

I cannot sleep without randomly thinking how even the most miniscule subtlety of a dream was once energy, traceable through stardust. I lie restless and gaze upwards, wondering what lies ahead in my dreams. A cloudy sky obscures the gleam of stardust in the nursery of night. To me, clouds are what comfort looks like from below; they are the soft excuse of a dreamer who never voyages far. I like a clear night sky where I can captain my sail and float the great ocean; a cosmic tapestry complete with delicate folds filled with vicious tempests of stardust. Somewhere within the folds I believe life is manifested with memory, thought and dreams. Dreams require an emittance of energy. Dreams are parched of matter, until materialization. But what gives them form? I believe form reveals its truth to the mortal seeker, who beyond the comfort of the clouds, chooses to raise their sails in hope of catching a favorable wind for a distant voyage. I dream of adventures from forgotten worlds within each stardust grain of sand. I recognize life can be traced back to stardust and fragments of time kept in our keeper's celestial grace. The tapestry I describe is not a vessel to be admired from the shore, rather an ekphrasis to the burning of the midnight oil by a captain and his first mate. I think about what it takes to get out there and to sail and remember fond experiences I will never forget. These memories flow through my body and spark my soul's delight. I lay restless waiting for the clouds to part and my sails at the ready, hoping soon to dream of stardust' memories in search of knowledge lost; the seeds of stardust sown.