**A Difference of Perspectives**

Lorrie Ness

I was a glimmer in the Rockies

when NASA satellites created Black Marble—

shutters orbiting overhead, stitching Earth at night

frame by frame into our portrait.

In the picture, we were prisoners of scale,

bodies compressed to landscape—

midnight on navy sea. City lights,

our proxy eyes.

My campfire

weeded darkness into smoke and shadow.

Flames eclipsed by distance—merging

with the blackness of atmosphere.

We were *all* invisible that night—

buried beneath miles.

I’m driving back to free the captives.

Magnifying with my truck. Watching

green horizon expand into forest

as I close the distance.

Tonight, I’ll poke at coals, watch fireflies

ember into sky—

disappear.