We need new constellations
To steer the ship by
A new map through the stars
Of chaos and order
Of night and day

The old ways
Of modern man
Are defunct, outdated
Directionless

You should learn some new constellations
They tell us
But I say-
Tilt your head
Peek between tented fingers
Your eyes burning bright
In the cold night wind
Blurred and weeping

For the universe be a spiral, me bucko
Not a ladder to God.
She warps and weaves
And folds in upon Herself
In patterns too intricate for one man's telescope

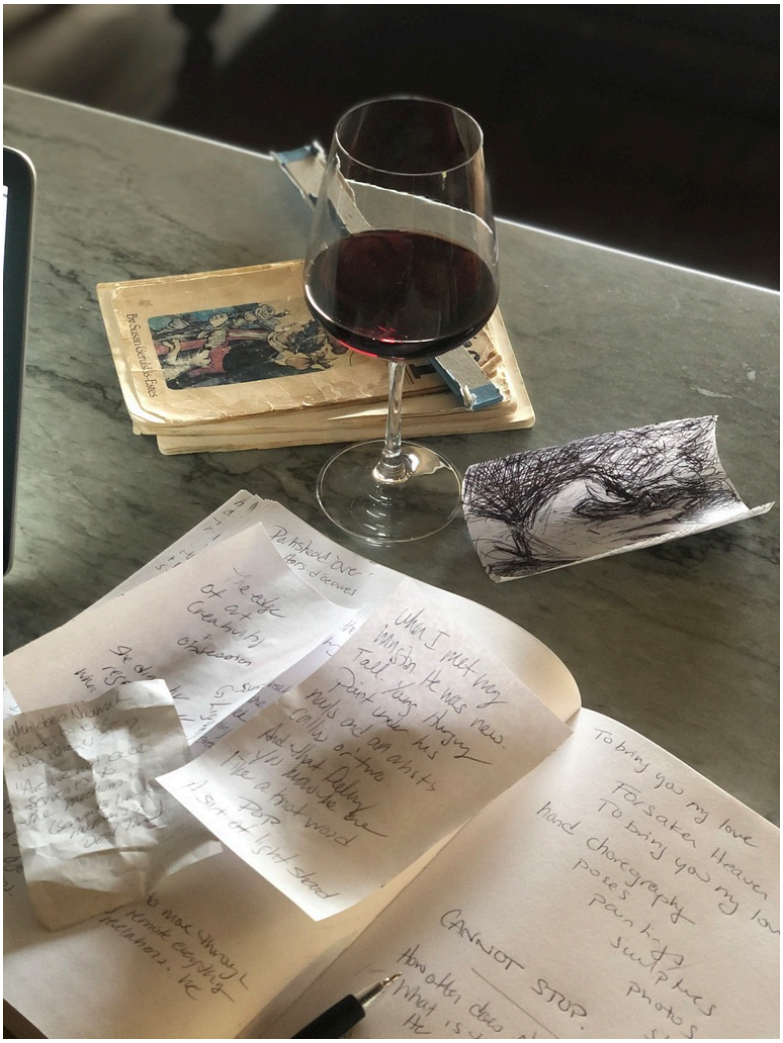
Constellations in
Ocean waves and faux fur fabric
Fire and fog
Seaweed dragon tails and slab granite breakwaters.

Constellations
Outlined in déjà vu
Portents
Siren songs and seal barks

We should have new constellations
Of cookie batter
Of dog and ball
Of first dives into the sea
The lake
The clean sheets

Of monotony
And mystery
Morning coffees
And deep dream sleep love songs

We should plot new constellations
Inked on maps
Hidden deep in treasured boxes
Stacked anonymously in an exhaustion of storage
Only to be discovered
Years after we are gone.



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