

# Pondering On the Stars

In the dazzling lights of night, I sit alone watching as stars twinkled in their dancing universe and the sea of black that holds them. I would often ponder of things beyond, let my imagination birth such eccentricities, and feel as if I was solving the largest mystery to ever present itself to me. I never really learned how misplaced I was not until my eyes turned to hers. It was in the eyes of another that I saw the truth of how small the universe was in compared to how big I was in it, at least in her eyes.

She is everything I seemed to want and need. She is the meaning in the meaningless days, she is the life in the face of imminent death, and she is the beauty within the mundaneness of the world-- she is love, my love. None of it really makes sense to me, even now as I find myself once more watching the stars, because no matter how hard I look I won't find hers out there. And so, I close my eyes to listen to the enrapturing wind that whispers the most subtle of caresses.

The words I hear seem uttered from stretches of miles of ocean that is soft, quiet and reminiscent of my Mama's voice; "My lost blossom of light, what blessings woe your heart tonight?"

The words "Mama... I don't know" leave my lips and are joined by the inevitable tears that I feel fall down my cheeks.

"Then perhaps this pondering is not yet ready to be pondered? Perhaps your stars aren't yet ready to divine you an answer... if then... why my blossom do you suffer yourself so?", the voice is pleasant in my ear and for the barest of moment I feel the wind brush against my cheeks drying the trails left behind as if to wipe away my tears.

"My stars aren't your same stars anymore Mama..." my words become caught as the wind rushes about to wrap me within its grace and it is followed by the washing of ocean waters as it once more touches the shore.

"My blossom, the stars were never in the sky... that wasn't the lesson I wished to pass on to you and for that I am sorry." There is a soft chuckle of leaves from a tree nearby and a rambunctious cheer of laughter fills the night sky from nearby houses. "Your stars, my blossom, are what is reflected in the eyes of others. They are the tiny bits of your abundant light you leave for them so they may weather their darkness, their suffering, and their pain. Just as you find the same within them."

My thoughts falter as a choked babble wants to fall from my lips, my breathing becomes a labor, and my head spins. My eyes open in earnest for in the moment as I feel just the gentlest of touches against my cheek, as if fingers dance across my windchill bitten cheeks, and I cannot help to gasp out loud my hands flying to touch my Mama's form.

My eyes widen to see the incorporeal like phantom that kneels beside me with a brilliant golden outline. The stretched smile that tugs on her crow touched eyes, the adornments of fabrics wound and hung like canvases across her form, the messy curls of dark blond hair that cradle her one remaining horn, and all joined by the pungent smell of Meracydian lavenders.

“Mama, Mama!” the tears fall sharper across my cheeks as I cannot help the fervor that I grab at the half-existent form of my childhood with. My mind continues to scream that this could not be real, yet my heart warmed, no longer caring for what was right and wrong.

“I know my sweet blossom, I know”, she says as she pulls me towards her to cradle me deep against her heart, yet I hear nothing. “My blossom, I have watched you struggle, and it has not been easy on my mind. To see you suffer alone has brought many sleepless nights as I wait and I am joyed to see you smile once again, I don’t think the world could suffer much longer to see you dazzle it, I don’t think even I have seen you so happy since you were but five summers on this world.”

She pulls my chin up only for me to fall into her aqua-green eyes and my thoughts wander, but not to her or myself, but to mi amor who lays asleep and tired whilst I ponder in tears at my confusion and folly. Even now staring at the ethereal form of my Mama, my heart much rather be sat beside another, and my mind wonders; ‘is this what love is?’.

Mama’s smile stretches bigger across her cheeks. It is reminiscent of a smile that use to tell me that she already knew my thoughts, but that she wouldn’t be so blunt to embarrass me. “Sadness, loneliness, and confusion is easy to handle my blossom. It isn’t till you are happy that all things in the world become so much more fragile. So easy is it to lose that which we adore that it’s that fear that holds you back from taking what will make you stronger. Love, my blossom, makes less sense than your Papa’s inability to clean his boots, and more so it makes less sense then all the history in the stars and more.”

I take in a breath for a chuckle remembering well my Mama’s vivid anger at Papa only for her to draw my attention forth with a kiss and speaks once more, “yet senseless, my blossom, doesn’t mean it is hard. Love is like breathing, it happens without you knowing it, but when you start trying to control it and trying to think about it, then suddenly it’s much harder.”

My lips open of their own as a thought runs rampant, “But Mama...”.

“No buts, my blossom, but yours into your bed with that wonderful woman who has made my beautiful girl smile.” I feel mama begin to draw away like a lost gust of wind, my hands wrapping to hold her close “Wait! Please!” is almost screamed from my throat and mama stills once more.

“You would love her Mama; I know you would. I wish... I wish you two could have met...” the words fell nervously from my lips while my hands and mind worked at grasping at anything to hold the world still.

“And who says we wont my blossom? I am here now aren’t I. The universe has many ways of playing tricks on us, but just as many to bless us. I already do love her so... you tell her that the next time you see her. Tell her that if there is anyone that deserves the chance to make you happy; it is her. Tell her to trust in her heart and trust in you, she might find that her confusion will become easier to understand. And tell her, my blossom, that out of all the stars of yours, I can see that her’s is the brightest. Now I must go...”

“Mama... I...”, I find myself choking on my words.

“I miss you too, my blossom. Te quiero, mi carino.” Were her last words and with the last strength I can muster to hold her here and just as quickly as she came; she was gone, and the wind grew quiet.

I sat alone for a moment with the only sound being the heavy beating of my heart and the shallow labored breaths I would take. Yet in all of this, my mind wanders to mi amor and her suffering and

her pain.

“You are here, mi dulce amanecer. I can feel you right beside me, and I wont ever leave so long as I can help it.” With closed eyes I whisper these words to the night sky in hope that somewhere and at sometime my love would hear them and be comforted by them. Yet as I closed my eyes and now as I open them, no longer am I under the stars, but curled up within our nest with mi amor only centimeters away and I fall once more to sleep to the sound of her beating heart.

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