

Untitled #7

Barbara Austin

The wind
blows in the cold dark
night through the air into my flesh -
think of that lone star above, how
it gleams into existence one dreary
night, how it lives its days
shining, how it gives the land below
its meager heat , how it strives for
perfection in a world
of careless imperfections, how it is never
in touching distance of its goal, how
it lives thus through countless decades
that seem an eternity, how it dies
and becomes one with the night, then think of
those that inhabit the earth -
The wind
blows the cold dark
night through the air into my flesh