

Each night, I look up.  
Out there, lies a peculiar presence.  
It eludes me to no end.  
It hides under suns,  
it lurks above darkness,  
though it remains in partial,  
just enough  
for me to recognize its existence.

They tell me  
I boast of delusions,  
but it is not I that boasts.  
That figuration in the sky boasts;  
it boasts to me,  
laughs at me.  
And I shout and I shout,  
and it continues its jaunt.  
Each night, cursing me to an unending hunt.

So I must sing and shout,  
reciting its chorus.  
For I am a damned servant to the ceaseless jest.  
None shall find it.  
None shall describe it.  
My own alone.  
An aliment to the end!

Nothing in the world ever like it!

Through it, I relish in bountiful youth!

Driven mad to ripeness!

The harvest is righteous and undiminished!

And I am fulfilled with the bloom of my antecedent life!