

The Star Singer

There once was a girl who could sing in the language of the stars.

It was a beautiful tongue, but one that could only be spoken at night, in the quiet moments between breaths where all of the world seems at once insignificant and impossibly vast. It was a language you couldn't hear so much as feel in the part of your mind you devote to the happiest memories, the warmest hugs.

She learned to speak it not by practice, but simply by exposure. Every night she would sit and listen to those stars above who wished to speak, and every night they would tell her of their greatest memories, all the most wonderful things they've seen in the millions of years since they were first born among chaos. She would simply listen to these stories, and accept their beauty without need of explanation or expansion, and in accepting them within her found herself able to convey outwards the same ideas.

She lived her life as a star, sharing her stories and warming the hearts of those who would listen. She found great happiness in her tiny world, and even when confronted with those who wanted evidence of her abilities, she was able to find peace in their anger, for who were they but momentary creatures, as fleeting as she.

The girl grew into a woman, who then just kept on that path until she came to the end of it. At that end she found the warmth within herself had been spread to every person in her life, and came to the conclusion that matters of scale all aside, she was very much like a star after all.