Staring up ... you see a plethora of diamonds, glimmering upon an ocean of absence.   
  
You raise your hand in front of your face; moving your fingers, clenching your fist. Observing the details upon your skin.   
  
Your eyes look up and down a few times, flickering back and forth between the celestial lanterns and your hand - curiosity grows within you.   
  
You understand that what you're looking up at, and what you are, are made up of the very same ingredients.   
  
It is in this moment, that you realise, the objects you marvel at, and have marveled at your entire life, have more to them than just mere beauty.   
  
Like an infant looking into its mother's eyes, it sees more than just physical beauty. It sees the reason that it's here, it sees ... itself.  
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