

Petitioning SETI

Speak to me asterismically
of constellation subsets
of the cosmic thirty-seven, and the answer: forty-two.
Tell me tales of the galactic plane
of star clusters in light years
from telescopic visions true swaddled
among interstellar clouds
birthing stars nursed to youth
and why we ride the gravitational tide
between suns, stars and moons
to Alpha Leo and Monoceros
on stellar winds to the Subaru.
Searching always for universal truth.
Reality turns on little things,
delicately natured time
and depths of space...
Gravitational pull on all
of us in every race.
Sing of dusty nebulae in galaxies,
darkened lanes on elliptical planes;
galactic roads where SETI listens
as radios play the songs of the stars.