

Astronaut  
by Lenhardt Stevens

There is no simplicity better known  
Than how each star illuminates a force  
From constellations that seem to have grown  
Since I have tried plotting my sober course

Each word was delivered in confidence,  
Between space filled by vast reaches of time  
In hoping you, kept by love's providence,  
Would catch notes from the ethereal clime

Though once a century, my feet slip out,  
A rudderless vessel tossed in the night,  
I stake a direction, choose a new route  
At moments lost, led by the faintest light,

Until apart from you, I surrender  
To the thought that we, though never perfect,  
Still have caught stars, each in shining splendor,  
Carrying hope on; to you, I suspect.

MMXV