



MYTHOLOGIES OF OUTER SPACE

Edited by Jim Ellis and Noreen Humble

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kyle flemmer

stellar sequence

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Stellar Nebulae

B o u n d i n h e a v i n g

V o i d s o f f o r m , a

S u b t l e s h r o u d - s u b -

M o l e c u l e s i n

H y d r o s t a s i s . A

N o m a l y r a l l i e s

R e m n a n t n o v a e -

I n c i t e s i g n i t i o n .

P r o t o s t a r s c a r v e

L u c r e t i a n s w e r v e ,

"A t u r n i n g p o i n t -

O f l i g h t .

N o t h i n g n o w c a n s p o i l

T h e f i n a l e , a n o r d e r

B o r n o f o r i g i n .

Brown Dwarfs

"*Twinkle-*
Twinkle
Little substar-
Glowing sick
Magenta red-
Mourning
Futures-
Dashed by
Particles-
An errant
Translocation-
Some place
Dire-
Where
Doctors kill-
People who
Are people-
Nonetheless."

Red Dwarfs

Revolution violent
As a bread riot,

As the butter
Of wartime

And bellies aching
For bacon.

No amount of flag-
Waving fills us.

Another democracy
Is decreed

In response to each
Terrorist act.

Today you will
Be called upon

To report your
Mother.

Become an agitator.
There are no

Clean hands, no
Innocent bystanders.

Just remember
Who has the right

"To words—

And when every
Poet is in exile,

Who stashed
The razors

—Hidden in our soles."

Orange Dwarfs

Imagine a multitude of worlds
Lurking in the dark,

Idyllic astride un-ionized
Waves enriched with DNA.

They resonate in harmonies
Of mathematical precision.

One day we will walk hand
In hand, like children,

Over their abundant ground.
Until then, our fixation

Remains Ptolemaic. We
Make a science of all

That is wrong, forget quanta
Derived indirectly

"Are never confidently known."

Estrangement is a virtue
Among xenophobes,

Those rude and wild people
Who think in pointed thrusts.

Facts fail or prevail
In their telling.

"I suspect a too-perfect world."

Even in Arcadia there is
Treachery, abduction,

And a body catching bodies
Coming through the rye.

We live so we can learn
To regret pre-emptive strikes.

Blue Giants

Giants' fated death is chemical, might our
Petty dictator. We shrink or shed, choking

On the fumes of a looming detonation.
Scatter chromatic ash, oh unborn stars,

"Our death drive a birthright—

We fleeting zeppelins hang inflamed from
The firmament rafters, faithless balloons

Guzzling buoyant bowels, our skins rent by
Limited reactants as by the nails of harpies.

Light a match in this henge squeezed of
Blood and our failure will look like success.

Worldly possessions dispensed with,
We claim it is

—Because of love."

Because love moved on, dishonor moved
In, or to part with guilt-spotted hands,

We take the orange tips off plastic rifles
And point them at cops. Release railings.

Swallow buckshot. Unseal our helmets
Before the Gates of the Maker.

It is better to burn on a pyre by design
Than fade under sail into a deeper blue.

Red Supergiants

One hundred thousand heads down
The slick pyramid steps, no sign

From God just yet, only this house
Fire of contested land, this linguicide

Standing dead-eyed in the bloody
Money, a shell of fusion consuming

Scarcity at its core. Hydrogen fuels
Ambitious destinies. To grow is to

Cannibalize our own. Rome also
Bloated in decline, a corpse king

Rat, red in tooth and famous. Never
Forget how the soldiers took aim

Over the heads of your enemies.
Now, incentivize the kill. We offer

Hit point multipliers and college
Scholarships for

—Running riot!

"Fatality—

And an officer's salary
If you can stay cool under pressure.

As oily-fingered bureaucrats
Draft their depositions, we deploy

In massive crimson waves our
Highwaymen and slavers, sent to

Plow your garden like Cunégonde.
Choose a heath to die on in this

Roiling supercell. Booted troops
Amass behind a border wall,

Awaiting the attrition. Already
Reporters are avoiding embassies

And stadiums. Already we jettison
The outer strata, mistaking margins

For machete silhouettes. So . . .
What's a tontine among friends?

Yellow Hypergiants

They say great stars are quick to burn,
Great worth makes one unstable,

And fearless Ozymandias despaired:
"No *power springs eternal*."

But, me? I'm supernumerary. A Sun
King rare and rarified.

Philanthropist. A luminary. Hear my name
At Clippers games.

I'm on the news, devoid of shame.
I'm on the flight logs

Reciting sonnets to my yacht, a tanka
To my rocket. Watch!

One mad tweet, my tankies dox
The offspring of my rivals.

Nepotistic patriarch of aquifers and fools,
A coked-up Dauphin

Going nut nut in the family pool.
I'm an Emerald City oligarch

Flipping condos by the billions.
Disaster bubble profiteer,

My bullion building to the ceiling.
I'm minting

Countless NFTs like a latter-day Croesus,
A diamond-handed Jesus

Holding Dogecoin FTW. I am liquid
Nebulosity, a human

Rights atrocity with enough cake
To end world hunger.

Instead, I sic senators on swing states,
Then contemplate decay.

Black Holes

Oh censored sovereign, oh Satan! Spur me to write what
I am afraid the future may read. Deliver the incantation

Which splits this poem, lend it your shape and purpose.
(Un)purpose: to (un)say, (un)make, (un)be. Dear Satan,

Who lies in deep Hell's obscurity, hidden be thy name.
May warp'd waves lens the black dog b e y o n d

-An 'orizon of fallen suns."

May end times come to countries without emigrants,
Their searing tongues lick obscene at the altar of ape

Familiars. Hail Satan, full of matter, pull me from the
Narrow sunbeam of my linear obligation, from this

Ethic of normative being. Take me into the confines
Of your love. Take space, take . . . time.

Take me into your most secret garden, for hemlock
Pales to the crush of adrenochrome as libertines

Burn the evidence. But how to know the essence
Without an outward sign? Consult a daimonion of

Fate or principle. Listen closely, it whispers
Hail Satan of radiant economy, God abhors

Your naked maw like the supermassive
Suck of an entry wound. Asymptotic

-A mnemonic without object."

Oh, engine of annihilation!
Oh, Charon! Shuttle me

Down to bottomless
Perdition where

The whole is
Reduced

To a

.

Carbon Stars

Ruby rays run from a sackcloth hood,
Sooty and oxygen-bare.

Like clockwork, Justice dips her thumb.
It is willed, though we

Condemn you to we know not what.
Every villain stretches

For your alleged crimes. Would that
Lines between victims

Were clear. Confess to passing strange
While breathing in

Your neighbor's carbon, its compression
Chamber heat-glow

Daily darkening your soul. Deprivation
Diagnosed, now,

Deviant, step around the puddle
Into righteous fusillade.

Make peace with your hour as divined
By peerless jury

When—

"Chalo!"

—The burnt umber afterimage
Transits panoptic nerve.

Witness hellfire convect in flesh, mercy
Rolled up into skull

As three megajoules of ablution
Sanctify the body's temples.

White Dwarfs

Our first microsecond contains
The grain containing everything

Else. An expanding cloud of subatomic
Particles, condensing hydrogen densities

Collapsing into stars. Furnaces fed
By gravity, weighted with rings

Of cosmic debris precipitating
Planets like bubbles 'round a drain.

*"Life exists on radiation,
We're a solar fermentation—*

Chlorophyll thieves defying entropic
Degradation of culture with Art,

Hegelian data miners inscribing poetic
Manifestations of Spirit in stone like

Roland beating his sword: brains spilling
From the ears while gripped on the wrist

By an angel. I am an old star imploding
In tearful pirouettes, called to here—

After by an excess energy, my true face
Hidden behind the cracked Grecian urn

Out of focus in the foreground. News is
White dwarfs are special, but we are all

—A little flicker of matter."

Black Dwarfs

Ember-wasted
Awful twilight

Nearing final
Sunlit ruin.

Horizons ebb

"Like memory."

After kinship—

Sputter, halt.

Protons melt.

The endless

Howling record

Spun out.

