

## CONJUNCTION

by R.G. Ziemer

I hoped to gaze  
Upon the great  
The rare conjunction of planets  
On the night of winter solstice  
When the orbs of Jupiter and Saturn  
blend to one bright gleaming beacon.

I worried that the wonder might not clear the leafless trees  
That line the river,  
That the glorious sight  
Despite its magnitude might hide behind the houses.  
Worried that the city lights might overshadow  
Celestial Celebration.  
But after all it was a gruel of cold gray cloud  
that smeared the sky that night.

I understand the Conjunction is to us but an illusion –  
Planets circling separate by so many million miles,  
But seeming one atop the other  
against the vastness.

As for you and me,  
our own apparent brilliance in conjunction  
Seen from afar may not reveal  
Our two worlds so unique unto themselves,  
Features hidden beneath the pressures  
of our own thick atmospheres,  
Circling in our own elliptic orbits,  
holding satellites in thrall.  
Time night by night will show us creeping off  
Inexorably more distant  
On differing paths through the vacuum  
Of our space.

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Since 2015 Ray Ziemer (for his published novel see <https://rgziemer.com>) has been a member of the Naperville Writers Group, a group ...