

Winds of possibility

What if you were really a star blinking
light at 186,000 miles per second
in every direction
across the universe?

What if the creator of stars
was just a child
blowing stardust like a dandelion
in the cosmic winds of possibility?

I know it sounds crazy
and maybe it's easier to stay at home
tonight, and watch TV again
...try and forget the pain.
If it wasn't for this poem,
I'd be lost in the blue light of television too.

But, what if it were true?
What if we all decided to turn off the sets
and every one of us
went outside
under the night sky
looked up,
and saw other stars
smiling back at us,
whispering the truth of our deepest
listening.

What if we stared long and lovingly
at the brightest star, we could find
and,
as we did,
that star's light-finger
flipped a switch
hidden inside the double helix
of our human misery
and off we went,
traveling right out of ordinary existence
free of all control
empowered
by the laughing innocence
of miracles?