centimeters
Density → 0.05 0.09 0.16 0.22 0.36 0.52 0.75 0.98 1.24 1.64 1.96 2.38 All values are batch averages
Don Williams
M001736

LEO MINOR
LEO
LYNX
URSA MAJOR
CANES VENATICI
COMA BERENICES
CORVUS
CASSIOPEIA
CEPHEUS
DRACO
BOOTES
VIRGO
CORONA BOREALIS
HERCULES
CYGNUS
LYRA
OPHIUCHUS
SERPENS
SCORPIUS
LIBRA
CENTAURUS
LUPUS
AQUILA
PEGASUS
ANDROMEDA
PERSEUS
LACERTA

A Parable of Stars

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

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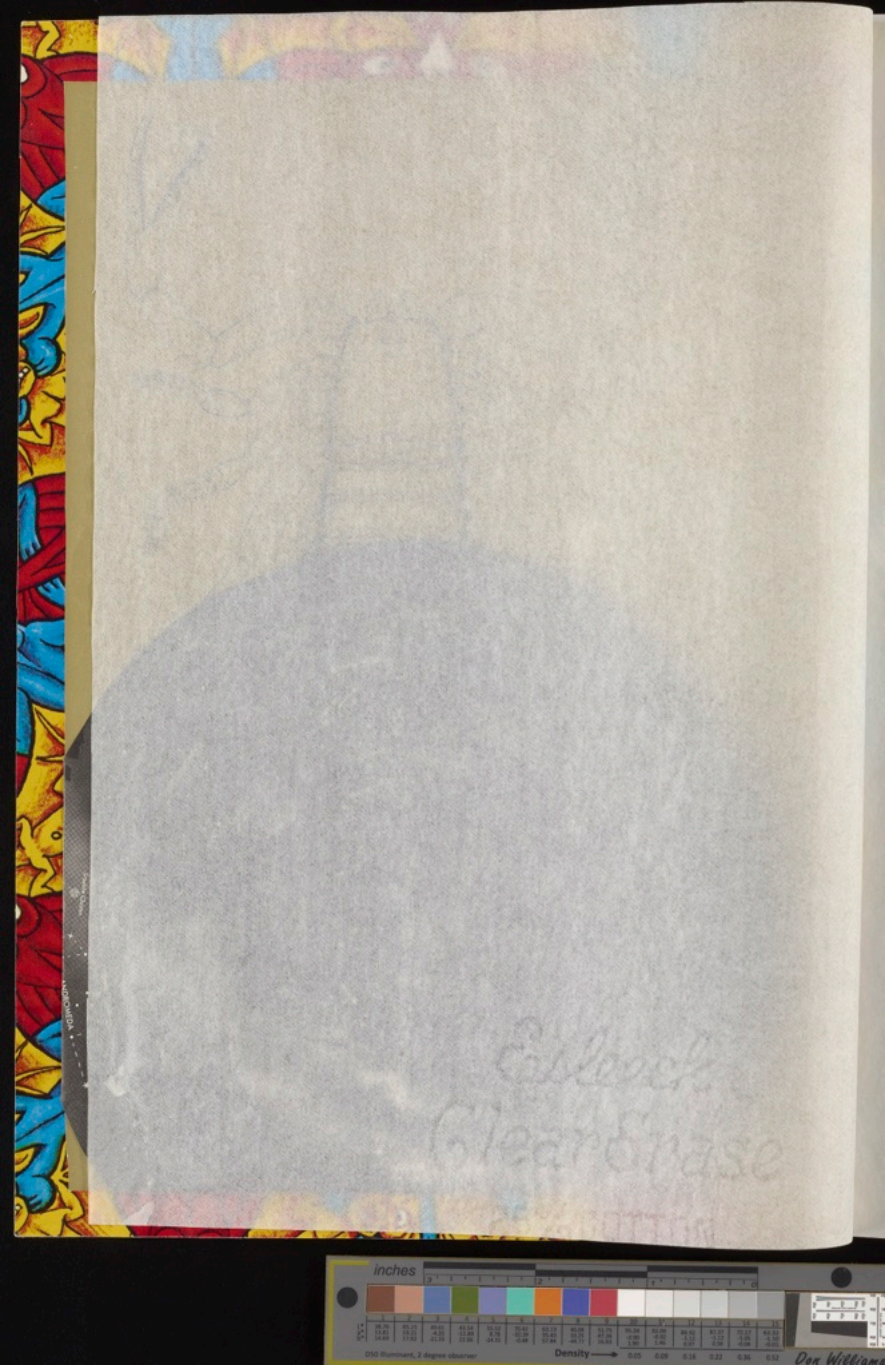

A Parable of Stars

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
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 waited so long to learn.

Let me tell it to you,

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A Terrible 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 stepped 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
Of the Scorpion's belly,
And I whispered to her:

Stay 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 I 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 is all.
You touch only air.

Once, long ago,
I was as you see me tonight;
Curled silently above the tops of the trees,
Shining to you with my glowing red light.
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

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 duller and dimmer:

But I have heard it before.
Is your thirst upon the first spring woman
To walk the rim of the sky,
Hands stretched out to touch me?

What your see is only an image,
Your finger is in the path of my light
That is all.
Your touch only our

Once, long ago,
I was as you see me tonight;
Curled slightly above the tops of the trees,
Shining to you with my glowing red light.
But I am much older now,
You cannot touch me as I truly am.

Perhaps it is from some southern sky,
Flutter and brightly,
That you remember me,
A time when I curled high above the horizon,
And the forest bent 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 lie 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

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And the roots of the low huts

Then fiercely I burned in you then
And how unattainable!
Your hands hung at your sides
Engrossed deep into pockets

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

That being among trees not walls,
I lie 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 head 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 yearning
Is the most wonderful thing in the world
That I should be here,
Still and shining,
Telling everyone that you have touched me,
That night of the 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.

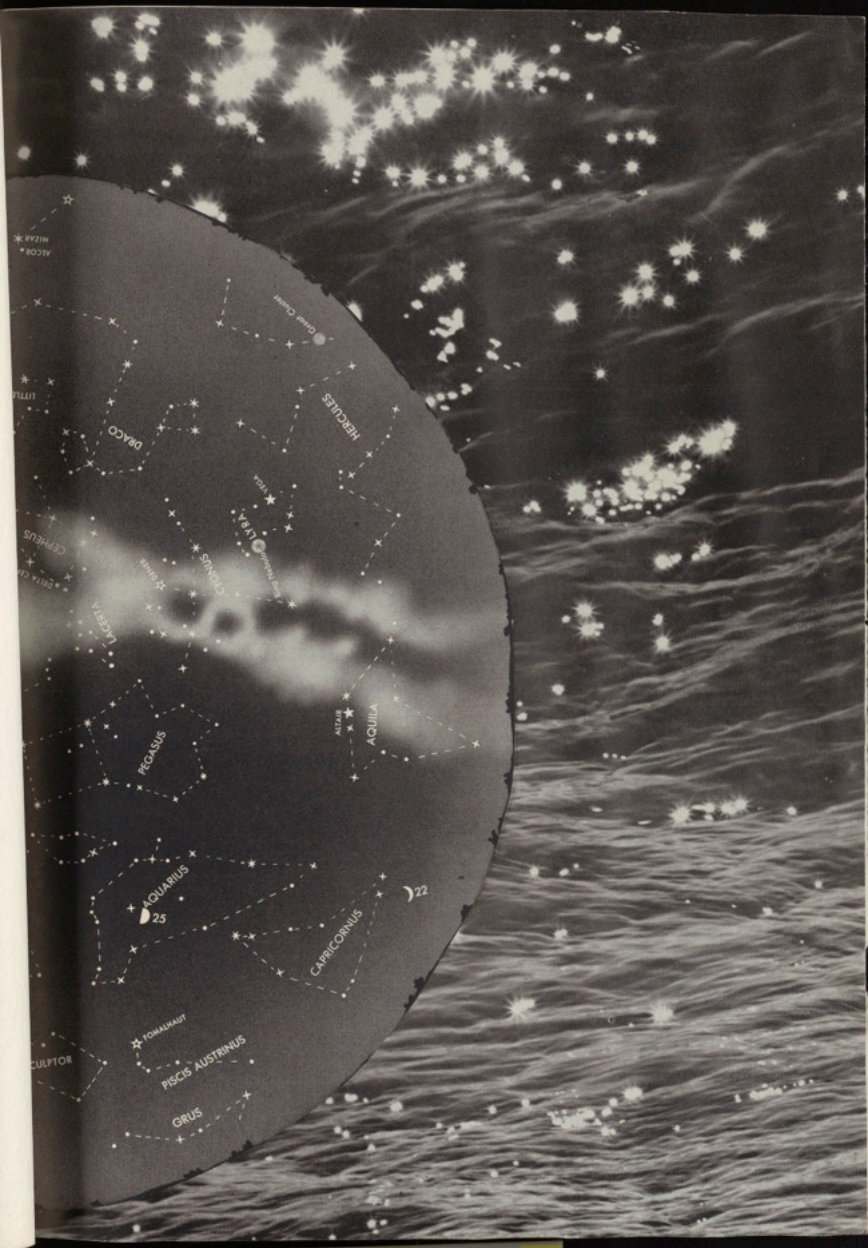
Do you think I will not rise
Above some other grassy hills,
That other women will not raise
Their hands to touch me?

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.

Julie H.
October 8



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