

Earth Song

'We long to make music that will melt the stars.' – FLAUBERT

Not entirely,
unless stars are no more than ice,
their light the bright shaping of frost
whose loss would leave heaven featureless.

Better to share
with them the mystery that keeps
each star within its galaxy,
locked in a universe that never sleeps.

One quaver cannot shift
a constellation's fixed design,
or tilt the bars of space to prove
we are made equal with the sun.

Earth's hope must be
some singing will survive, its music
bright enough to melt the heart
when, like dead stars, our fires are burnt out.

Edward Storey

Edward Storey now lives in Wales. His latest collection *Almost a Chime Child* was published by Raven Books in 2010 and his *New and Selected Poems* are published by Rockingham Press.