

## Light of the Stars

*C. E. Osborn*

Centuries ago  
the light of the stars fell here  
reflected back from tidepools,  
from abalone shells,  
from the smooth, almost porcelain  
driftwood surface.  
Shapes formed  
so different from patterns  
visible now  
high above the sea  
yet they guided  
creatures in similar ways.  
Moonlight flowed  
over sand and waves  
bathing more gently  
than the salty liquid,  
illuminating more  
brightly than the sun.  
Pounding surf  
lulled creatures to sleep  
entranced by the steady,  
eternal rhythm and meter,  
enraptured by a sound  
more timeless than heaven.  
Moments ago  
the light of the stars fell here,  
shimmering and echoing  
from sand dollars and shells,  
glimmering, and promising eternity.