

From Sisyphus: Reaching Out

By Sisyphus

Published on Stories Space on 10 Feb 2012

Sisyphus speaking to the stars about his plight

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Looking up these nights at you, Dear Stars, my eyes, my thoughts, my soul reaching out to where we touch in space, where the forces of our orbits intersect high above my life, where we are all one family trying hard to live in harmony, struggling to be open to the wisdom spoken in a language without words. Looking up, I listen to the silence of your fires surrounding me, calling through the vastness of the universe we share. Oh Stars and moons and planets-- we are family. Sometimes I feel your tender fingers touching me. Sometimes I feel a brutal hand like an angry god pounding at my brain. Some days, I'm like a sailor lost at sea looking up at darkness-- my bearings gone. Some days this stone is more than I can hold, and I am here crying out for lightness, for relief, for signs you know my name. So much is still impossible to comprehend and yet, looking up, reaching out, I know that I am part of you-- a star, a point of light, a fire burning in the night.