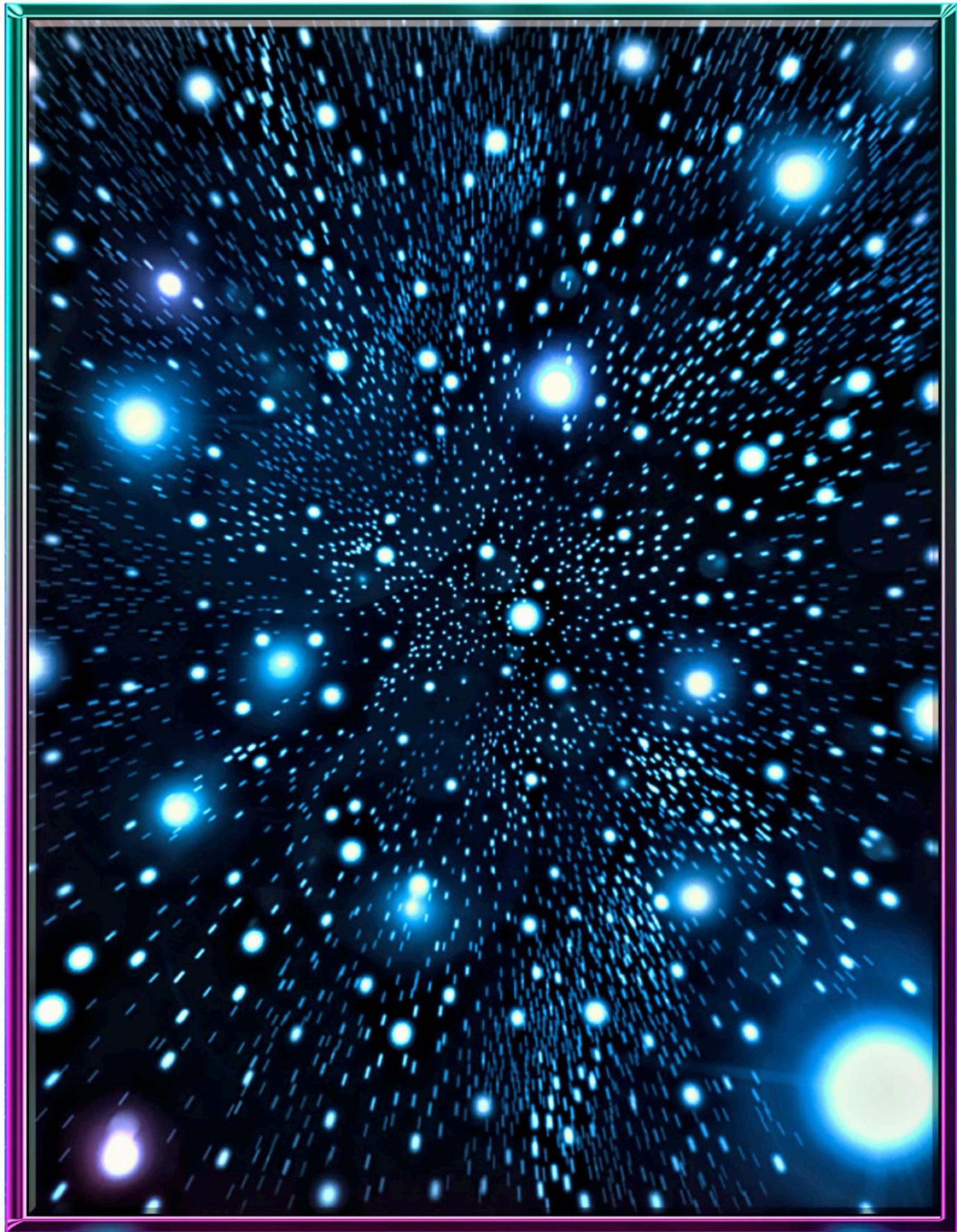


Starry Nights

Austin P. Torney







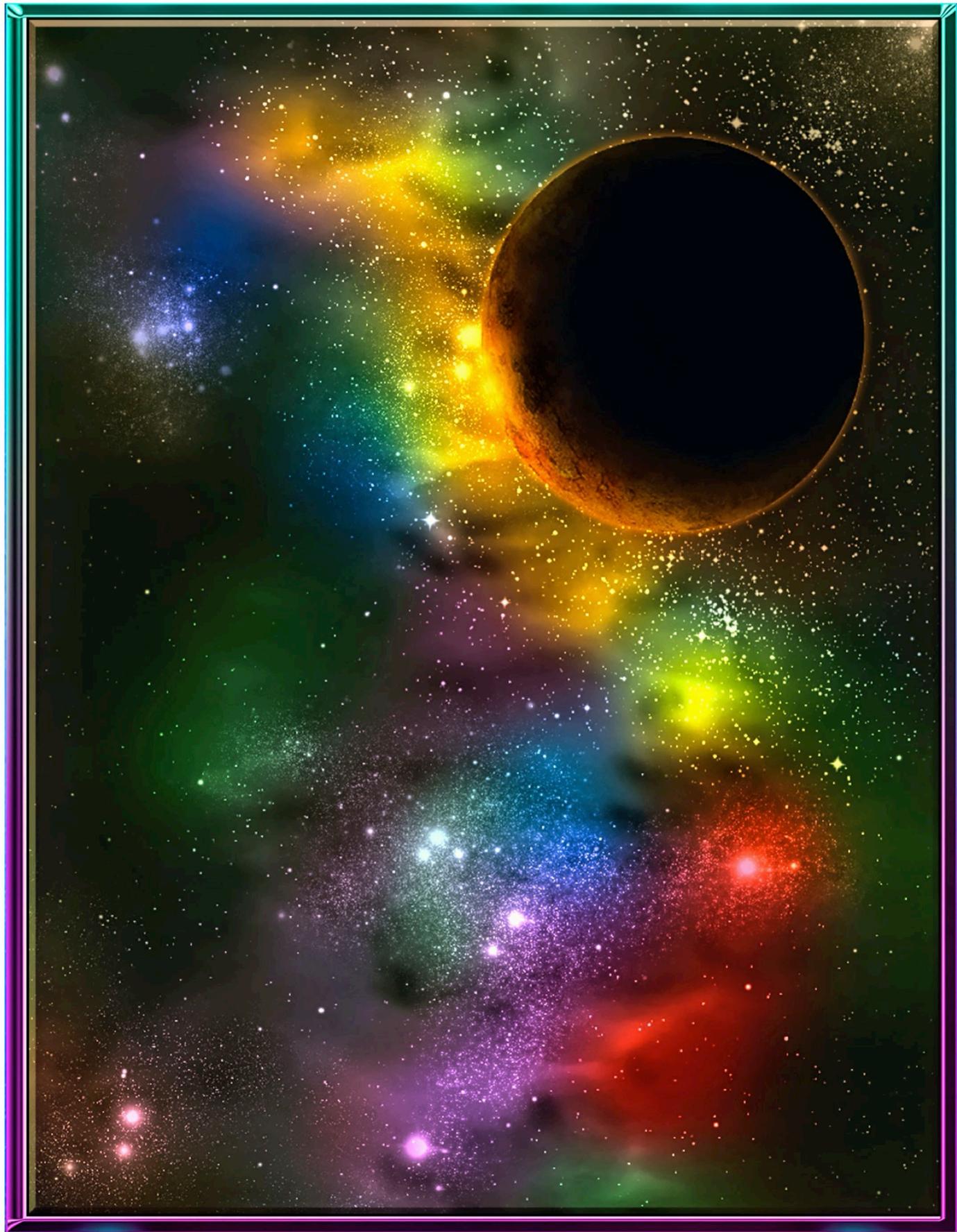
The stars are
Not just white,
They scintillate:

Sirius is blue,
Its companion green;

Betelgeuse, red;
Many, like Sol, yellow;

Arcturus, orange—
All jewels constellate.





Above me,
fires burn the stars away;

Below me,
the Earth turns under my feet;

Within me,
unworded dreams haunt my soul;



Around me
night pours blackness
on the ground.



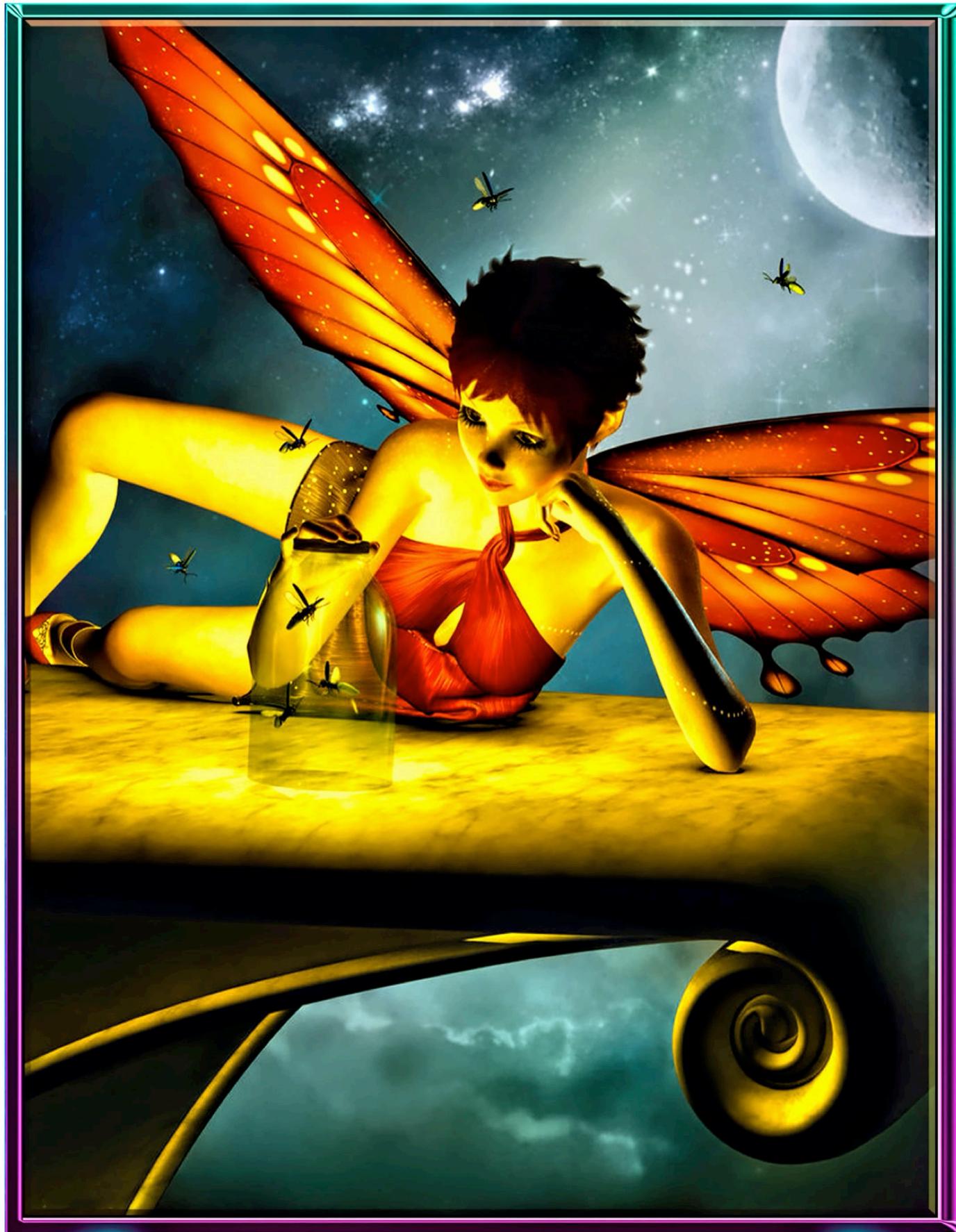
Yet, inspiration returns
with the stars—

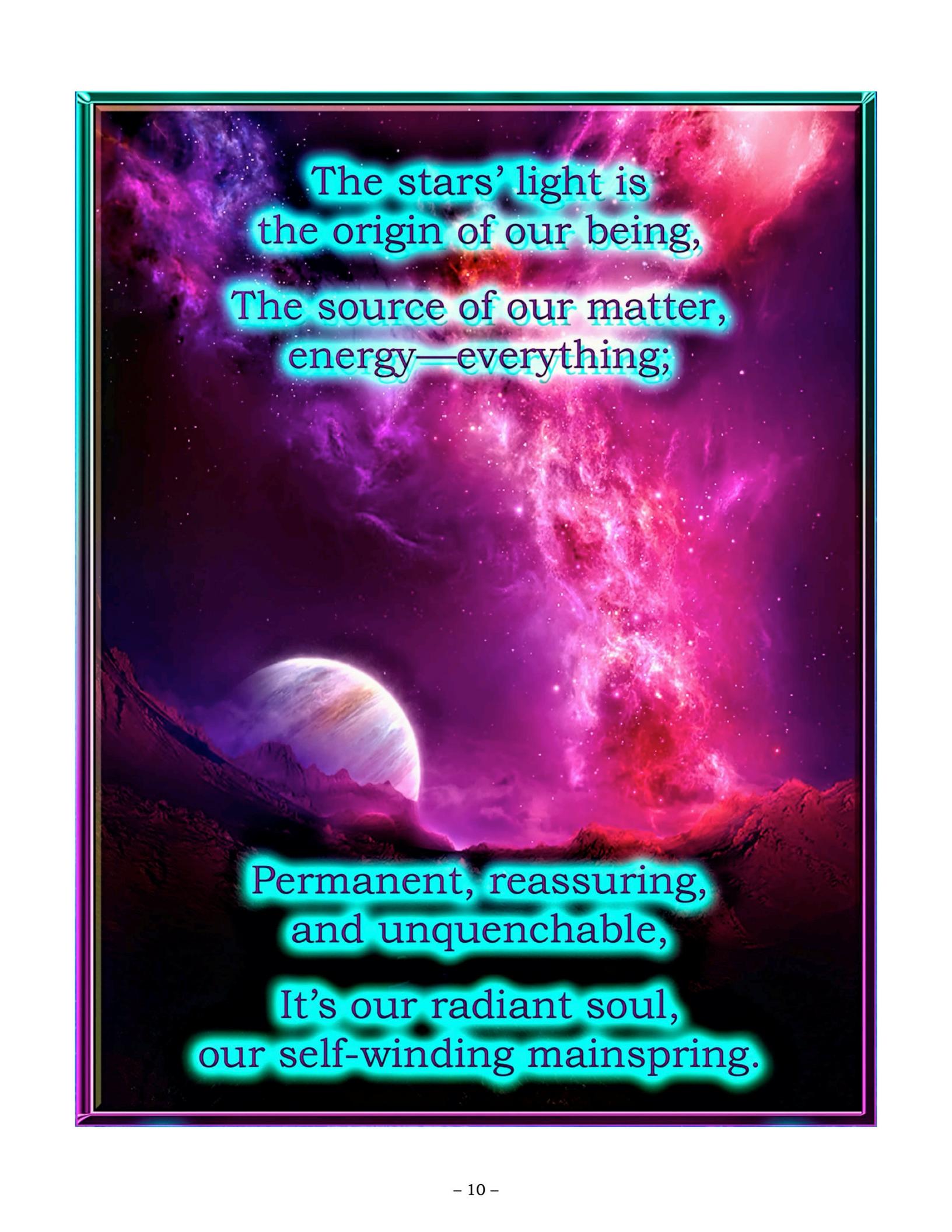
A thousand ideas
beckon from afar;

Ideas wink like fireflies
on the mind's meadow—

As starlight, they stab
the darkness of naught.

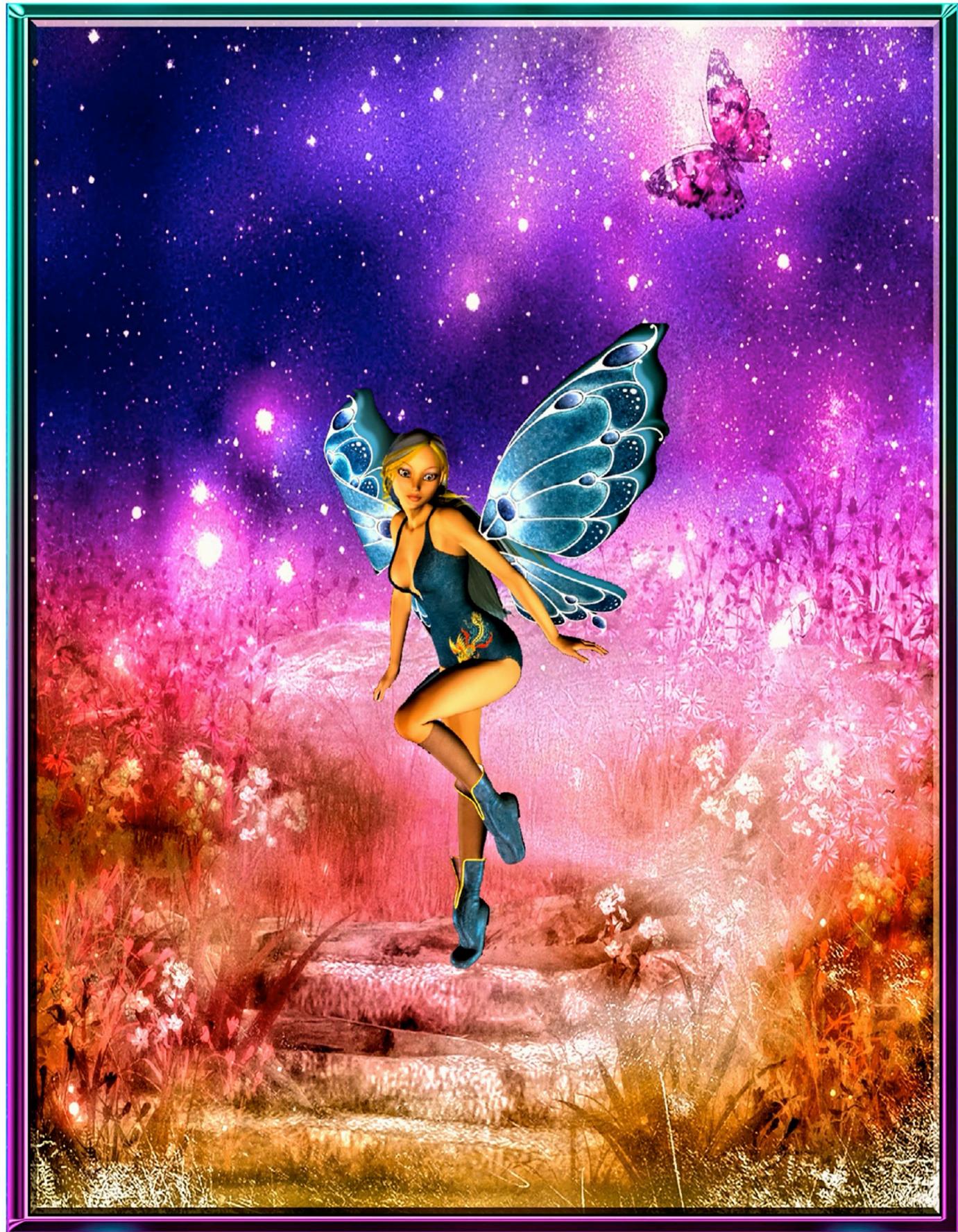






The stars' light is
the origin of our being,
The source of our matter,
energy—everything;

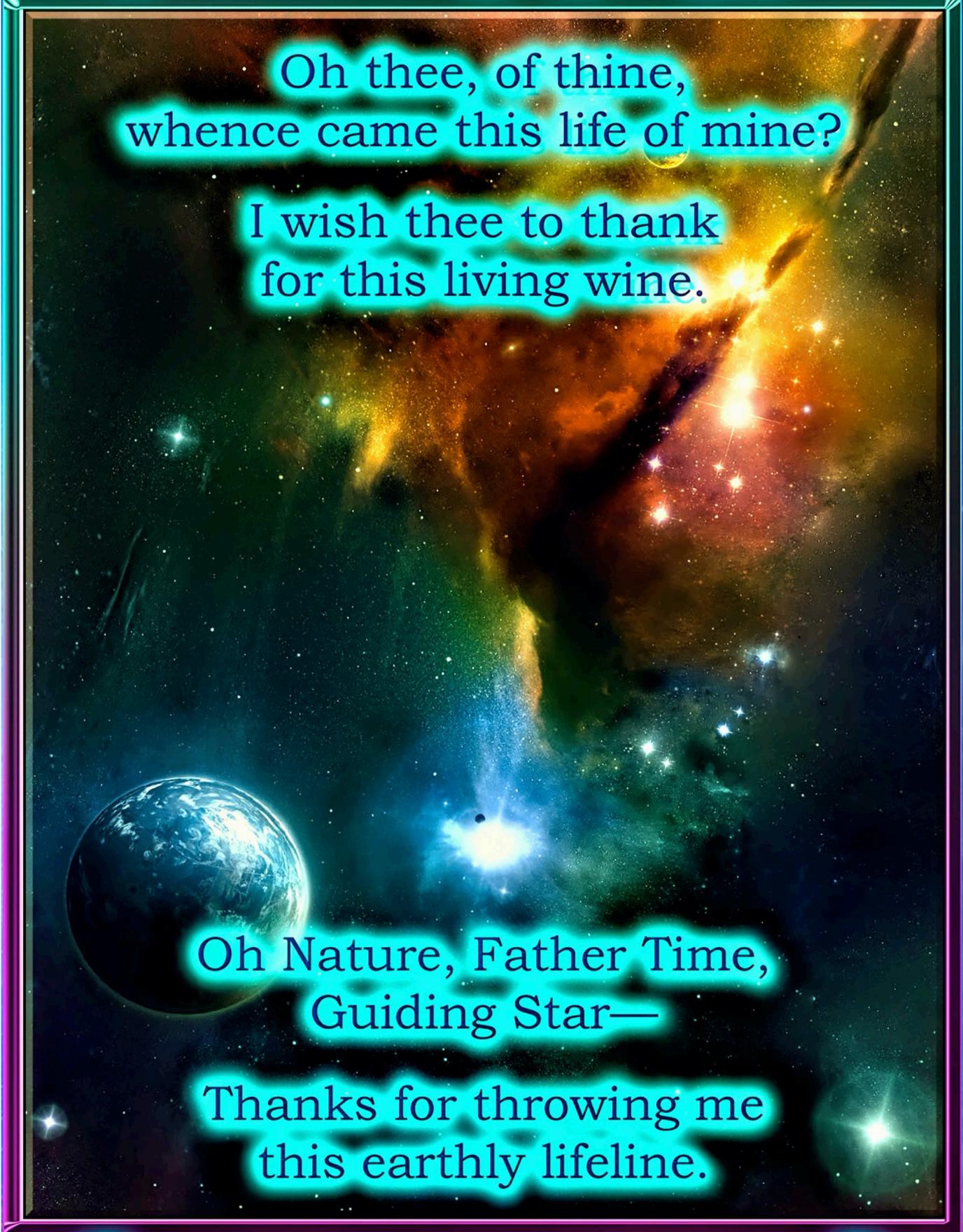
Permanent, reassuring,
and unquenchable,
It's our radiant soul,
our self-winding mainspring.



Soul to soul, it said to me,
I'm the light,
Thy spirit's sight,
a beauty bold and bright,
An inspiration come
from darkest night;
I'm a newborn star
aglow with insight.





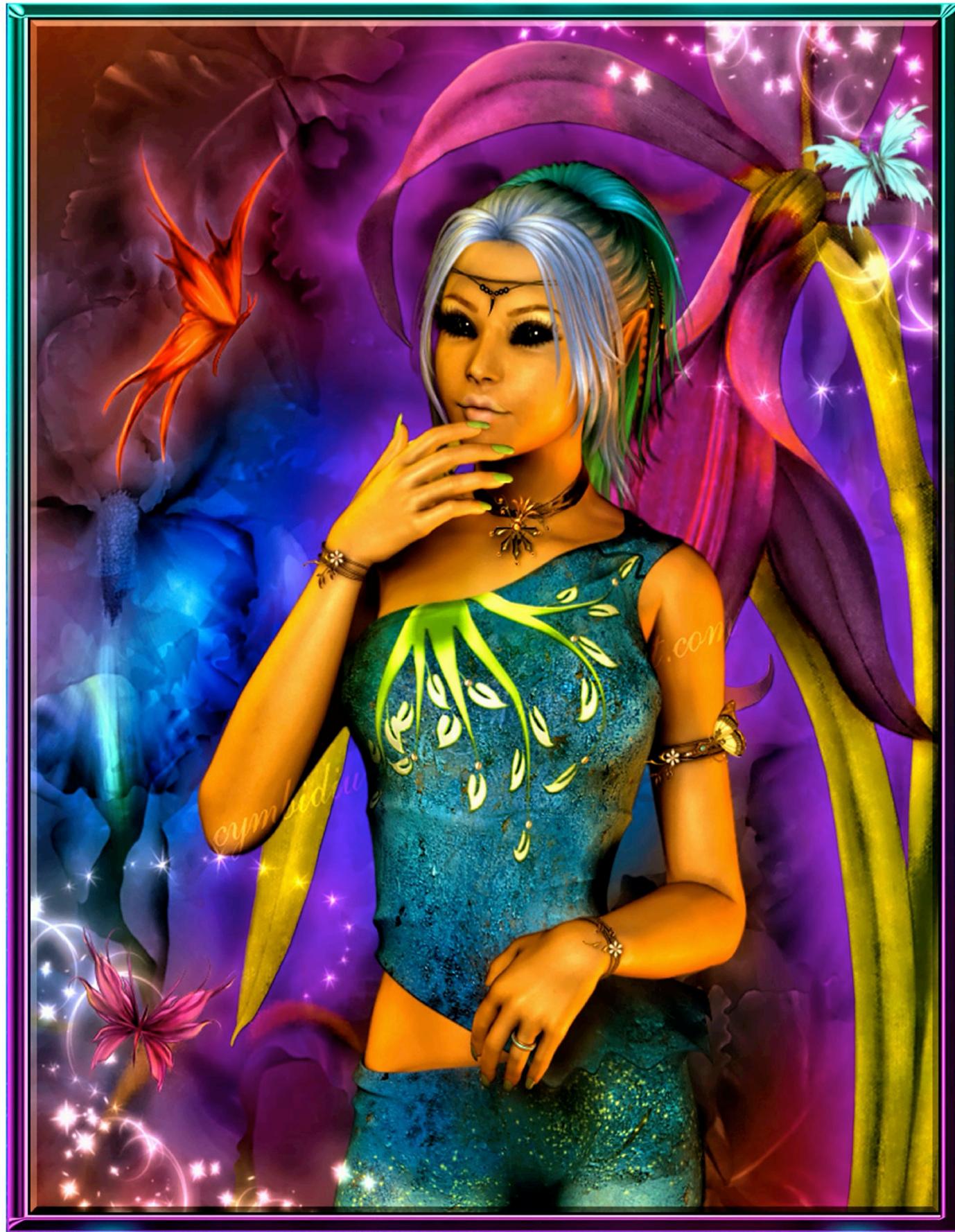


Oh thee, of thine,
whence came this life of mine?

I wish thee to thank
for this living wine.

Oh Nature, Father Time,
Guiding Star—

Thanks for throwing me
this earthly lifeline.



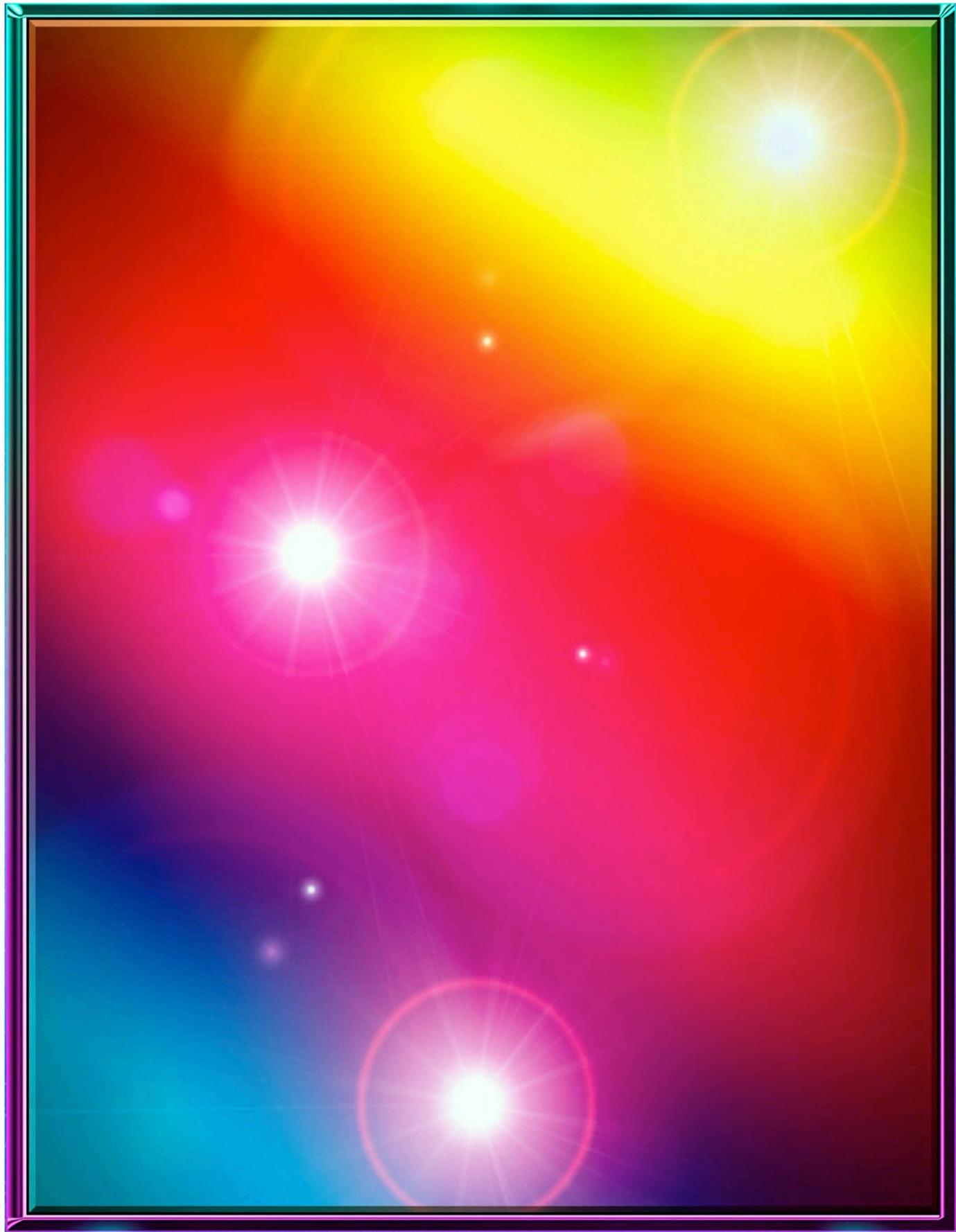
Look at the stars
in the depths of the night;

Hold the flames in your mind,
keeping them bright.

Their power flows,
energizing you, from

The Eternal Charger—
you see the light!





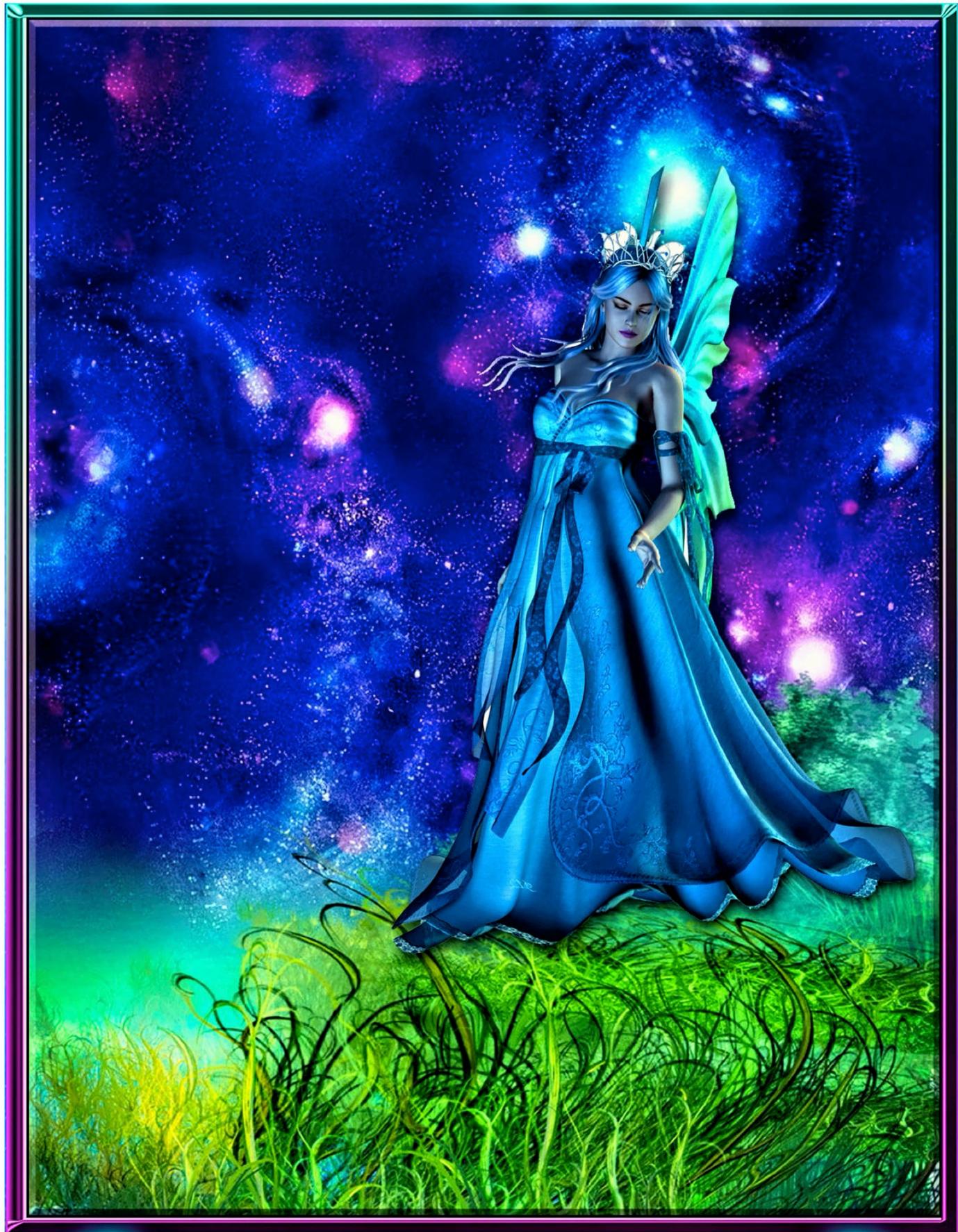
A photograph of a star-filled night sky. A prominent, bright blue and white nebula is centered in the image, surrounded by numerous small, yellow and white stars of varying sizes.

Stars generate
the lower elements;

Supernovae generate
the higher ones.

Atoms form the molecules
that lead to

Life's complexity,
from simplicity.





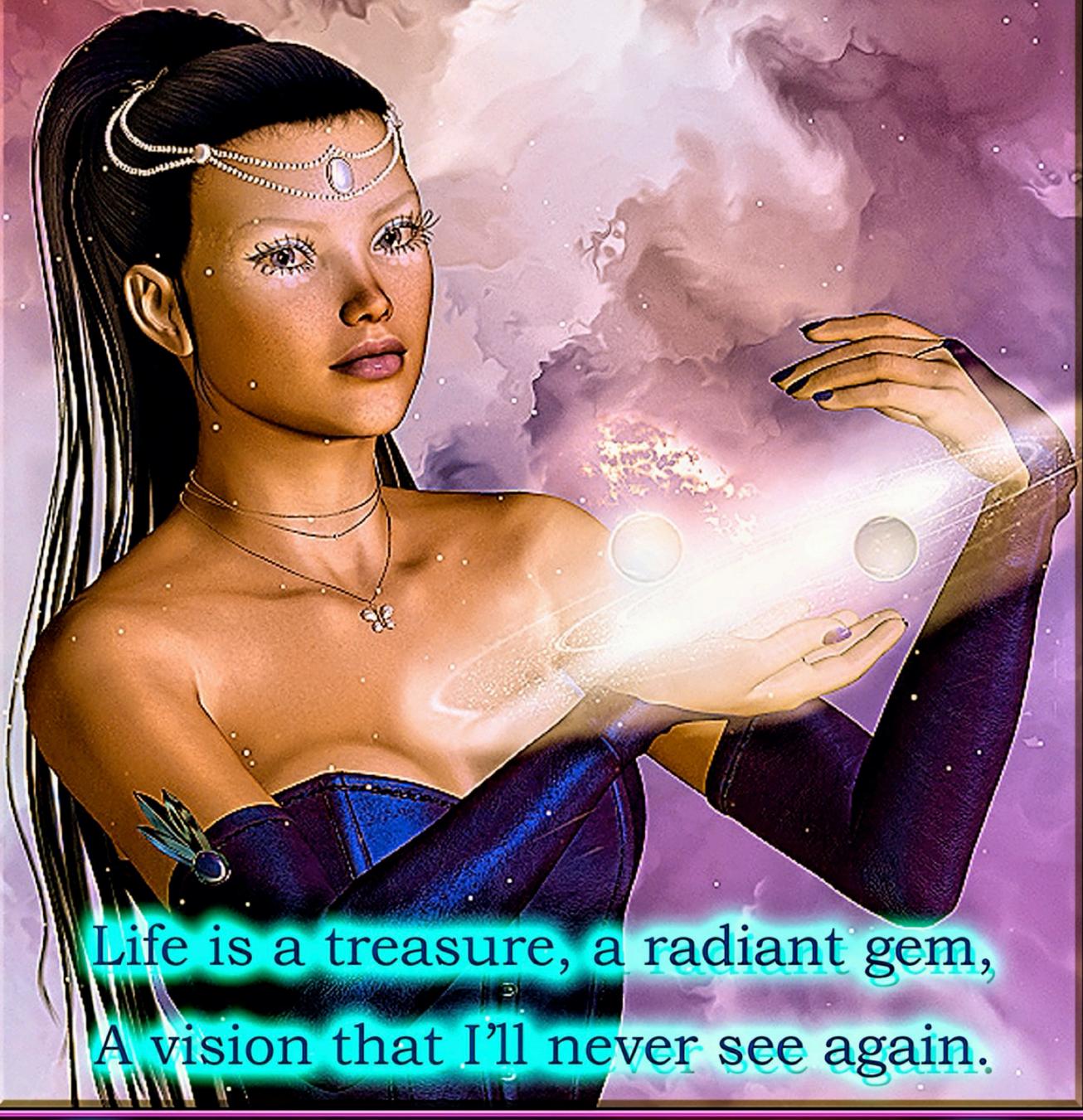
The stars are
eternity's running-lights—
They shine, even through
the fathomless night!

From what bright star came
the gleam in your eyes?

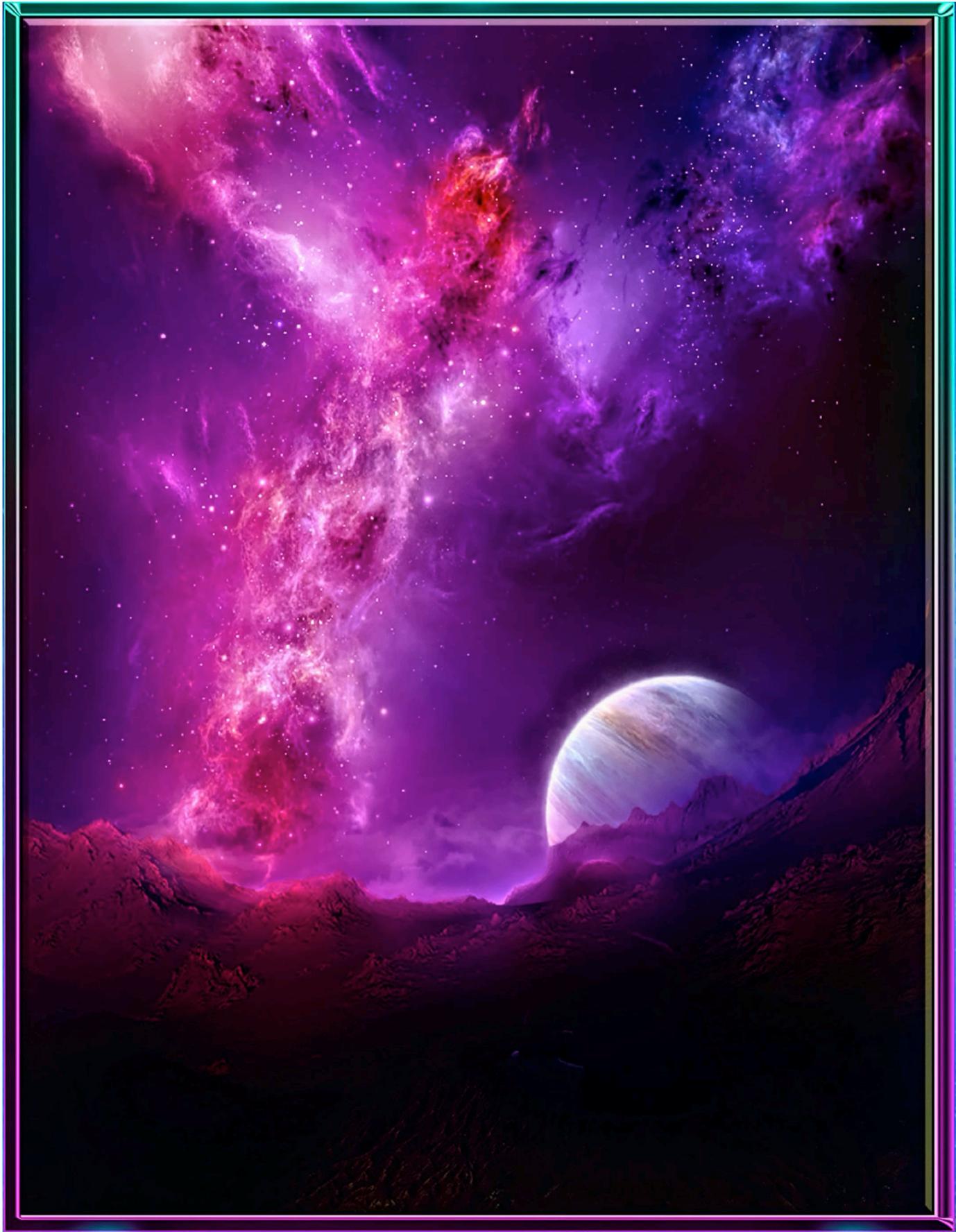
To what distant sun
returns your smile's light?



Born of stardust and
nourished by sunlight,
I fill my cup with wonders of delight.



Life is a treasure, a radiant gem,
A vision that I'll never see again.



From Heaven's stars
came our dust eterne;

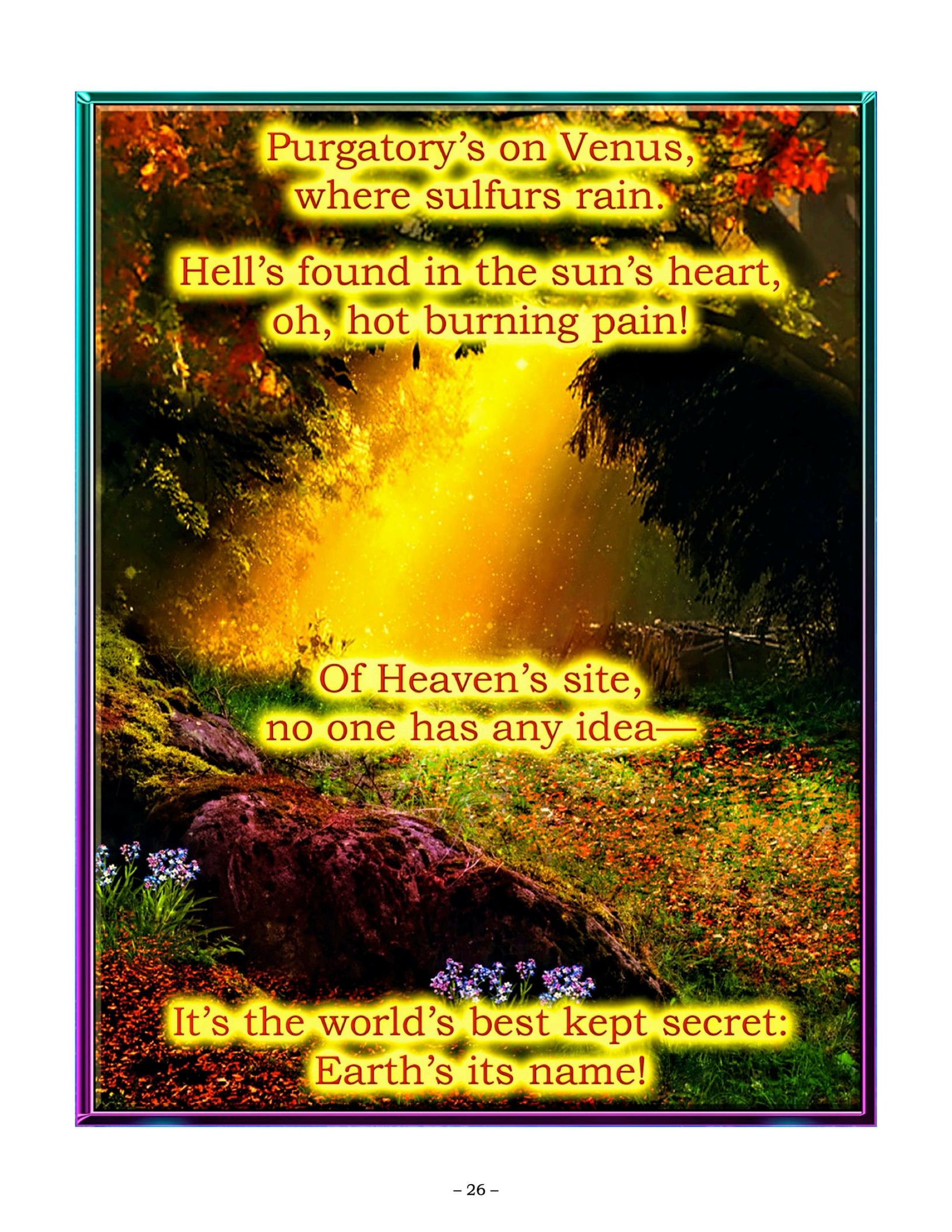
Time's seas nurtured
thee and thine in turn.

From time, death, and dust
we thus became,

And by this, thus,
and that we must return.





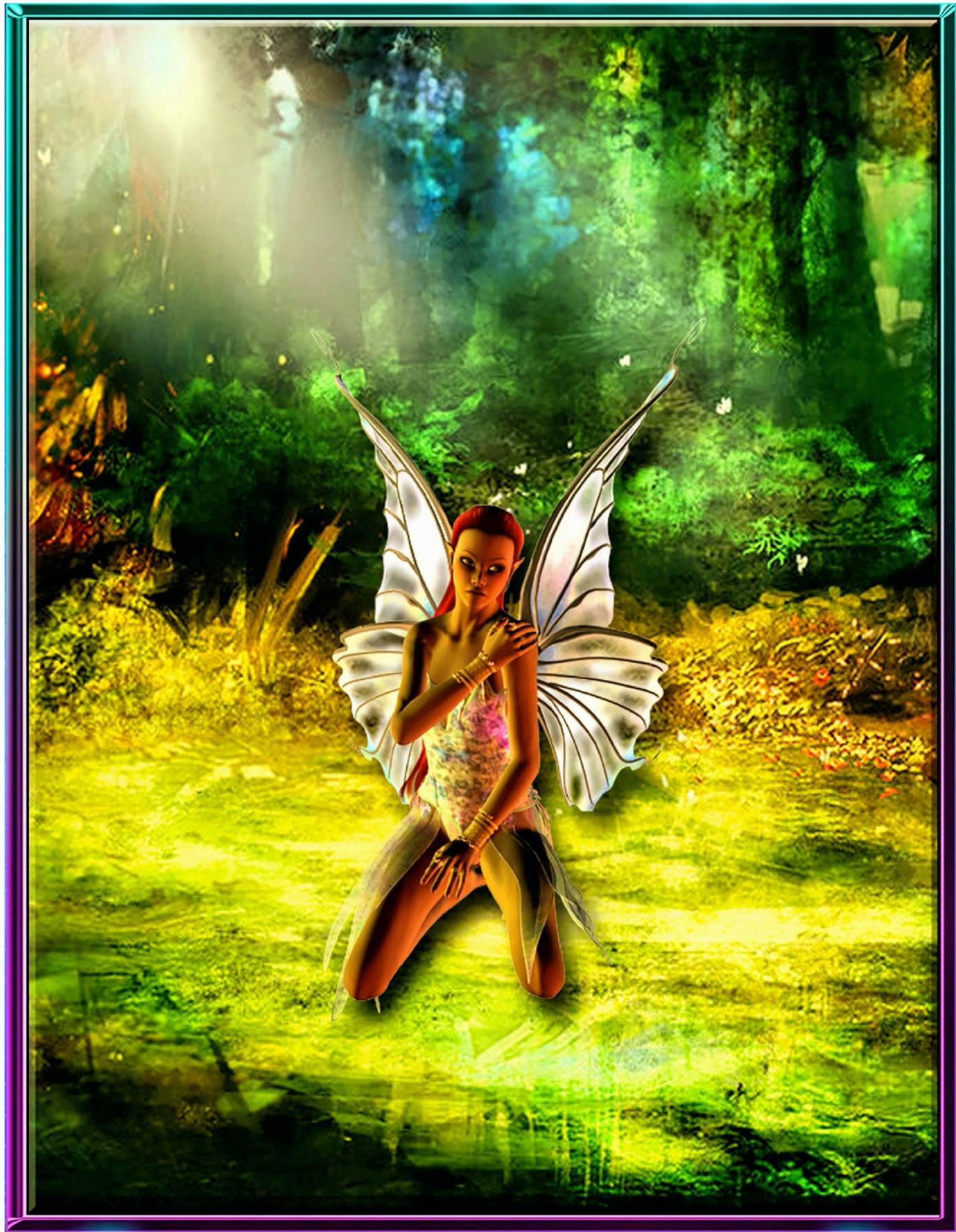


Purgatory's on Venus,
where sulfurs rain.

Hell's found in the sun's heart,
oh, hot burning pain!

Of Heaven's site,
no one has any idea—

It's the world's best kept secret:
Earth's its name!





Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,
A world of boundless
beauty and grace.

One could search
the heavens for such in vain,

Finding no equal,
anytime or anyplace.

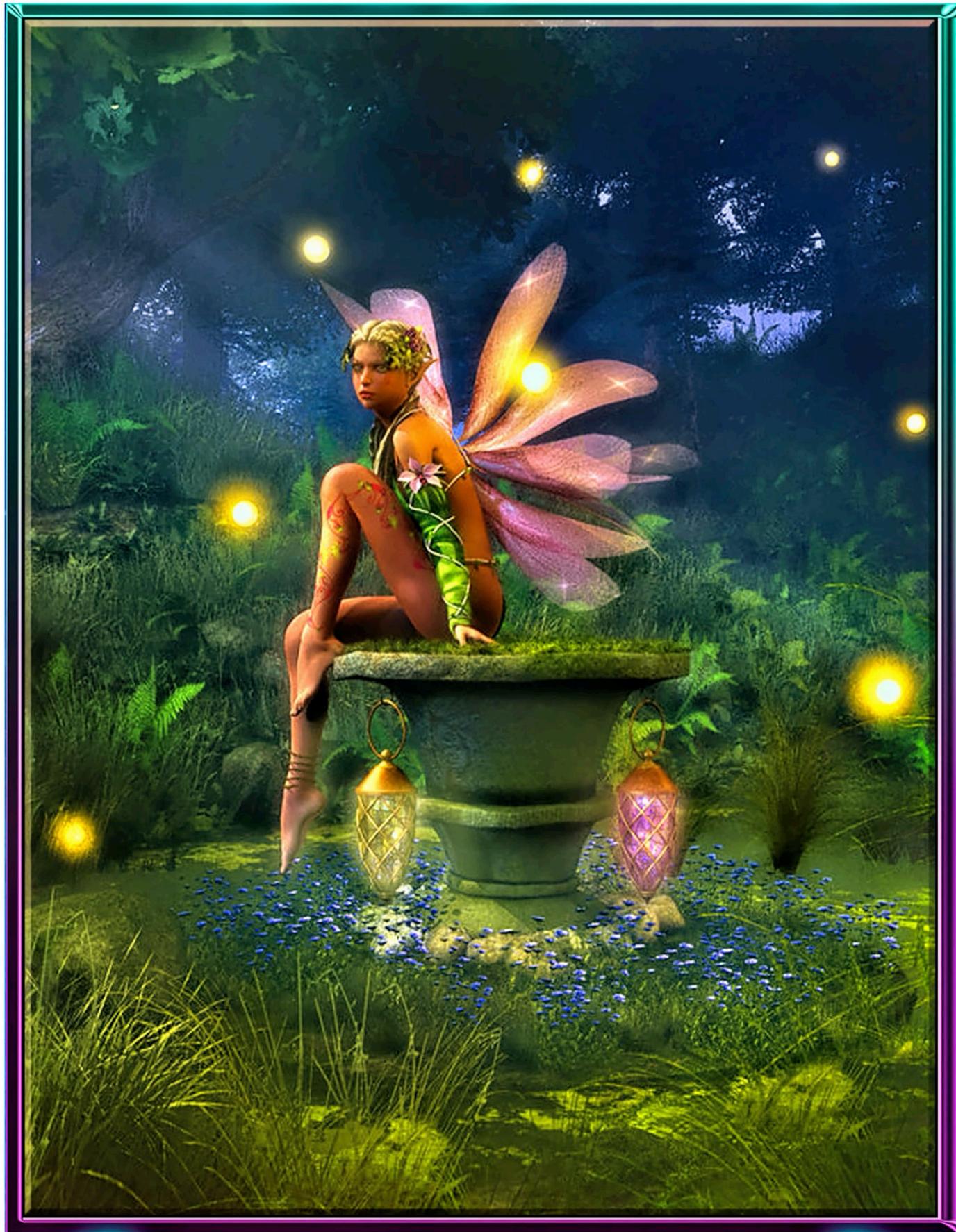


We are life's
eternal creative smile,

Beaming as
the universal epistyle.

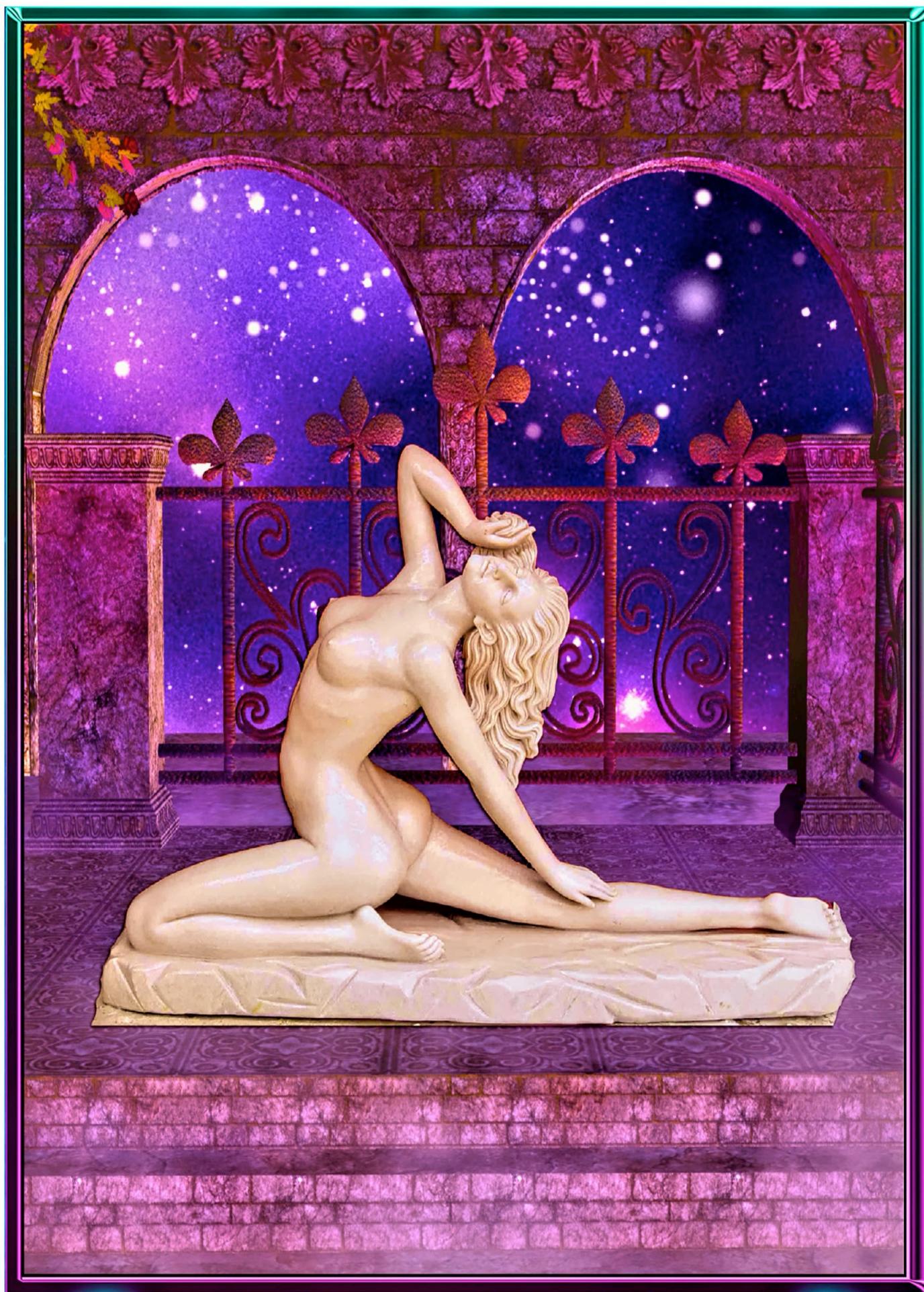
In us the cosmos
has come alive;

Thus we borrow life
from Death for awhile.



Reason moans to Passion, with logic cool,
"Quench thy inner fire, lest it burn us, fool."
Blazes Venus, "I know What I feel, not Why;
'Tis better you take heed of me—I Rule!"

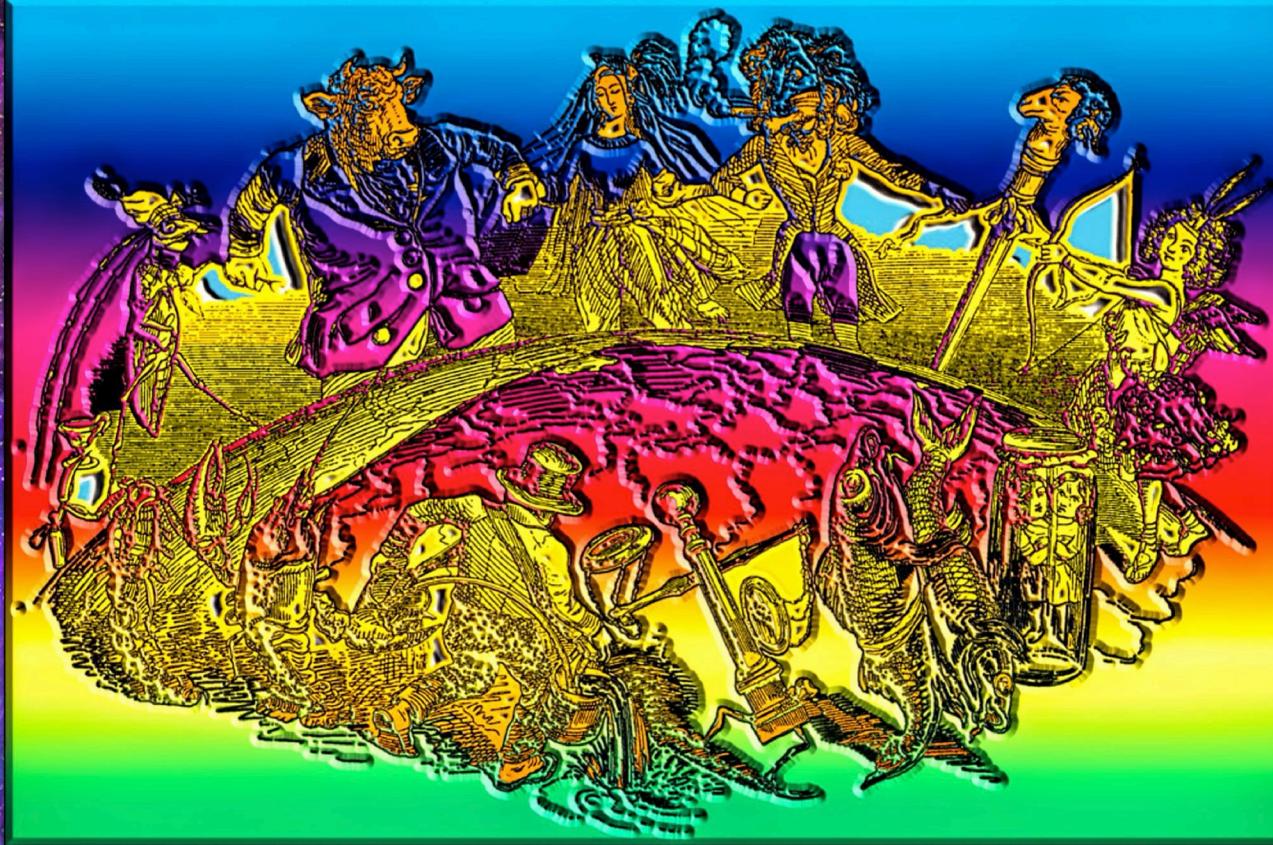


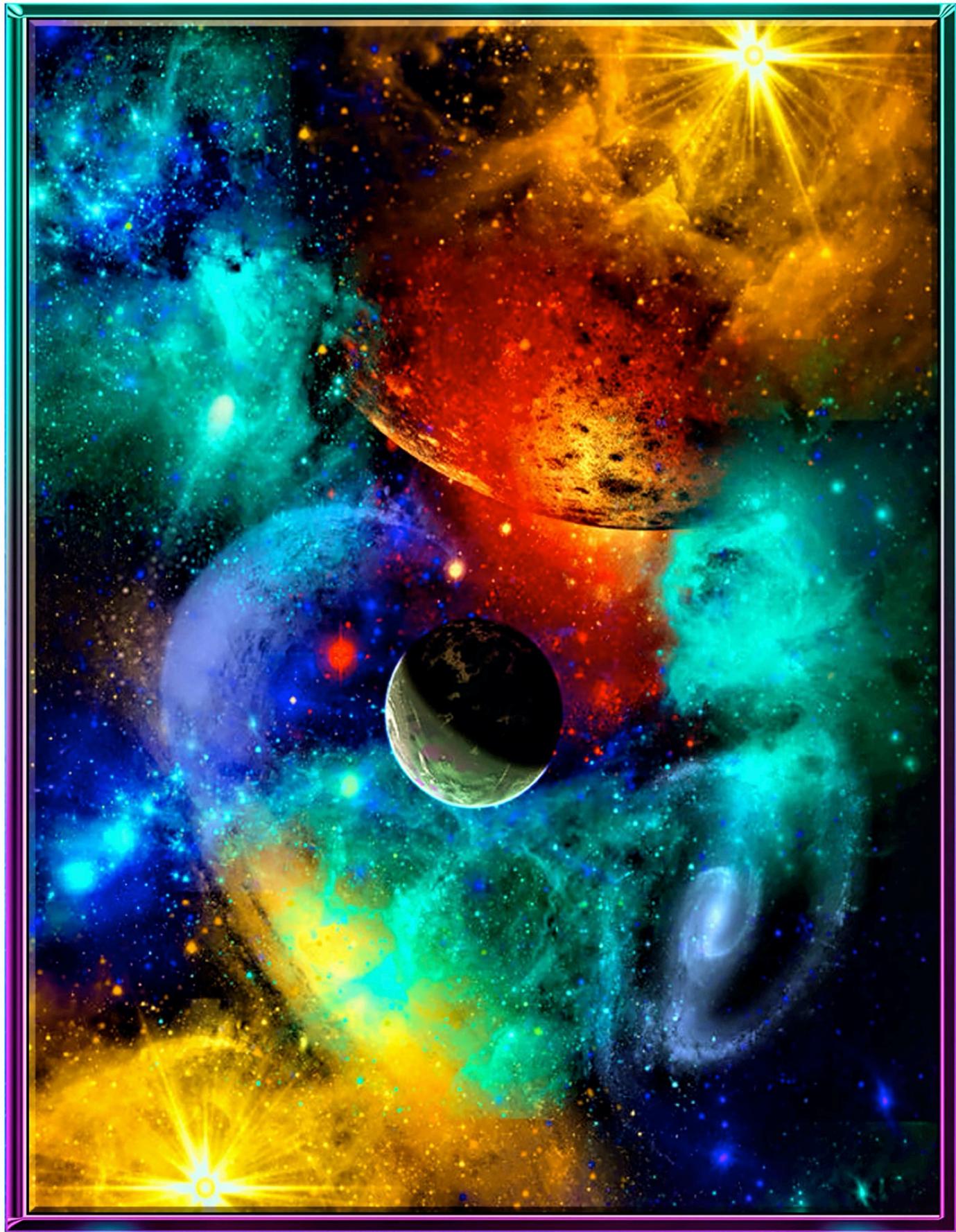


**Like the moon, challenge night and gain the light;
Like the rose, suffer the thorn—gain the fragrance;
Of life, surrender to live forever—
Enlightened more than a thousand suns.**

**When the moon throws its cold shadow on us
From an eclipse, it shatters the place
That we've gotten so used to.
By a rare coincidence
The tiny moon snuffs out our star
When the sun 'sets'—at high noon.**

**My blood runs warm with the sun's heat at noon.
The spirit is swept by the swelling moon.
Air surrounds me. The ocean flows through me.
Earth's rhythm is always playing my tune.**





SEA AND SKY

**The Caribbean evening songs tucked in
The planetary paramours,
As Jupiter and Venus
Pulled the cover of night
up and over their bed;**

**Then sunk the crescent,
Sideways into the sea,
But its two horns showing.**

**This rare sight of moon to see
Sent us into ecstasy,
While darkness brewed its tea.**





Moon Children

*The Earth would
wobble like
a dying top very soon,*

*Without the
steadying influence
of our lovely moon;*

*But, it's slipping
from our grasp
an inch & a half a year.*

*The end's not so near,
but we'll need
a way out of here.*



The Light in the Window

*Earth couldn't be farther
out in space, alone;*

*In all directions
it rolls along, unknown.*

*Look at the stars piercing
the depths of time:*

*They beckon,
warm and welcome,
the fires of home.*





wo[man]



