

# The Stars

How can someone feel so significant when looking into the abyss of the night sky? The stars seem to swirl in variety, cosmic beings much more important than anything else. They light up the sky, their twinkling shining so bright, patterning the dark like polka dots. The multitude of blues and whites and blacks seem so pointless, however beautiful, when the stars are the true stars in their spotlight. When they live known by millions, I live as an untold story, beneath their blaze of glory, yet the fear doesn't take a hold.

I look up into that sky tonight, the same thoughts running at lightning speed through my insignificant mind. Down here, surrounded by nothing but miles and miles of empty paddocks with only the increasing sound of crickets, I feel so uninvitingly alone. The stars are surrounded by their billions of friends, the planets and the galaxies and the other burning suns. I think back to the stories I was told as a kid about Orion and Perseus and Big Dipper. The tales of their lives spinning just up there, out of reach from my simplistic spirit.

Tonight, the stars shine even brighter, wanting, needing to be seen by the spectators ridden to earth. I think about the constellation that I admire the most, Chiron, mentor to all the heroes dancing up there with him, knowing his full knowledge. Heracles, Theseus, Achilles. All these heroes who are more significant because they are now apart of the stars. Again, the growing sense of loneliness etches away at my thoughts, screaming to be heard over the wondrous ones.

I look back up at the night sky and the stars come alive, moving, showing a spectacle of a picture, a show just for me. Suddenly my loneliness doesn't seem so horrible, for I have the stars above me, watching over my spirit, knowing that one day I will be apart of the vastness of their significance. It doesn't seem so bad, the stars are my friends, and they will always be shining so brightly even the most oblivious will not be able to ignore their God-like beauty, sparkling like diamonds scattered along the insignificant blues.