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Untitled

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C. Carlin

Orion's Battle

Shannan Froelich

I watched as you rose out of the inky blackness,
Slowly assuming your place in the night sky.
The stars surrounding you seemed to meet the darkest
lines that laid the border
between earth and space.
They were the writing on the wall,
giving a preview of what would happen as the night
wore on.
You were perfect in form, all crisp lines and bright face.
I was entranced
as I gazed upon what you illuminated.
Then from the corner of my eye I caught a new set of
stars.
Coming out of the trees like an avenging warrior,
Orion, with his mighty belt,
started a battle for ownership of this night.
As the shadows deepened, and the night became
blacker,
He slowly drew back his bow.
With silent precision, he let loose the arrow that flew
across the dome of space
and penetrated your very heart.
From that moment on I watched you drop from the
heavens
As your once crisp lines became blurred
and your silvery brightness became dim,
he took your rightful place.
I mourned as you dropped to earth and the night
became empty again.