

Twilight is Merely a Shade of Color

(First published in *Dogzplot*)

Her eulogy was a glowing one, but my eyes were on the photograph, from her thirties I guessed. They had chosen a good one. Just that she looked prettier in person.

Tonight, my sky will look different, even those stars, every star once a life on Earth, mortal. I'll soon be that star, a pinhole of light in the mammoth darkness, softening, diffusing, becoming the name that somebody else will draw a circle around