

Something More

For W.Y.

“I will not be afraid to die again,” you said.
A year ago the torn heart had wrenched you
past coma into the long tunnel,
You, astronomer, mathematician, scientist--
You called it peace,
utter peace.

*Once years ago on another journey
into the Scutum Cloud of the Milky Way
you found a hundred variable stars
without seeing a single one of them.*

Tonight we watched the first
fireflies of summer
displacing the invisible stars
against the dark
while the heart healed.

*Removed from the observatory
you now study the seasons,
the grains of wood, the soil,
fireflies in the backyard.*

“They produce light without heat--
Something science has never done,” you said.
An unseen wind moved around us
lifting silences in the summer night.
“The voice in the tunnel said
‘Not yet.’
Maybe something more from me--
to do or say—
before another death.”

*Flowing through us, time, the mysterious wind,
our books, our years of looking at visible stars,
changing us imperceptibly from neighbors into friends,
illuminating without fire. Unsaid.*

I write what I could not say:
Tonight the voice of the voice
burned through,
bringing another peace.

Something more, done and said.
But do not go yet, friend.
The still stars have not yet retired.
The fireflies will return
on another summer's night.