

Star Seeds

Sean Arthur Joyce

Do you recall, what planet
of suns gone nova
and fern-coral seas
we came from?

What gnarled gods formed us
from star debris
and then cast us to celestial winds
few now remember.

When you step through
the starry portal of birth,
a white flash
burns the memory clean.

Fiddleheads uncoiling
from the half-sleep of newborns,
we thought we were star seeds
dropped into a bright new Eden.

Who could have foreseen
the millennia of blood and fire,
the shower of damned souls
falling from the anvil of creation?

When our parachutes land
in a blood-rich womb,
we're sometimes mistaken for angels—
music of the spheres in one hand,

the death of worlds in the other.
The long amnesia of childhood
unfolds like crumpled paper
blueprints, veins branching

on a bruised leg. They don't call it
growing pains for nothing.
We're here to learn,
here to burn the spirit pure.

To learn the nothing
and the everything we are.
To give up any attachment
to ourselves, however long it takes.

To find the One we've known
in so many faces,
so many generations, and fully be
in a love so ancient

it's home