

THE MOLLUSC OF THE NIGHT ©

Aldebaran's Reply to George Sterling's 'Aldebaran at Dusk'

O thou who seeks to light the dark'ning hour,  
Shun not the moon, she is my mistress fair  
Who dreams, 'tis true, till comes the twilight air,  
Drifting in her rose-lit ivory tower.

She tarries in her fiery lord's caress,  
'Ere rising pink with blush, then bids adieu  
To Sol who, painting sky with scarlet hue  
And setting crimson, doth his love confess.

When night, her wings unfurling, stoops to cloak  
The earth in velvet ink, I light thy dusk.  
I am the herald of the midnight court.

I am the Watcher of the East, Royal Star  
Burning clear, the torch bearer for my queen  
Who rises now to stay her Lord's descent.

I pledge to thee who doth my name invoke,  
E'en unseen, rose-pearl within the mollusc  
Of the deep night, to guide thee safe to port.

Nor would'st I ever let thee wander far,  
Though thou shouldst plough thy way through storms between  
Perils, with which the midnight ocean's rent,

Yet rather chase thee, swift upon thy heel,  
As always through the twinkling void of night  
I tread the dance and keep within my sight  
Those sisters who across the sky do wheel,

Glowing stars who bloom like clustered flowers,  
Whilst Luna holds entranced the gazing hare.  
Shun not the moon, she is our mistress fair;  
With moonbeams bright, she lights the darkest hours.