





Let me sing a Parable of Stars
And cry it

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

Oh, sighed the red 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

Hands stretched out to touch 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,
On the Scorpion's belly, the tops of the trees
And I whispered to her, my glowing red light
But to see that star now,

O Star, my beautiful star, I truly am
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, the language
And the secret of the universe

Let me tell it to you, the stars

Let me sing it, A Parable of Stars
And cry it,

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

Oh, sighed the red star,
P. My fingers stroked their lights

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

Hands stretched out to touch 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 ago,
To touch the bright red starlight,
Of the Scorpion's belly, the tops of the trees,
And I whispered to her: my glowing red light.
But I am much older now,

O Star, my beautiful star, I truly am.
Listen -

For I know the most wonderful thing in the world;
How when I touch your body

That I know the thing
That I have waited so long to learn. the horizon,
And the great bear covered

Let me tell it to you, the thorn trees

A Fable 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 200,000,000 stars
Resting on the tops of the trees

I reached up
To touch the bright red star
Of the 200,000,000 stars
And I whispered to her:

Star, my beautiful star,
I told you

I know the most wonderful thing in the world,
When I told you that I knew
I know the most wonderful thing
I have wanted so long to tell you

Let me tell you

Let me sing it, of the low huts
And cry it,
Weave it in threads, red in you then
And write it on scraps of paper.

Your hands hung at your sides
Oh, sighed the red star, to pockets
Pulsing a little bluer and dimmer:

Only in your dreams did you touch
But I have heard it before.

Do you think you are the first young woman
To walk the rim of the sky, hills,
Hands stretched out to touch me?

My light is dimmer,

What you see is only an image,
Your finger is in the path of my light,
That you have grown bolder —

You touch only hair-tops of trees
Your hand has touched me,

Once, long ago, my redness.

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.

That the touching

Perhaps it is from some southern sky, warm,
Hotter and brighter, I lie here,

That you remember me,

A time when I coiled high above the horizon,
And the great bear covered
Among the branches of the thorn trees

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

Pulsing a little pler and dimmer
Oh, sighed the red star
Not but still bolder

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

Your touch only one
That is all
Now finger is in the bath of my light
What you see is only an image

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

Among the branches of the horn trees
And the great bear covered
A time when I called high above the horizon,
That you remember me,
Hither and thither
Perhaps it is from some southern sky,
You cannot touch me as I touch you

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

Nor the next

Julia
Crawford

And the roots of the low hills

And how unutterable!
Your hands hung at four sides
Or jammed deep into pockets

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

But here, among these wet hills
I lie closer to the earth
My light is dimmer
The tall fire opaque

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

You have left me behind,
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.

Julie H.
October 86

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 rise
Their hands to touch me?

I am getting -
I rise in another place,
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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.

October 18
Julie H.



