

Awareness of Jupiter is a book of poetry that works. It is a collection of read alouds, fantasy and reflection, that will inspire the reader to share the work and return to poetry as an important genre in their personal reading choices.

**AWARENESS OF JUPITER:
A collection of poems of folklore and reflection**
By Steve Selman

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AWARENESS OF JUPITER



**A Collection of Poems of
Folklore and Reflection**

Steve Selman

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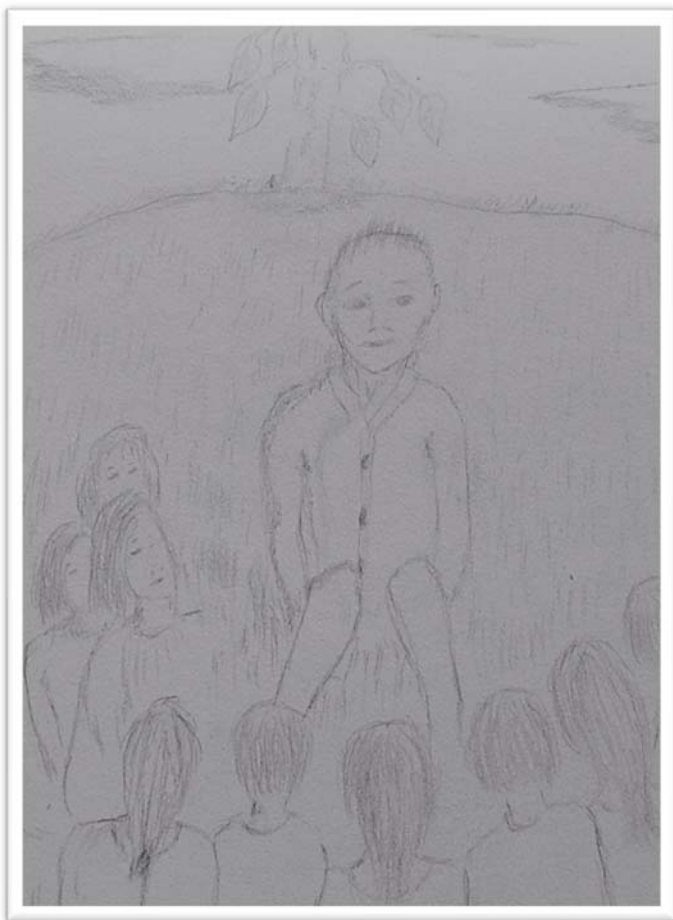
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Jack



Jack grew old
But he still remembered
Just where he'd stood
Just where he'd been.
The tightness in his chest,

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The tremors,
When the sky fell down
And the giant screamed.

And all the books
That told his tale
Lay yellowed
Thin and brown.
The house was gone
The garden there
Lay fallow
On the ground.

Jack was grey
But his blue eyes bore
The gleam of things he'd seen.
And every village child adored
The man behind the beans.

The hill behind
Where bushes grew
And thistles thick with down
Undulated nervously
And still convulsed with sounds.
As if some subterranean thing
Lay wretched in the ground.
The hill had been the work, he'd said,
Of all the men in town.

No one's seen the golden hen
The golden eggs are gone,
The golden lyre no longer plays
And no one knows its songs.

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The museum where it stays
Is half a country on.

But still the children come
When Jack returns to town,
And are silent when he's speaking
For this is sacred ground.
And looking 'round today
They've come from all around.

The tale is told
And no one leaves.
Jack moves his weathered hand.
Something's there,
His voice is faint,
He's hard to understand.

Cracked and old
Blotched and cold
And wrinkled as he is grey,
It sits alone
Hard like stone
Impossible as day.

It's difficult to leave him,
Not one gaze arrests.
He whispers, "Mother missed one
It's the one that mother missed."

A single child approaches
It's late, there's threat of rain,
She takes the bean and throws it
On the hill the sun has stained.

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The hush that quickly follows
Grows and fills the sky
No story's ever over,
The land begins to cry.
"I can't climb," she says.
He grins, "Nor can I."
Laughs, looks at her softly,
"But I'd really like to try."

The Dark Has Words

The dark has words
That's what she said
The moon can rhyme
And wax and wane.
The stars are dots
Pinned overhead
Lost in their matrix
Are our names.
We are marooned
Our hearts not home
The stellar vast
Calm and deep.
The dark is old
Like cliff and stone
And holds our past
Lets nothing sleep.

That's what she said
In the darkness there
Enthralled by myths
She knew them all.
The constellations
In their lairs
The dog-run gods
Their templed bones.

Warm nights
And lustre's in the grass
A tablet
With a glowing screen
A wind that texts

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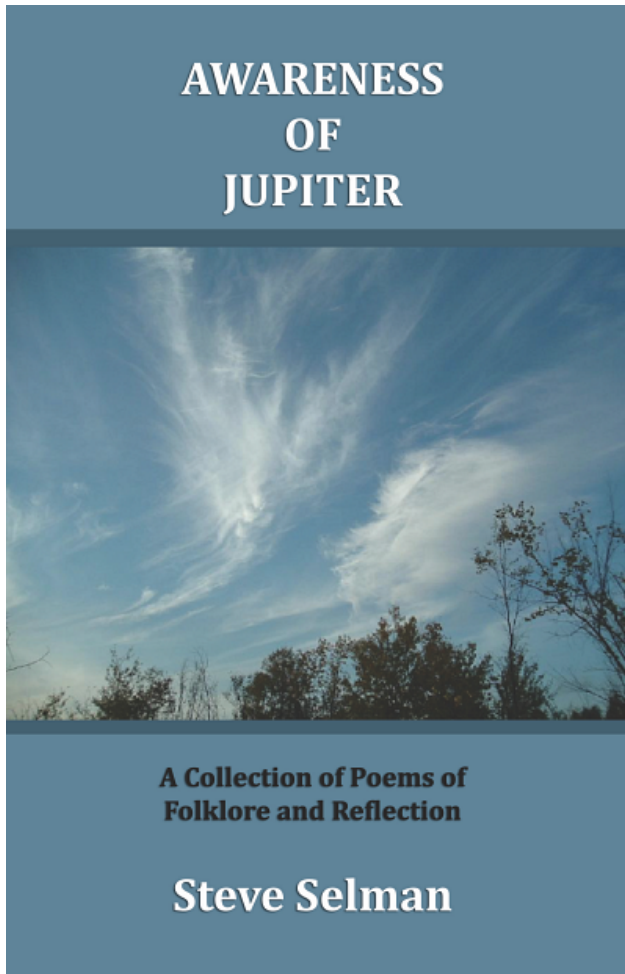
In cursive waves
Silver fields
Fertile dreams.
The pulse of things
Long in their graves
Powdered like stars
The crowded ground.
Feathers struggle
Where none remains,
And marbled jaws
Their mottled crowns.
Yellow and rust
The maggot years
No feature stays
No line's preserved.
We feel the pressure
None appears
The kenneled dust
That never stirs.

We feel them all.
The gorgon night
Has stilled their breath
Has closed their eyes.
And shadows etched
And tombed by time
Live furtive here,
Forgotten lives.

And who will read
When we are gone
Or hear the dark
Talk in their heads?

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Frontiers of stars
And night's so long,
The dark has words
That's what she said.



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