

# Little Cosmic Dust Poem

John Haines

Out of the debris of dying stars,  
this rain of particles  
that waters the waste with brightness...

The sea-wave of atoms hurrying home,  
collapse of the giant,  
unstable guest who cannot stay...

The sun's heart reddens and expands,  
his mighty aspiration is lasting,  
as the shell of his substance  
one day will be white with frost.

In the radiant field of Orion  
great hordes of stars are forming,  
just as we see every night,  
fiery and faithful to the end.

Out of the cold and fleeing dust  
that is never and always,  
the silence and waste to come...

This arm, this hand,  
my voice, your face, this love.

