

Stardom

Upon the chilled wood

I lie horizontally

yet I know earth is round.

The wind crowds me, as though I am walking through
a mute mob.

The only sounds are

the gravelly hiss of the river,

and the crackle of the trees as they applaud the night.

I squint

at the freckles of light staring

at me.

One of them flees.

A bright smear trails it.

How daring.

How long has it planned to escape?

Why don't the others chase after it?

Maybe it felt alone,

crowded, scared, or just needed

space.