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## Stars

The bricks in the courtyard  
arrange the moonlight, as  
a sky designs itself  
overhead. It's Spring and  
these are nights when  
light ideas drift in a  
rush of black impressions.  
To be alone in Spring  
is like being removed  
from the world. Once the  
dark endless sky draws  
us away, only the stars can  
arouse our sense of hope.  
We expect to be so agitated  
by the void, that each pin  
of light enables us to  
glimpse the entire  
spectrum of human joy.

When blackness takes hold, a  
handfull of stars begin to  
shimmer, perfect except for  
being dreamt too often, yet  
attentive to the direct  
questions that flash  
the mind into the ozone.  
The stars answer in years.  
The time it takes to be  
reflected, properly advised,  
is a lifetime. We live for  
those nights when, with that  
whole sky of thought before  
us, our minds allow us to  
suddenly light up.

## Joe

## Blankenship