

## Front Row Seat

The quiet night throws a blanket over the world,  
careful not to wake the inhabitants of the world.  
Billions of vivid stars look down at me from above,  
but they are only revealed to me in the darkness  
of a field, barren of the fruits of life.  
I am granted a seat to a display of enthralling constellations,  
dancing around the sky like ballerinas.  
they've put me in a trance, and I can't look away.  
their dancing turns into luminous rays,  
sprouting down from the sky and carrying me up to the stage.

This poem was inspired by the painting *Grey Night Phenomenon* by Alma Thomas