

## Paul Deaton

### *A Watchful Astronomy*

Quarter cupped in the black velvet, a moon.  
December days sweep through,  
morning fogs chloroform the speechless spectral trees,  
they come to slowly out of wind-threshed dreams  
black and dark. You work. Do what you need to do  
but always with one eye on the lean-to sky.

Walking home, over Gaol Ferry Bridge,  
after some party drinks, Orion splayed  
above St Paul's Church like a fat limbed gingerbread man,  
and that star, cold as quartz, your watchful astronomy  
tells you isn't a star but giant Jupiter, up there,  
the same size as the stone in your shoe.