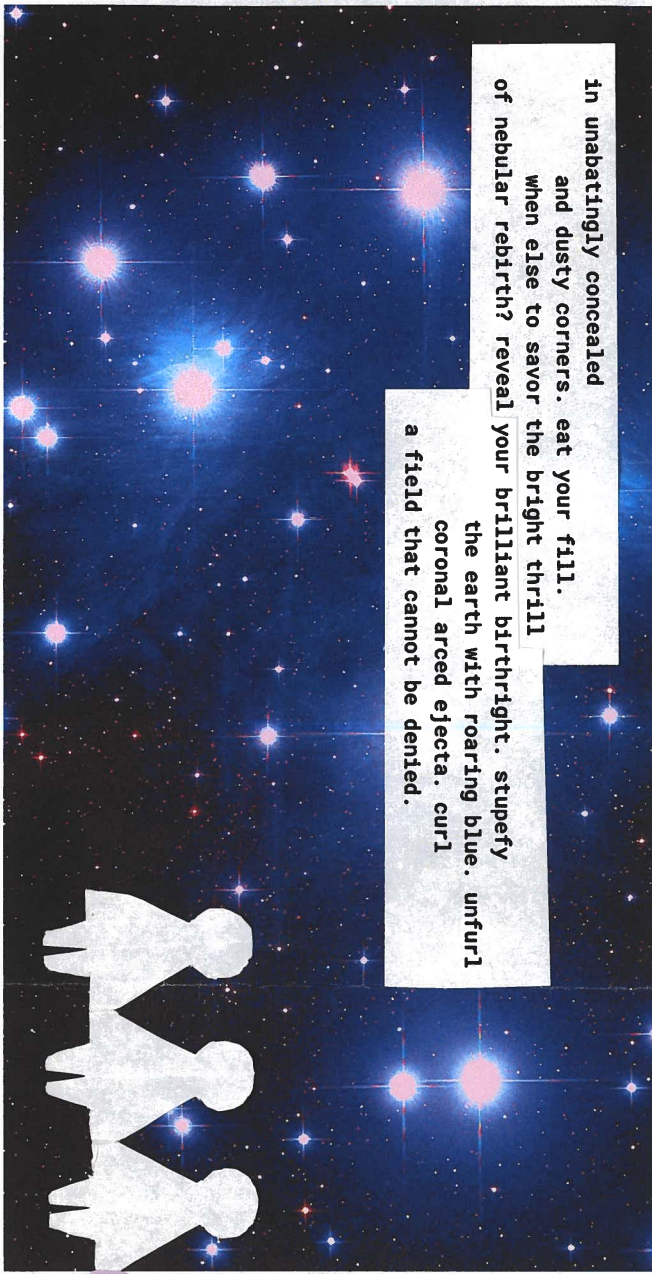




oh, little star:



a field that cannot be denied.

coronal arced ejecta. curl  
the earth with roaring blue. unfurl

of nebular rebirth? reveal your brilliant birthright. stupefy  
when else to savor the bright thrill  
and dusty corners. eat your fill.  
In unabatingly concealed

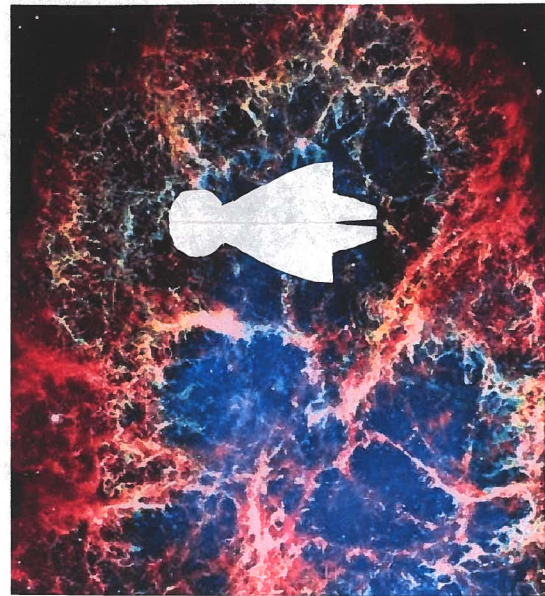
how far will you  
careen from your warm cradle? cold  
and cruel is the black stranglehold  
of dark. pray tell me, is it true



that still you think yourself aloof,  
immune to loneliness, unfazed  
by whipping winds that strip and flay?  
it must be so: when gripped by youth,

your neighbor is a stranger, closed  
to your interrogation. "strength  
lies in belying your great warmth."  
(this fib becomes the oldest ghost

unquietly into that good  
night. no one seeks your mid-life calm.  
they're drawn to spectacle. the dumb-  
struck watchers of the guest star took



that haunts you.) distance only grows  
out here in space; you'll flare, expand  
with fusion, and then wither, damned  
to shrink until you float and go

explosion as a sign. of what?

you cannot say. ignore them: your  
fires cry aloud. your stellar forge  
glows ravenous for matter, sought