Reflected

By Kelly Mullins

I have finally come to know you.
I saw you when you weren't looking and it is clear to me that you are so much more than you realize.
I have witnessed your doubt…
I have seen you falter…
I have seen inside you,
exposed to an inferno of your core –
where you were constructed most densely–
and there before my vision swept infinite Universes.
You were stars and spaces in between.
You were slow swirling circles of pinwheel galaxies illuminating empty spaces of infinity.
You were brilliance in a single electron
excited along a piano's string,
It wept Pachelbel's Canon,
seduced mystical nebulas drifting along waves of space and time.

I stood in awe of what you were, knowing you saw only your shadow laid carefully and precisely on tall shafts of wild meadow grasses.

One day I saw you sipping tea beneath a bright full moon and darkly clear skies dotted with everything knowable between minute spaces of everything undiscovered.
You closed your eyes and didn't swallow as upturned corners of your mouth arched in humble thanksgiving; you did not know that *you* were flavor and tea was just tea.

One day I saw you watch a ladybug tickle fine hairs on your arm and I heard you make a wish, I saw joy sculpted in lines of your face and it startled me.
I wished you could see that you were answered prayers of a small one desperate for a place to land – a safe place – but my voice caught and my throat became unwilling to disturb ladybug prayers.

One day I heard you sing softly to yourself.
Your voice was not even a whisper;
you were too shy…
and wanted no one else to hear, but we did.
It became a love spell cast on all of life,
which prostrated at your feet sobbing pools of joy.
A chorus of wind harmonized with you and meandering tufts of clouds played rainbow harps.
Infinity became an opera and,
unworthy, I felt ashamed for listening,
for wishing you could hear it too.

One day I watched you stop to touch petals of a spring bud and it sprang to life,
reaching up to feel your skin with silky petals,
with love it felt for new life.
Then you became rain and sunshine
and then Life itself
and reaching for embrace,
petals opened to reveal an entire universe you created.
And while life showered from your fingertips,

fields of wildflowers laughed and wept and danced with playful, whirling breezes,
whispering poetry written by ancient stars beyond farthest reaches.
And you stood, leaning over a sweet new flower smiling.
Joy embraced your smile and *you* said, "*Thank you!*"
– as if a gift of love you gave was *only* yours received.
I saw a tear streak slowly down your cheek and I broke.
Pieces of me fell to earth and broke again.
and again…
and again until my parts were less than dust motes lighter than air – too light to fall.
So I floated filled with something like sadness and ecstasy.
And I became separated from myself,
stretching out beyond edges of wildflower fields,
beyond rich earthy forests,
beyond frowning horizons.
And then you stood, and Nature paused for eternity.
And when you turned to walk away,
I saw leaves shrivel and forests turn dark;
I saw every free flying bird land on branches turning bare,
as brightly colored leaves fell softly in mourning to a cold ground.
I mourned with them,
but then you stopped.
You turned back.
You smiled and blew a kiss.
And like the last of winter's snow under an early Spring sun,
grief of your sudden departure melted away.

I tried to tell you then – at that moment – what I saw, but you could not hear my words.
They drifted past your ears as something less than a gentle spring breeze –
something audible, but inarticulate.
You should listen carefully to quiet winds,
for they will sing to you secrets of who you are,
using lyrics you wrote yourself.

I know you sometimes wonder what you're worth.
I pray that you could see yourself as I do…
and I wonder what shapes known constellations would take if you did.

You see, I need those gifts that only you have to share.
So, please, don't walk this day in doubt and fear.
And be aware, wherever in this Universe you wish that you could go,
you should know,
I have already seen you there.