

A December Poem

Anita Tanner

*"I have loved the stars too fondly to be
fearful of the night."*

—Sarah Williams

Under the dome above, we look up,
singing children's canticles,
our own domed hearts
clutched by the promise

of something new becoming—
a Cassiopeian beauty
or Cygnus bearing
the inner Northern Cross

of a pure heart.

We cannot name the clusters then,
major constellations
in the northern spheres,

but we learn again a yearning
when others attend stars,
when something new becomes
the pointing, gazing up

at a university night sky,
the class final to identify configurations,
astronomy's passionate professor
standing by, marking stars off,

one by one, with the same ancient
summons and longing
that seeks stars for signs,
that dreams of something new becoming,

that turns about to follow
Orion or some other Heavenly
Shepherd of the sky.

ANITA TANNER {anitatanner6@gmail.com} published *Where Fields Have Been Planted* in 1999. She's written poetry since 1978 and has published in numerous periodicals, magazines, and anthologies. She's the mother of six adult children and the grandmother of seventeen. Reading and writing are akin to breathing for untold years. Her husband Leonard died twenty-two years ago. She's still carrying on.