

*Stargazing, by Andrew Lee*

The rising sun on the horizon bathes me in a dull yellow glow. Melancholy tones shroud my skin, closing me off from the outside world.

From within my shut off world, a memory comes out. An orchestra of cicadas hum hymns of days long gone as I open my window. From that opened glass, a curious ray of dying sunlight illuminates my room. As I look outside, I can see where the plants sprout; where the ocean waves crash. Where the horses dance and prance, and where a kaleidoscope of starry shards hang nigh-transparent in the sky.

Perhaps I've just never seen or noticed those starry shards. I've certainly been missing out on a lot, the twinkle of each light filling me with an awe like no other. Each collective of bright ray, millions of light-years away, reminding me of our own world. Something so far from ourselves manifests as something so familiar.

The constellation Leo reminds me of the savannas, where the lions and gazelles roam. A place where the zebras can be free to wander, unbound by wall or fence. A place where the predator stalks his prey in the tall grass, and where the sun scowls upon the earth. The scorched ground still harbors the brave plant, the spark of life in a desolate waste — a reminder or two about futility unable to deter the courageous ones.

The constellation Capricorn reminds me of the hills and highlands. Where yodelers yodel yodels long over yonder, and where all the goats and ram roam wildly. Climbing up the side of mountains, they survey the grand world before them from their rocky thrones. The snow-capped peaks stand proudly over Earth, and those who dare scale their precarious and sheer cliff-faces become apart of the visceral masterpiece.

The constellations Cancer and Pisces remind me of the ocean. The crashing waves upon the shore; the rushing tides swirling in the seas. The mere sight of the water's great abundance stunning those onlookers who dare to see; the salty taste in my mouth as I stand by the shore. The undeniable, and frankly unbelievable, depths and stretch this form of blue takes truly incomparable even to the void that we sit in.

The constellations themselves, far out in outer space, comparable to the big blue expanse back on Earth, drift along with our vast sphere in the endless void. I've never thought of this dark endlessness as suffocating — in fact, I'm rather hopeful. After all, there's a chance ever so slim that there is more out there. More to see and more to be, even more to reminisce about. For when the sun begins to set on the edges of the world, a faint trace of a dim glimmer can be seen from far away.

The setting sun on the horizon bathes me in a bright orange hue. I feel celebratory, an array of memories laid bare, and a new appreciation overtakes me.

Unbelievable.