

## To My Sister From the Forest of Lanterns

It's noon. The forest of lanterns lights my path through the pitch black halls. White and blue, blinking in and out of view. Like vines in a forest, they envelop me in a curtain of twinkling stars. In the earth I see the sky. And in the sky I see the earth. Left is no longer left, but it's also not right. Sometimes I look to the side and I see the back of your head among the stars, but it's only a stranger. It's the evening. The sparkles set in the sky transform into the magenta and orange that stains the clouds. The festivities have begun, but the lanterns sit still. To my side I see myself, only with my face stained pink and a light blue dusting my hair. I catch a glimpse of you peeking through the thick foliage of hanging fireflies. I turn my head to look and it's only my shadow. It's night-time. The fireflies dim and the moons rise. The pale periwinkle blends into the honey gold glow. Like I'm standing on the horizon between the sky and the sea. The vast forest seems never-ending. The lanterns stay still. Neither wind nor tide rocks them aside. Within the infinite cycle of noon to evening to night, there is no morning. Until next time, maybe we'll spend our night looking at the lanterns and waiting for morning to come.