The Stars

Have the stars be somewhat central in your poem today.

Starry Starry Night

A bazillion stars overhead, and I look up as amazed and baffled as the first hominid who gazed upward must have been, stars passing overhead like a very slow-moving flock of birds, going somewhere, disappearing into the wee hours of the morning. I used to be able to recognize some of the constellations: the Pleiades, the Big Dipper...but I have forgotten most. Still, mankind has learned a lot about the cosmos since Galileo's time. A friend of mine said, "My wife bought me a telescope for my birthday, a nice one, very powerful, I've got it set up on the deck. You know, when you look at a star with your naked eye all you see is a little white dot, but when you look at it through a telescope you see a bigger white dot."

Louis Jenkins,
from Where Your House Is Now: New and Selected Poems.

Swimming Stars

The other night
when the sky was cloudless
and the star-specks
sparkly bright,
I stared up in awe
until the far stars began
to swim the dark like fireflies.

Oh dear, I said to me,
this is madness
or eye dysfunction,
so I turned back
to my steady kitchen—
glistening tea kettle on the stove,  
freckled bananas on the counter—

familiar, comforting things  
even in these strange times  
of swimming stars  
and pandemic isolation.

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The String

Night the black bead  
a string running through it  
with the sound of a breath

lights are still there from  
long ago when  
they were not seen

in the morning  
it was explained  
to me that the one

we call the morning star  
and the evening  
star are the same

W.S. Merwin,  
from Migration: New & Selected Poems.

Friends, Farewell

After the chores are done I tune  
and strum. Nobody hears, nobody cares  
and the stars go on.

Now that I’ve told you this, maybe  
I’ve been all wrong—so faint of life,  
and so little done.  
But I want you all to be easy after  
I’m gone: nobody hear, nobody care,  
and the stars go on.

William Stafford  
in The Way It Is