A rare break from the clot of cloud tonight.
I watch the waxing Gibbous moon rise
and feel roundly called to study the stars,
that much muttered about aspiration.
Orion's belt guides me, and I begin
the education of every hopeful Pharaoh:
locating Orion's legendary body parts:
pulsing Betelgeuse, Bellatrix, Regel.
In and out to the balcony many times,
consulting the internet, banging my head
on the window shutters, cursing loudly,
wondering what neighbours make of such a
slow student. Still more to learn: tonight
the Winter Circle, a huge hexagonal asterism,
known to ancients without ipads or airbnb.
I map out the hexagon, afraid of falling
Trickster Time
We are a few moments of time
loaned by the Great Trickster
from the Big Bang bag
for us to use, abuse, amuse
Him or Her as best we can.
An almost invisible thread
in the tapestry of billions of years.
We unravel through countless
errors, regrets, floundering failures,
the legacy of billions of years.
An almost invisible thread
of the Great Trickster
who oversaw the creation of life.
Together