

**An Appreciation**

This time, I took the window seat.  
Awake alone in the darkened cabin,  
I slid open the shade to look for what you  
had often marveled at—the aurora borealis  
glamorizing the polar route.  
But filling the entire frame instead, the dim  
connect-the-dots of the Big Dipper.  
Big deal. There had to be more!  
I stared a while at the curved handle,  
the squared-off bowl forever ladling  
darkness. So this, I thought, is mine.  
Soup on a cold night: familiar tune  
written on the staff of an empty ocean:  
sleeping question mark of ordinary light.