

1988

Observation

Rosemary Walsh
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Walsh, Rosemary (1988) "Observation," *Exile*: Vol. 35 : No. 2 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol35/iss2/14>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Observation

I see you Orion, dangling over my brain,
impregnable but to the eye, and
safe -- hiding, the meridian is your haven
gravity my leash; but I decipher your cycle.
You are not the diamond of Ptolemy,
or even Aristotle, nor is your belt
a gemmed noose 'round my intellect.
Never horizon, never zenith,
you are never out of my stare,
and I follow your flight
from the swing on my front porch.
You run from me, for even as I stare
into your skies, you are the first
to blink. You look away.

But though you may burn
in the distance that I gaze, your glass eyes will
transfix, will patronize my generations.

And I will die.

But yours is the collection of my earthstone
Yours is my amazement and my awe.

Rosemary Walsh