

## Shaking Her Fist At The Sun

She died shaking her fist

At a sun that rose too late  
And set too soon for her  
To finish a life's work  
(in truth, shame stalked her,  
frightened her more than any  
enemy;  
lack of time was merely a ruse),

And at a moon whose pale glow  
Could never pierce the dark,  
Chilled chambers of her heart  
(that symbol of love and risk  
shook her to her very bones).

And at the stars she could never reach  
As she refused to truly labor  
At her vessel of discovery  
(the grand vision was all;  
the real work of little concern).

But I, ever the fool (or the child),

Thought it was about me,  
That *I* was the sun and the moon...  
That if *I* could speed  
My transit across the vastness  
of space...

Then *I* could reach the exile,  
Break through the frozen doors  
Of the self-imposed prison  
And coax her into the light.

And so I

(convinced of her promise of  
power)  
Burned up  
crossing a trackless sky,  
pursuing an empty quarry,  
The eyes of the woman  
Who will never see me.

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