

# North Star

*by* Matt Shaw

It's a myth, you know, that it doesn't move.

I've seen it chase the sun,  
Cry "Rally!" as it bowed its head,  
Charged onward, West, and raged above  
The amber glow of coldest night.

These nights I feel I'm three miles tall.  
I watch the world aloft, hear nothing  
Save the ancient mechanism droning,  
The very sound that Nothing heard  
When God did Nothing first create.

I am bound by this robe  
That lets me go no higher than this ceiling,  
That catches doors as I escape,  
That trips my feet up as I run,  
That will not doff, but only don until  
I separate myself from earth,  
And frigid wind peels back the day.  
The robe, it latches onto nature's breath  
To sail me as the star cries "Rally!"

I've seen it chase the sun to bed,  
Heard it call. And for my part  
I have obeyed, though threads are nasty things  
That snag and pull and tear the cloth  
And will not let me be.

