An Appreciation

This time, I took the window seat.
Awake alone in the darkened cabin,
I slid open the shade to look for what you
had often marveled at—the aurora borealis
glamorizing the polar route.
But filling the entire frame instead, the dim
connect-the-dots of the Big Dipper.
Big deal. There had to be more!
I stared a while at the curved handle,
the squared-off bowl forever ladling
darkness. So this, I thought, is mine.
Soup on a cold night: familiar tune
written on the staff of an empty ocean:
sleeping question mark of ordinary light.