

THE CELESTIAL GRAPEVINE

Bruce Boston

There are whispers and rumors
of a war on Rigel III.
A word bent through the light years
becomes fact, then history.

A word can tip the balance
and change the stars forever,
a little farther, a little farther,
like a worm upon an endless lever.

The inhabitants of Rigel III
now celebrate a golden age.
Bellicosity is but a myth
upon the yellowed page.

While across the chatty universe
slow words have multiplied.
Far cousins on a thousand worlds
bemoan their bloody fratricide.

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