,
Sensing its soft sweep across my heart string.

Senses melt away, drip by drop by drip.

Impressions flood the speechless spirit.

Emotions flow free for our hearts to read.

Love draws us in: we dissolve in it.

Oh, the deep clarity of this still night—
Our being mirrors the stars and moonlight.
It sinks into us, deep, short-lived by day,
Impermanent; what’s its way; what’s its sway?

The sages who have compassed sea and land,

Their secret to search out, and understand—

My mind misgives me if they ever solve

The scheme on which this universe is planned.

Knowing that we can’t solve all life’s mysteries

Frees us from that senseless task of misery.

We can see, hear, smell, feel, and drink in all

Reality that penetrates sensibility.

**In the darkness, we a-light from the Wiz
And try to make sense of this world of His.
We find the 'answer' to life's dark quiz:
We must live this life by what light there is.**

**Heart-flight is love that the wondrous Earth brings,
As wind to the soul whispers unimaged things;
Senses merge, as streams, to flow beyond joy;
Imagination fires enlightened wings.**

**Such we are stirred, so touched by the starlight,
That it seems we'll ne'er be the same again.
Do we sense the euphony of the spheres?
Can we fathom the theory of everything?**

**We are life's eternal creative smile,
Beaming as the universal epistyle.
In us the Cosmos has come alive;
Such we borrow life from death for awhile.**

**The four elements and space e'er conspire,
From the fires of stars to those of cremation;
We must breathe, flourish, grow old, and dissolve:
Life is ashes to ashes, stardust to stardust.**

**After we've lived, loved, and worked our worth,
Through airy winds, vapors, and a soft earth,
We will rest at last, under spinning skies,
Those of Earth's sunny days and starry nights.**

**We clutch the skirt of Heaven, on it borne,
While the day-stars dimmed are at night reborn.
If Allah lives, and grants us a fresh morn,
We will the universe's dress adorn.**

**Perhaps one day, aft this universe sings,
New stars will shine and radiate their flings
To repaint the colors of our ashes—
As we're born anew on Time's phoenix wings.**