

“She Holds the Stars”

Chase McKnight

Endless wonder. In her loving eyes lie the sunburnt ocean waves which crash so gently o'er her golden shores, but the sea doth no justice to her glory. For her eyes shine not blue as the sea, nor green as the foam that sleeps upon it; but as brown as the autumn leaves which rain from the scarlet oaks into the earth's embrace below. They shine as wondrously as the sun's light whispering through the wood of the endless forest through which I roamed in my youth, as summer rain befell me. In this forest did I find her love, and in the river which flows through it did I alas know the warmth of her arms; just as the river wraps her arms about the woodland. I pray that in this forest, my map shall become faded, and my compass to give no direction, so that I may be forever lost in this forest of her love, led to wander through the chambers of her heart forevermore; I long to spend my final hours within it. For when I breathe my final breath, I pray that the air I breathe will be drawn from the air of her laugh, so that I may know her joy even in death. As a thousand moons pass, I shall still recall the shine of her smile; and forever dream of the hazel rainfall that lines her hair. Heaven's angels sing glory to her beauty evermore, and in death shall I join the choir. Oh, angel of endless beauty and infinite awe, may I forever drown in your seas of wonder, alas to rest upon the sands to behold your face in the sun.