

“The Stars”

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The first memory I have is of the stars.

My frail form was enveloped in a mother’s love, protected from the frigid kiss of the night that nipped at my nose and tinged my cheeks rose. Nevertheless, no matter how tightly wrapped, it could not shelter me from scintillating blazes that mercilessly besieged dark eyes.

They glittered and stabbed through the inky night sky, sharp explosions of burning light and furious glory amongst the swooping towers of twisting metal and unfeeling glass. They desperately fought to imprint their meager realities stark against the black expanse, fearful of being forgotten, being trampled, being obliterated.



For now, the light has won. Great grandiose masses of luminescence pollute the abyss and blanket over us. No matter where you turn, no matter where you look, no matter what you do, there is no escape from the evanescent gleam.

The world accommodates its bubbling and boiling and bursting madness and encourages its unquenchable proliferation.

The world permits its brightness to spread its bulging maw and smother darkness into its insatiable stomach.

The world champions our futile battle against the untiring march of time.



In the future, such blustering, arrogant dreams will crumble away. In the future our iridescent luster will be devoured into nothing by a ravenous cosmos. In the future the universe will sloth on, creaking and turning, apathetic to the bitter end, and in turn, we will begin again.

As the colors settle, the world melts, and the last of our anguished cries die out, my eyes will open to embrace the vacant sky and my body will settle into solitary peace.

And finally, for the first time, I will see the stars.