

# Night Destiny? Or a Trailing Star

I did not look for you.

You arrived like a question the universe  
had been waiting to ask.

A quiet crossing of paths, soft as breath,  
yet everything inside me shifted its gravity.

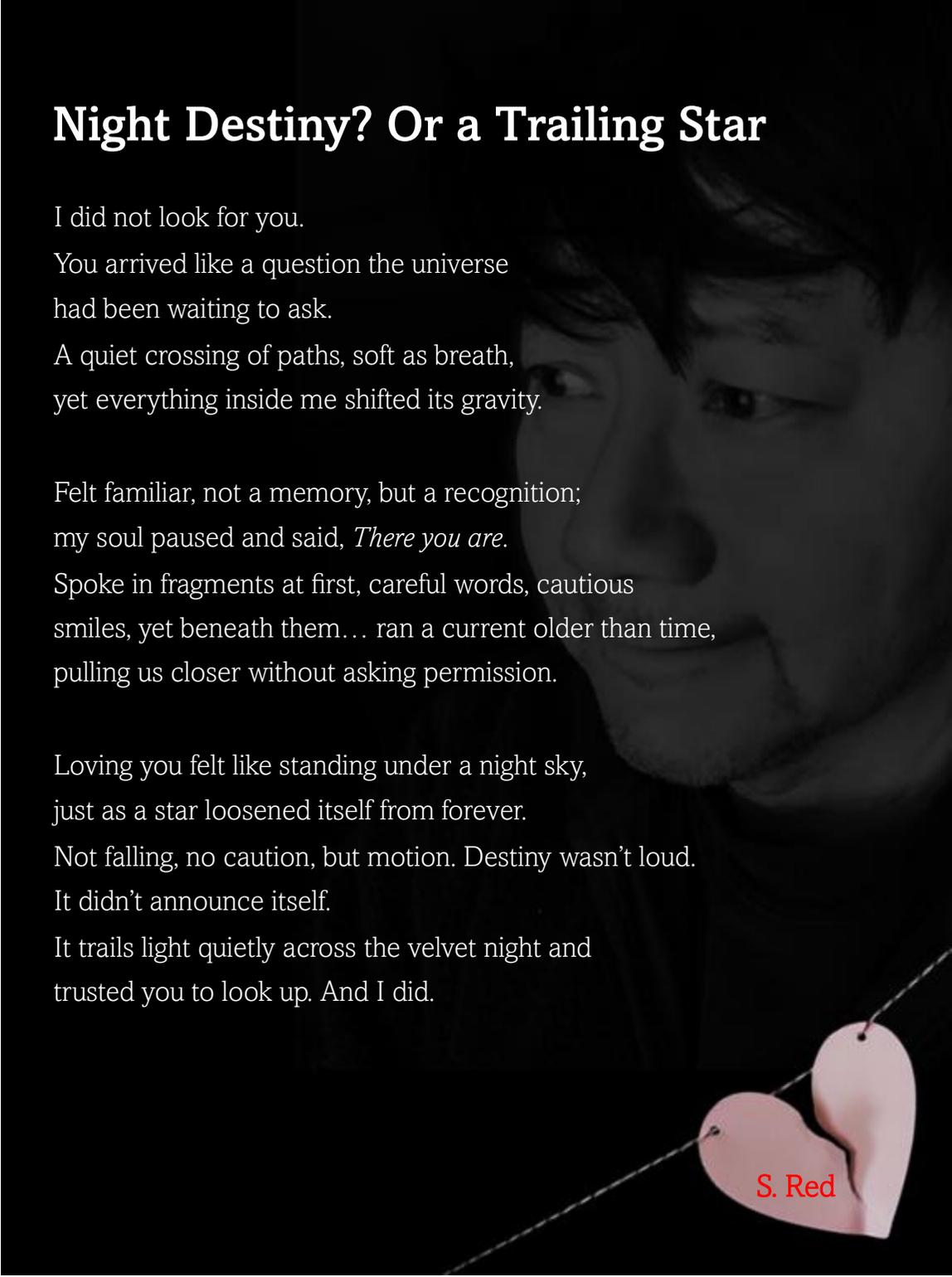
Felt familiar, not a memory, but a recognition;  
my soul paused and said, *There you are.*

Spoke in fragments at first, careful words, cautious  
smiles, yet beneath them. . . ran a current older than time,  
pulling us closer without asking permission.

Loving you felt like standing under a night sky,  
just as a star loosened itself from forever.

Not falling, no caution, but motion. Destiny wasn't loud.  
It didn't announce itself.

It trails light quietly across the velvet night and  
trusted you to look up. And I did.



S. Red