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Sights that I wish for, III

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Stars don't exist to beautify

our nighttime sky

They are black coals, remnants of matter

that didn't spare itself

they burned up in their own fire and they now live

only when light falls on them

- the light of other bodies that also burn up unstintingly

Thus if we too selflessly burn to the end

the glow of others' love will fall on us

making us visible in the total dark

In the total devastation the glow of other stars

will fall on our dead bodies

and far away we will still seem to quiver

to pulse, to radiate light

Illusion is a form of existence too

until it gets shattered

Fire will always happen somewhere

and the happy possibility will always exist

that our charred bodies enter the glowing circle

and suddenly shine with relayed light
so we shouldn't give up on expanding

tr. W. Browne 2025.02.05

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