

scuttled by the sun—

of a low grassy hill

from a reed-lined pond, caught in the lee

chipped cup; a low fog lifting

But he became steam rising from the rim of a

& poured warm tea for the two of them

She touched his wrist at the right time of day

rearranged trophies on the shelf in his study

For years, she helped him remember himself,

in variegated shafts through the dusty panes

Winter sun strikes one side of her drawn face

rinses stiff maple syrup from a crystal dish

Leah leans over a warm porcelain basin

Song of the Hospice Provider

From The Inferno

Big Bang

Acknowledgements

palms, wiping them on your jeans.

yourself. I saw you licking your

stare. But you couldn't help

the shoulder trying not to

I saw you creeping along

You were there that night

behind the smashed-in cab...

from the collapsed sleeper

enough to see the man climb

a few of us rubbernecked long

broke through the Jersey barrier

When the red-eye triple trailer

through the cosmos

can be heard forever, ringing

as a cantor, whose elegies

Einstein lived a double-life

runs through everything—

poetry—A shaft of darkness

There is no such thing as light

have not already happened

Some things in the world

Hubble had an eye of onyx

Galileo was a pious heretic

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Late Wildflowers, Motherhood

Once the nights misplaced the stars and nearly
dashed her wishes. But the long wait brought bright
shoots; little fists pushed through autumn frost,
releasing a constellation of suns.

Sunshine

Daddy, I like it when the sun
interrupts us...

*Oh, yes... Yes, like when it
burns through fog, splashing leaves,
and touches the side of your face
warm as your mother's kiss?*

No, dad, just the sun
all by itself –

- no kiss
- no flame
- no leaves –

Just the sun's sudden rays
pouring down,
right here
right now

on you and me

A Constellation of Suns

Scot Siegel



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A Constellation of Suns

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