

From *Loving the Sun*

From the void and from the sun-burned chaos, patterns surface.
Wheeling circles and careening heat-whirlpools flash-pan
Into progressively stronger waves; they go into vibrations
Whose weight is gauged in equations; into the contractions of invisible muscles,
And crushed ancient sea-creatures piled under slate point up in pyramids:
The chalk squeaks out that old sirens' warning:
 All waves need a shore to be.
 All waves need a beach to break.

For the sun has had enough and is sending us itself in the form of successive swells of solar flares
carrying a coddled and swaddling daughter at celeritas towards our shores.

From the finite and compressed, the order emerges:
 Submit.

Mops sweep the chalk of our most recognized equations aside, these being the equations that shaped
civilizations and turned the Cretaceous sea's vanity into everything from equilaterals to atom-bombs.

Those slate scraped creatures' collective knowledge carried and encompassed, in the salt of their
shells, every celestial eventuality, every secret that would blow up their own descendants, that would
eclipse the Pacific atolls and soothsay a sacrifice: something must be done to please the sun. Lest
the crush of knuckles and crux of bleached spines write:

 I will not...
 One hundred times,
Decisions are made:
 Submit.

 The blanketing magnetic fields peel away from pole to pole.
 Earth yields up its pulpy appeasement: an October child, born star-crossed
 And already blotched by sun-spots, is heaved heavy onto the scales, forever
 Fixed with wide sightless eyes blinking from left to right, as babies do,
 In the instant of instinctive anticipation,
 Of self-preservation: to smile or cry?

 And the sun accepts, passing earth over,
 Her heat still reaching us through the haze.
 Humidity can't condense, refusing to
 Transmute the centuries' steaming rage to rain.
 And the moon takes its cue to coax the tides
 Of lichen-green lilacs to flower,
 To feed them on reflections of a satisfied sun.
 Despite the frost and the foliage bonfire.