

Labor of Love

Of the angels Lucifer turned,
Abdiel alone

hearing the discord caused
to the spherical music,
turned back finally
determined to warn God.

One wrong and one right
in that order, he hoped

would make him newly
useful for the fight,
but was he now an epicycle
in the Empyrean, a wheel

within a wheel we turned
out to have imagined?

Arriving at God's hand,
he found Him already
preparing arms, which now
looked of a sudden lonely

cast, like labored motions...
Was Abdiel fooled twice?

The way a runaway running
home never finds it the same.
The way a star named
once for morning,

once for evening,
turns out to be a planet.