

I Have The Stars

Kassandra Vasilikakis, 9E

I've told the stars about you.

They know a lot, those little specks of glitter in the sky. They watch over us when the sun vacates its position among the clouds and the day turns to night. Led by the moon in all its forms, they illuminate the darkness, a symbol of hope. Sometimes I think about the moon; how she simply reflects the light of the sun, reusing it in a weaker state. The stars, however, create their own glow. They are strong, independent, living their own lives up there in the wad of ink we call space.

Like the billions of humans on our planet, billions of stars fill the sky. Some have friends, forming the arrangements we on Earth call constellations; some are alone for the hundreds of millions of years they brighten the void.

Just like us, they age; they are born, mature, grow old, and then die. People say the light we see from them today takes many, many years to reach our eyes, meaning we are seeing a vision of the past. Some of the sparkly dots you see may already be dead, but that's okay—just like us, another will take their place.

On the nights when life is tough, I lay outside on the frigid grass and talk. I talk about my family, how they treat me—sometimes fairly, sometimes poorly. I talk about school, how some days bring the joy of a good grade or a favourite class, how some days are full of so much work I simply break down. I talk about my friends, how they invite me to the park or leave me out of their adventures.

The presence of those little lights in the sky is a peaceful one, free from the troubles of the miserable human life. Sometimes I wonder what it's like to be up there; what it's like to live without stress. Sometimes I feel a pang of guilt for concerning them with my sorrowfully petty problems.

Tonight, I tell them about you. I tell the charging bull how brave and strong you are when you stand up to those who push you down; I tell the twirling maiden how kind and caring

you are when you offer me company when no one else will. I tell the fluttering fish of the air of mystery you carry when we bump shoulders in the hallway, or I see your head in the crowd. I tell them of the joy you carry wherever you go. Just like the light of a star in the sky.

Some people have a diary. I have the stars.