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Anada

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ANANDA

Chad Hansen

A harried thought did hurry me beyond the farthest fars;
for not a soul to worry me is found among the stars.
I bask amid the dark and cold, or swing around a sun
that's burned here since before the oldest stars had yet begun.
I drift through all the points of Space, and instants too of Time;
meandering with gliding grace, celestially sublime.
I dance between the seven stars we call the Pleiadese;
then swirl the sifted sands of Mars around Orion's knees.
I drape the Horsehead Nebula, a black and mystic veil,
upon the pallid Pegasus, then off to Saturn sail.
I navigate the universe as if it were my own,
and divagate to stars diverse; or stop to drop a stone
into the Sea of Dreams, behind the Moon's reflective face;
and smile to see the Sun unwind its spirals into Space.
I race around the Hyades, then dive into the dark
that lies between the Galaxies, devoid of any spark.

Beyond the reach of matter, I perambulate, and pause
to smell the Rosette growing by the Little Dog. His paws
are resting on the Unicorn, whose mythological,
but magically enchanted, horn casts spells upon the Bull.
And near the horns of Taurus, too, I hold Orion's bow,
insuring that his aim is true to hit the mark. I know
the Bull's all-seeing Eye, the red Al Debaran, will leer
and do its best to scare the dreaded Hunter stalking near.
I cut across the Cosmic Sea and leave the hunt behind
to search for sweet serenity and placid peace of mind.
So off to pale Vulpecula, the wily little Fox,
or up to Small Nubecula's Autumnal Equinox
I saunter and ascend. With light-like speed I'm apt to shroud
a constellation, or to blight a Magellanic Cloud.
And when at last I do descend, and quickly quit my flight,
I fall to Earth at journey's end, and sleep away the night.

UNTITLED Elizabeth Fiechtner

