

My Body All In Stars

This wide, wide open night I stand miles high
Within the starlight cradling air,
And in my covering of clay awaken little embryonic stars,
Infant suns and moons are kindled on my tongue,
Whole galaxies revolve upon the tips of my bright fingers.

I loom higher, melting outward in the drifting air of space
Until Arcturus pulses as my bright and spindled heart,
Until my loins become the rowdy red Aldebaran of fecund Taurus,
My mind the quick blue flame of Rigel.

O chant those holy, holy words
That bind my triangle of sacramental self
Upon the altars of the sky
In reverence to those lordly stars
That are the kindred brothers to the throne of God.

—Randall L. Hall

Randall L. Hall is a curriculum writer for the LDS Church Education System, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. This poem was published in a volume of poems entitled *Mosaic*, for which he was named Poet of the Year for Utah in 1979 by the Utah State Poetry Society.