

Good Seed

Just after sunset in the west,
after what seems just minutes since
the Bull of Heaven rose in the east,
the Seven Sisters riding his horns,

the new crescent moon, the merest slip,
falling into line — the ecliptic
at mid-May nearly overhead —
with all five wandering stars

visible to the naked eye:
Aphrodite Eros, and Kronos,
Hermes leading the way below,
Zeus high above the rest

but not as bright as his lovely daughter:
together like this for the first time,
the sky priests say, since the summer
before I was born (when Stalin and Hitler

to go ahead and take Poland
and not this close again until
I'm twenty or more years gone.
portending what, if anything?

Before the Great Harmonic Convergence
sybils and hierophants foretold
(as they're in the habit of doing)
a birth even more wondrous than most;

some two years later the Iron Curtain
fell into rubble, the tanks stood still
in Tiananmen Square, AIDS took off,
millions died of genocide.

Before Y2K the technofreaks,
cyberwizards and store-goods merchants
predicted disaster that didn't happen
when or how it was supposed to

but two years later suicide bombers
hit the world's plutonic and martial
centers: the market floundering,

the brokers caught red-handed,

the fathers of mother church red-faced,
robes up and pants down,
the Endless-War-For-Good Party
stolen into office again.

Righteousness, well-heeled and well-oiled
in the ascendant, security
in opposition to liberty,
the Sign of the Dwarf in the First House.

Venus and Mercury, the goddess
of luxurious love and her halfbrother
the patron of thieves, pied
piper of souls. Luna waxing.

Jupiter and Saturn up
to their king-of-the-mountain games
as the world turns toward them
under our feet. The poppy fields blooming

again along the Silk Road
while Dorothy and Toto sleep
in the arms of the Wicked Witch of the West
and our own beds lie fallow for want of good seed.