

I WANT THIS OTHER SKY

TONI SCORSESE

Mere days ago, I found myself whiling a late afternoon gazing at the sky. A calm filled me. That's not in character; most know I favor the indoors; and I prefer the stars.

Next dusk I went back to the chaise, peeking upward. A peace filled me. Outdoors, under the fading blue? Hmm, not something I ordinarily do; I prefer the stars.

Third day downing I lingered flat-back and *listened* as I watched. An awe filled me. It's typically elusive to unwind, to simply 'be.' And – I prefer the *stars*.

I missed the fourth; the waning day had hastened its retreat. A bemusement filled me; forlorn for the moments before a blanket owned the night. But – I *prefer* the stars.

On the fifth, I loitered beyond the most special arrival of indigo. As twilight set, the wonder ebbed some. A disquiet filled me. All that remained were the stars.

Puzzled mid-morn, I traced this novel fascination with late day. Sunset, just post, has ever been my beloved. A panic filled me. Why do I forsake the stars?

Seven from the first, it dawned.

We occupy the same hemisphere. The night sky I always share with you. The stars are identical for us. The stars endure passed us.

Yet the clouds mark *this* space, THIS moment, fleeting. To contemplate the exact clouds you do requires I share this other sky – the **DAY** sky with you, *wherever, whenever* you are...

Utter terror fills me.

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(You Know Who You Are)