Spangled

by brainwane

Summary

In the 1940s, if you looked up from Brooklyn at night, you could see the stars.

Notes

From the point of view of Steve Rogers between the events of "The Avengers" and "The Winter Soldier".

See the end of the work for more notes.

A roof, the noise, a starry summer night:
So normal as to cause no comment, then.
A black sky, spangled thoroughly with light
That boys might gaze at, yearning to be men

Who fought the darkness. They could do it. East,
In Europe, or beneath the Arctic ice.
Then he was chosen, brought up from the least,
Reborn, again, again. And what's the price?

He cannot see the stars at night. They're gone.
New York is light-polluted, never dark
Enough to tell the midnight from the dawn.
But children look at him, and Tony Stark,

Their eyes alight with wonder, beyond sense,
The gas of wonder sparking like a flint.
The galaxies fall down, collect, condense
Onto a metal shield, one star aglint.

He is their sky. This is why he was healed.
He girds himself to live, and fight for SHIELD.

End Notes

I was showing my friend Elisa the "something doesn't smell right" thread and cap-chronism, and she reminded me that also Steve Rogers would be surprised that he can't see the stars at night. So I wrote this sonnet.

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