

There Are a Billion Stars Out There

by Darryl Price

Choose one and start a revolution.
Choose one and dream up a dream. Even
the billions of stars sometimes get the
blues. It's only natural. Will you

deny yourself the pleasure of his
or her company? It's as if you
prefer the fake trees to the real ones.
Opening your eyes exposes you

to the fungi on everything. If
you can't see the beauty through the moss
you are lying about looking. Her
eyebrows are not secretly hiding

her face in a mirror. His moving
talking lips are not incantating
a curse you cannot break by simply
refusing to acknowledge its power

over you to choose wisely for
yourself. A billion always means a
billion more. Doesn't matter what it
is. Life goes on. Refusing to believe

what the stars are telling you out
right is burying your head in the
sand. Look at me. I'm just a shell. I'm
a grain of sand. A moment ago

I was a crest of ocean wave. A
flash of sunlight on a gull wing. Stars
are not separate from you. You're here,
they're here. The shells roll to the beach and

build something else to keep turning. We
are not alone. We are sailing on
a billion stars sailing on a billion
cloud galaxies. Our atoms are

doing the same navigating. What
makes you think all this traveling makes
no common sense? Every action makes
beautiful music. Your whole self is

the listener. It's a story asking
you to contribute your own part.
You're not asked to be anything else.
Only love is love, all else is still.

