Light of the Stars
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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.