

The Pied-Piper Philologist On Occasion Reads Shakespeare

Weird are the ways of words, even wayward.

Sidera, Latin for “star,” gives rise
to our “desire” – “to desire” is to dance with stars
across the abyss inscrutable otherwise
in present time.

What if stars exist solely
to provide a wayword for human longing?

For now, leave cynics to sputter in their fury.

And “consider” (another word from *sidera*)
that longing and “deeming” alike, though often at odds,
weave our lives in interstellar fusion
of folds of space that unite us and divide us
at one and the same time – as if Plato did not err
and troubled stars in the toils of time are we all.

Incompletion, it must follow, is our elemental.

Slay number as we might, two distincts, division none
remains a sum of love beyond our ken,
if proper to our kind:

to give away yourself
keeps yourself still (this is not the worst),

and when by love’s wit we learn to hear with eyes
we may at last see Cordelia feelingly.