

## Climbing the Stars

The earth is the hardest mattress  
but damp grass under this quilt is padding enough.  
Also grandfather Elm helps with silhouetted leaves  
lightning bugs blink in.

Eyes follow their trail outlining branches  
until orbit begins going up, up, up.

Do you know that round glowing dot  
& next to it, a larger one, a finger-length away?

Names sing in their silence, opening doors  
lock by lock, until cosmos unfolds from cosmos  
& spirits shoot through.

Quietness hints all it takes is looking to travel the universe  
as comet or satellite. Matter comes from matter  
as pricks of light ascending that black.

Climb head-over-heels to somersault soon  
with energy's constancy  
between sun & moon when the mystical is fished.

Later, intriguing with dew, the earth too, cell to cell,  
is this sparkle of that magic carpet  
Morse dash-dot-dash continual.