

I SPEAK TOO MUCH OF STARS

Nathan W. Harter

I speak too much of stars: My poetry
Exceeds my logic, which is God to me.
 Such dreams should not be spoken; let them pass
 Into the vectors of a looking-glass,
Elusive in a finer quadrant, free.

To speak of stars and conjure-up a hill
So high it meets the stars and rises still,
 To entertain the madness of a man
 Whose flight and wistful fortune want a plan
Works murder in the dark cathedral chill.

I speak of stars; I reach for stars. I find
These tired limbs too mortal for this mind,
 And all the poet hoped to capture with
 The gilded word and mesmerizing myth
Becomes as splendid color to the blind.

So let me cry, as all men someday must,
That thrones are tarnished by our mortal dust,
 Defiant windmills stand against the sky
 And shall until the last Quixotes die,
Surviving through the years each desperate thrust.

I am not God, and that is all I fear.
There is no better definition here
 For all that is, and was, and would have been
 Within the tragic fantasies of men.
But *damn* the stars, so crystalline and clear!