

## Sonnets of the Betelguese

*by Anthony Rintala*

A kiss, they say, is how you end stories.  
Or death, that solemn ceremony,  
masses mourning some dumb bastard's glories  
while the living squirm, hungry or horny.  
Maybe a birth, some new irony capping the end  
of all—punctuation a prologue.  
Death is defied by fucking and stubbornness;  
it was the plan all along.

The planet keeps going, spinning as it twists,  
dances with skirts hitched as we burn, choke and drown.  
And they'll see us clear from Betelgeuse—  
if we can skip to the end for now—  
    as a vague permutation of gravity  
    nudging a red sun around from inside its skin.