

Call Me When the Cross Turns Over

In letters of a failed Cyrillic alphabet
The jet trails message-board the sky,
Their message being, we have overpaid the debt
To tribes who watch the stars go by

And think up constellations. Pictographs can mean
But cannot change. Orion change
Into the Dipper, or the Southern Cross be seen
As Maltese? Be Lorraine's? Too strange

To join the Zodiac, jet vectors are not signs,
Cannot predict. Born under these
We shall be outcome only of our own designs.
Myth ties us to its beasts; Line frees.