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Night music

Emma Spronk

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creator submissions

Night music

Emma Spronk

The streetlights buzz mindlessly
But in the semi shadow, I look up--
The sky is deep
And the stars are humming.
I stop at the darkest point between two street lanterns,
And listen.
Sensing my attention, the stars break into symphony--
Piano, piccolo, panderos, marimba, mandolin, maracas, and big brass band
All swell from the sky.
Orion's belt plays a flute,
The notes falling like lemonade.
Behind me I hear the slow bass line of the Big Dipper,
Plucking the strings of gravity
As she slowly wheels around Polaris.
I turn to look. Where is she?
Ah, there she is—Polaris
Is making music too, tonight,
Tap-dancing with her shy companion
Little D.
They tap out a snappy rhythm,
The rhythm of loss and forgiveness,
Of grief and glory.
The beat speaks of sad things,
But they are not sad tonight,
For they have lived long,
They have watched planets grow,
They have watched solar systems sprout and wither,
And they know the making and the ending,
The maker and the ender.
The stars around them are all singing too,
A hundred notes

In a harmony I've never heard, but
Somehow find familiar.
They do not sing with voices--
Their bright bodies in the dark sky
Are all thrumming
And the deep expanse between their lights
Is echoing like a cathedral.
My heart applauds with its shy thudding
And for a second the beat in my blood
Aligns with the meter of the stars.
But I applauded because I am going,
I have Things to Do,
I step away, and swivel
My eyes back down to the sidewalk,
Lit by the buzzing lamp.
The stars' song stops.
Or I just can't hear it.