Starlight

I remember quiet tranquil nights,

Crickets chirping with the day’s silent sigh of relief,

The fresh scent of evening dew

Clinging to my skin as I looked

Up to a blanket of radiance;

And this is starlight

Watching the twinkle of the stars

In all their cold indifference,

Stealing my words and teaching me others:

“hope”, “perseverance”, “optimism”.

I stared dumb with awe at such magnificence;

And this is starlight

Chasing fireflies across the prairies,

Tripping in the dark,

Guided only by their bright glowing flashes.

They would light warm fall nights

Only to die in winter;

And this is starlight

We were children then.

I dreamt of the day

When the distances flew away

And I could be close to the object of my desire.

Yet a star, though cool from afar

Is a huge, scorching, glaring fire.

It roars and seethes,

Screeches, spits out rays

To split the emptiness of space,

And in in doing so accidentally

Rips into my small being-

Strikes, sears flesh, slashes, and

Repels;

And this is starlight

I awakened a hundred years later

And a million miles away,

For stars were never meant to be viewed up close,

But as small pinpricks in the night;

And this is starlight

The lessons I had learned long ago

Have been kindled in me now,

And I no longer look to the skies at night,

Knowing I need not look farther

than myself;

And this is starlight.