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The Silent One

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Gazing at the Sky

Twisting, spinning across the velvet emptiness,
They stalk each other silently
Getting closer, but never close enough
Doing battle and retreating.

Their endless journey takes them over
Worlds without number ---
How many spectators sing their praise
And tell their stories over firelight?
Or watch with wide eyes
The forever contest?

The combatants do not hear the same songs
or see the watchers.
their quest is eternal and unaffected
By mortal lives.

Do they remember the explosive moment of their birth
Or the meaning behind their endless pursuits?
Only they could say ---
as if the inkiness of their battlefield
could be pierced with questions
But I suspect:

Twisting and spinning is all they know,
And their struggle is all they have.
They do not pause to dream
Their sleep would come only with
An unreachable dawn.

---Mike Gifford