

Geocentric

by Felix Jung

Love returned is warmth and brilliance,
the sun in all its anger and benevolence,
blinding hot, a slow explosion rolling
forth as wide as planets, seemingly

inexhaustible. Flowers arch their backs,
the birds wake up, take flight and sing.
All-encompassing, it spreads across
the hemispheres until the day is lit.

But for every sun, there are a thousand
moons. Love remembered has no strength,
the light a mere reflection. Half asleep,
it offers little sustenance and illuminates

all dreams. Pale bulb against the sky, it
glows and will not fade. It's beautiful
deep at night, shining from a distance,
as lovely and as powerless as a poem.



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