

Wilderness House Literary Review 17/2

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I'm At Home In Life And Life's At Home In Me

The sun's the center of our solar system in a spiral galaxy, with some other center sharing yet another with others. I'm not the center of anything, just in it trying to work myself out. I discover my motion is the universe's. Relative, we spin faster and faster the farther out I look.

So many stars to see and so many no longer there, only in my eye and their lines of light older here get younger there, shrinking at the speed of light, but lasting longer than anything else I'll ever see.

Small comfort that I'm miraculously small and brief or that there are others smaller and briefer still but more numerous inside me. Mote on a mote on a mote, my tiny blue miracle is full of living, the only life in sight. What's to become of us?

Stars made us, stars will reclaim us, stars we were and stars we will be, but for this brief moment shining briefly brighter with the light of consciousness that no one can truly define. Yet try I do simply by living while I can. I'm at home in life, and life's at home in me.