

Millions

by Conor Mulligan

Staring at the stars on a clear November night
is like gazing into your soul for the very first time,
like opening your eyes at birth to see
the infinite possibilities of life ahead of you

Whenever your eyes may contemplate these celestial lights
think of the time that has passed since
the light left home, how you, with your own eyes,
can time travel all alone to another dimension by merely tilting your head skywards

The chance of seeing that light at that precise moment
is infinitesimally small, just as the chance of
your own body and soul being created
and winding up here on earth is

Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,
you are like a star, living out your life
in the brightest of heavenly shows until
one day, you twinkle no longer

The chances of stars are the same as yours
so lucky to be intertwined together
whenever you feel you're down and out
they'll comfort you (if clear is the weather)