

Carpe Noctis

I tempt the skies to give me the stars
but they seem so high
 and come from far away.
Maybe someday I'll reach the moon
somehow, somehow,
 I'll get there soon
 before it's too late.

Remembering nights sprinkled with lights
 below, a fire reaches new heights
 before mom and dad had their fights
 when we would just appreciate the sights.

Tonight I hear answers within trees,
I find what matters
 aloft the breeze.
A chill now runs along my back
the trace of fingers,
 from a four-year-old's scratch
 soothing hands make their way.

Remembering the skies scattered in stars,
 looking for Venus, Saturn, or Mars
 after dad had left, mom kept only the scars
 and his telescope she lied was ours.

So branch by branch I climb my way
find my stance
 in the trees of May.
Celestial bodies in specks of white,
the world enclosed by
 the Northern lights
 draped with colors between black and white.

Remembering the mood shining overhead,
 the last words my mom had said
 “when hope seems absent all is dead,
 light will still find a way to spread.”

Through the leaves Heaven watches me,
watches me lean,
 watches me need.
With one last leap I reach through the trees,
and as I fell,
 One light was seized.
 from my fingers a single light does fly.



Grant is a senior at UWGB, majoring in English with an emphasis in Creative Writing. He writes because, frankly, the world around him is scary. On paper, he's a smart, good-looking, heroic, Nobel Prize winning, world saving, life changing, more-human-than-human super being. In real life, he just writes, plays guitar and enjoys video games. Not so exciting. Life is scary.