

Stargazing

The magi

What then was the glory we heard
the comet we tracked
the constellation we dreamed?

Caspar

not above the heaven but the heaven above
neither the firmament nor the stratosphere
more like the imagination's soaring and surfing
the swell of the azure sea

Melchior

not a songbird but the bird song
neither the thrush's nor the nightingale's
more like the passionate longing for a distant note
that moves the orbiting spheres

Balthasar

not a child star but the star child
neither a superstar nor a supernova
more like the inconceivably compacted spark
from which a universe explodes