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## Orion Falling

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# Orion Falling

By Lawrence Weber

"Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear

Until we hardly see--we feel that it is there." **Shelley** (from *To A Skylark*)

The voices  
you have built

around you  
are like stars:

stars you  
listen to

and speak to  
each night.

You wear gloves  
when you touch them  
because they are hot.  
Arranging  
rearranging  
into circles and lines.

Tonight  
you outline a lady  
in a long bell-shaped  
skirt, then you lie  
back in cold tangled grass  
and watch her dance  
above the tips of spruce and juniper.

And as you imagine  
yourself the nineteenth  
century mahogany desk  
you saw in the antique shop  
your breasts  
are ink wells  
your palms: paper  
your fingers: pens.  
And as you turn  
on cold earth

you seal  
your secrets shut  
and offer them  
to the stars  
like food or blankets  
hoping that in return  
they will stay, and change with you.

And these  
are the stars above  
a distance much farther  
than touch, these are the stars  
that wrap themselves in clouds  
the clouds that have changed your human  
But the stars within,  
frighten you and are dim.  
They are blind and hunt sight,  
their eyes the sizes of childrens' stomachs.

Moon light  
sticks to you like wet clothes,  
the energy of the dark makes you whole.

The rush of sisters  
lovers laces  
fine webs over your eyes,  
memory's spindle,  
heavy grey thread.

In the empty  
field  
as moon descends,  
you stand  
scream  
disturb  
the silence  
of high places.