**Starry Night**

Kaecey McCormick

*“...feel the splendor and terrors of the night!*”

*—Jean-François Millet*

Not the starry night everyone knows—

it is too much to hold: eleven shaking stars,

the wickedly curving moon crouching,

a single stretching tree. The very sky writhes

over the unsuspecting town. I drown

under the weight of that night.

But the starry night most never know—

pinholes spreading cold fire from distant suns,

the mottled sky and barren fields sleeping.

A worn path drifting into light, and everywhere

the muted hush of ending. I revel

in this dark, unfurling splendor.

Oh starry night! This is how I want

to live: foreground lost to darkness, eyes

lifted to the sky, that trail of stardust streaking.

Beneath me, a path to show the way. Look—

can you see how what might be the end

might also be a beginning?