**Aurora Borealis**

Christian Knoeller

 *You are*

 *with sweetness*

 *folding the sky at night*

 C.T. Knoeller

Older than light itself

is our desire for light

to pierce the veil of time.

Born in the most remote

quadrant of sky, spectrums

begin and end beyond

the reach of our senses.

Imagine fields of ice

glazed by starlight, colors

given off when elements

ignite, whatever seeds

night sows above us.