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The Star-Gazer

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The Star-Gazer

We imagined ourselves in a place of no-place

Creating space in the liminal spaces: der Weltraum, our dream-world, or world-dream – that
outerspace

Conjuring melody from colors and shapes.

The elements praised us; we recreate the sound.

Took refuge in those soundscapes where

We retreat, spellbound.

Yet these artificial skies we paint destabilize with time

And time is cruel to nature as he is to my mind.

The hidden things that dwelled within the shadows of his being

Emerged as warring insects come to sunder ancient trees.

Now what are you, you frightful thing?

I must protect our august dream!

I combed the contours of our soundscape for one solitary seed

But when reality took form, I lost it in the cosmic sea.

The dome cracked

The stars fell through –

And where are you, you shifting thing?

I'm exiled to the ruins of this insubstantial dream.

The music fades

The earth intrudes –

And where are you, my baneful thing?

The sphere is gone, so too is song.

I will not sing again.