

Sean O'Brien
Blue Night

Blue night. Enormous Arctic air. Orion's belt.
A geostationary satellite.
The birds all sheltering or flown.

The world is North, and turns its North Face
Pitilessly everywhere,
As deep as Neptune, local as the moon.

First came the fall and then the metaphor.
No other island, then. No gift of grace.
For this alone is 'seriously there'.

Therefore. Therefore. Do not be weak.
They have no time for pity or belief,
The heavens, in their triumph of technique.