LITTLE DIPPER
Kochab
Thuban
Mizar
Alcor
BIG DIPPER
Merak
Dubhe
URSA MAJOR
Phecda
Merak
CEPHEUS
DRACO
CYGNUS
Deneb
Albireo
LYRA
HERCULES
CORONA BOREALIS
Rasalhague
OPHIUCHUS
DELPHINUS
Sun
Altair
AQUILA
August 7
September 3
CAPRICORNUS
Nunki
August 4
August 31
SAGITTARIUS
W

A Parable of Stars

I was walking on the rim of the sky,
Hands stretched out to the edges
Of the wide dish of stars

My fingers stroked the bright lights

The breath of the wind blew through my fingers
And I believed it was the warm breaths
Of the stars themselves which caressed me

My feet wheeled and turned
On the grassy plains of the earth
While I stepped towards open to the south
I saw the Scorpion, lying low
Resting on the tops of the trees

I reached up
To touch the bright red star
Of the Scorpion's belly,
And it whispered to me

Stay, my beautiful star,
Listen –
I know the most wonderful thing in the world;
When I touch your body
I'll know the thing
I have wanted so long to learn
Let me tell it to you,

A Parable of Stars

I was walking on the rim of the sky,
Hands stretched out to the edges
Of the wide dish of stars
My fingers stroked their lights

The breath of the wind blew through my fingers,
And I believed it was the warm breath
Of the stars themselves which caressed me

My feet wheeled and turned
On the grassy plain of the earth
When I stopped, hands open to the south,
I saw the Scorpion, lying low,
Resting on the tops of the trees.

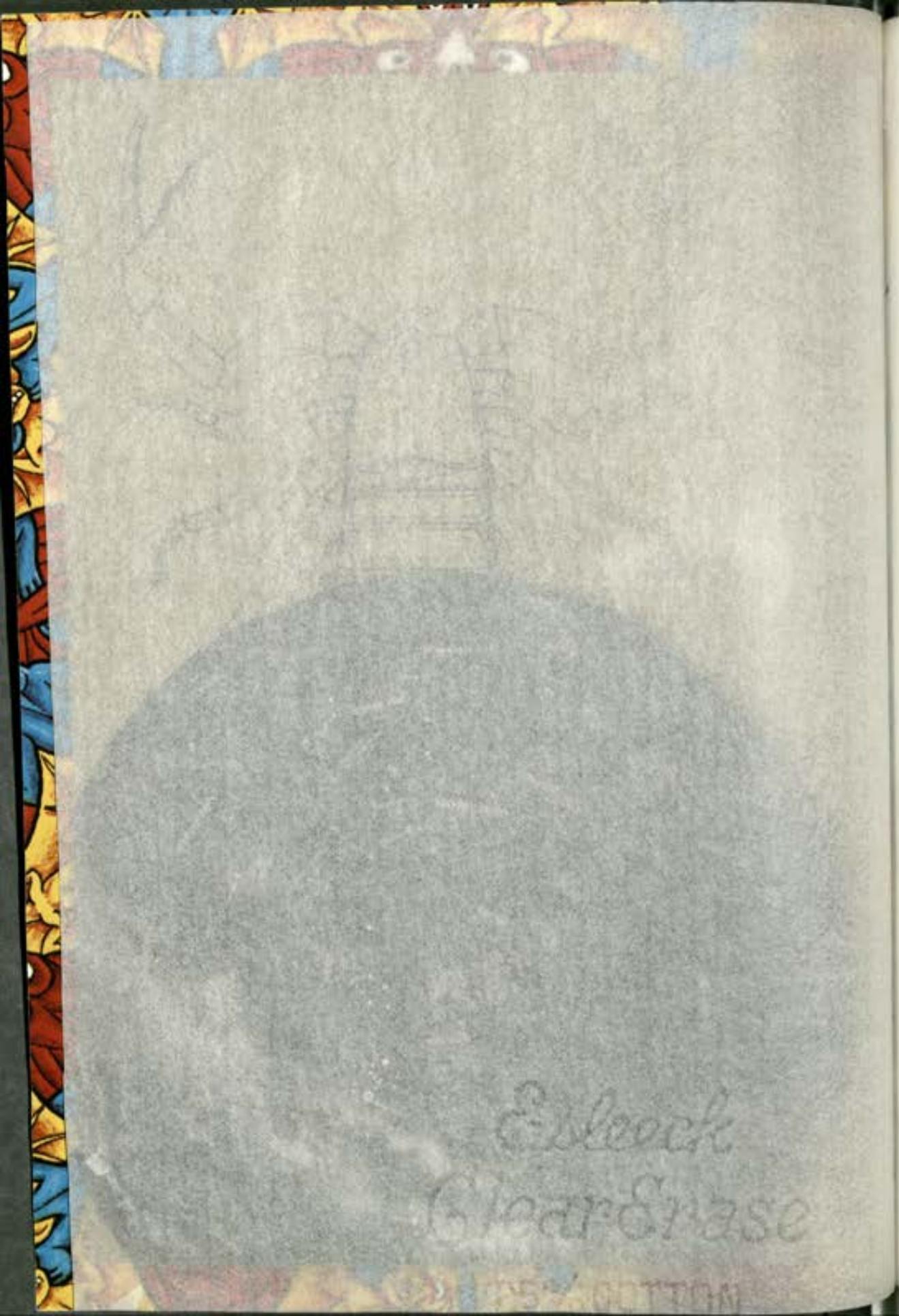
I reached up
To touch the bright red star light,
Of the Scorpion's belly,
And I whispered to her:

Star, my beautiful star,

Listen—

I know the most wonderful thing in the world;
When I touch your body
I know the thing
I have wanted so long to learn.

Let me tell it to you,



Let me sing it,
And cry it,
Weave it in threads,
And write it on scraps of paper.

Oh, sighed the red star,
Pulsing a little bluer and dimmer:

But we have heard it before.
Do you think you are the first young woman
To walk the rim of the sky,
Hands stretched out to touch me?

What you see is only an image,
Your finger is in the path of my light,
That are all so grown older —
Once, long ago,
I was as you see me tonight;
Curled serenely above the tops of the trees,
But I am much older now,
You cannot touch me as I truly am.

Perhaps it is from some southern sky,
Hotter and brighter,
That you remember me,
A time when I coiled high above the horizon,
And the great bear cowered
Among the branches of the thorn trees

And the roofs of the low huts.

How fiercely I burned in you then
And how unattainable!
Your hands hung at your sides
Or jammed deep into pockets.

Only in your dreams did you touch
The warmth and the pulsing.

But here, among these wet hills,
I be closer to the earth.
My light is dimmer,
The tall firs obscure me.

And you have grown bolder —
You climb into the tops of trees.
Your hand has touched me,
My warmth and my redness.

You have felt my pulsing,
And I know that this
Is what you must tell me:

That the touching
Is the most wonderful thing in the world,
That I should lie here,
Still and shining,
Telling everyone that you have touched me,
That night after night

I will rise and your arms
Will reach out to me.

No, you have not held me –
It was only an image you touched,
The long ends of a few slow rays of light.

The season is short
In which I rise
During your waking hours.
The nights grow colder,
The season ends.

Do you think I will not rise
Above some other grassy hills,
That other women will not raise
Their hands to touch me?

I am setting –
I rise in another place,
Into other arms.

Look, the moon is up.
Go to her.
She is so much closer to you than I.
Her light comes from the star
Who warms your days.
Sleep, and she will rise with you.

I will not return tonight
Nor the next.

Juliet H.
October 8

Sylvia H.

I will not return tonight
Not this night

Sleep, and she will rise with dawn.
Who morning shall gaze
Her light comes from the east
Go to him
Look! the moon is up
She is somewhere closer to day than I.

I am defined.
I rise in another place.
Into other arms.

Then weeps to touch me?
That other moment will not come
Those zones other drizzly hills.
Do you think I will not rise

The season sings.
The nights grown colder.
Darling alone making home.
In winter I rise

The season is short

The land sings of a few slow rays of light.
It was only an image when touched
No! then leave not left me —

I will rise another arms
Will reach out to me.


HERCULES
AQUILA
CAPRICORNUS
AQUARIUS
PEGASUS
CYGNUS
LYRA
DRACO
PISCIS AUSTRINUS
GRUS


TAURUS
ERIDANUS
ARIES
TRIANGULUM
LEPUS
ORION
ANDROMEDA
PERSEUS
AURIGA
CANIS MAJOR
MONOCEROS
GEMINI
TWINS
CANCER
CAMELOPARDALIS
LYNX
CASSIOPEIA
COMA
LEO MINOR
URSA MAJOR
LEO
HYDRA
ANTLIA
CEPHEUS
DRACO
CANES VENATICI
COMA BERENICES
CRATER
VIRGO
CORVUS
HERCULES
BOOTES
CORONA BOREALIS