

THE AGING ASTRONOMER WRITES TO HER IN OCTOBER

In a whirl of wonder
you have snatched me out of
smooth and easy orbit. Where flame
and the need for flame lay dormant,
flaring now and again, as always,
I was fast freezing into a sleepy
and permanent planet
out beyond the reach of
the farthest stretch of heat.
Now, every molecule is aglow,
every atom charged with you,
every deep and unknown spring
liberated by you into full flow.
I am more alive than I can ever recall,
more aware of the taste of the air,
the shimmer of color of the world at dawn,
the eerie silver gloss of irises beneath the moon,
the feel of mud and moss and stone,
the nightly sound of owls on this hill,
the smell of you on my hands and my lips,
and I know love now as it must
surely have been meant to be known.
I am yours and you are mine, and
slowly the paths through this space
and time that we share will be one, fused
forever, our atoms blended into one fiery ball,
and we will know what it means to be Holy.