

## **Her Space Holiday "The Telescope Reading"**

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He lived alone  
With his books and his records and his telescope  
With all the doors locked  
Days piled upon each other one by tedious one  
Until the pressure finally created a diamond like  
thought  
And he was instantly sad  
I've read every book,  
I've heard every song,  
And I've seen every star from the safety of my  
bedroom.  
And I am empty.  
In defeat he slumped forward with his eyes still  
pressed against the telescope  
Just then his lungs began to expand,  
He blinked rapidly,  
Alternating his eyes between squinting  
And making his eyes as wide as saucers  
He cried out, "of course"  
With all the hours spent looking up  
It never crossed his mind to veer straight ahead.  
He spent days upon days taking it all in  
He say children grow to become men  
And men grow to become fools.  
He saw hope, beauty, war, strength, weakness, chaos,  
stillness  
He watched until he could recite each scene from  
memory,  
Eventually he wrote his own books about what he saw  
And he made his own songs about what he thought he  
had heard  
Until almost he himself believed what he was creating  
to be true  
Until lie upon lie piled on top of itself  
Until the pressure finally created a pearl-like thought  
He spoke to the world,  
I've seen all of your lives  
And I've heard all of your conversations,  
And I am hungry.  
  
In frustration,  
He dropped to his knees

And began to bang his head against the old wooden door  
"of course" he cried out  
And without hesitation  
He stood up,  
Put on his coat and hat, and turned the knob.  
But before his first step even hit the ground  
He was faced with the most unexpected of emotions  
One that he could only figure to be  
What his favorite books and records refer to as love.  
"where are you going?" she asked him  
"I don't know"  
"me too" she smiled  
I'll take you there, she extended her tiny hand  
And swept him away with her.

They walked until their feet bled  
During their journey she told him all the places she had been  
And all the people she had met along the way.  
A new emotion began to unfold inside of him  
One he thought he had overheard in a conversation  
looking through his telescope  
It was the word fear  
Why would she choose me? he thought.  
I know so little  
Not wanting to lose her interest,  
He began telling her stories he thought she might be impressed by  
But all they did was make her question his strength  
and ability to battle the enemies  
That she knew would surely jump out at them one day  
But she still kept her faith in him and they continued walking

What amazing things they saw  
They danced in dark caves,  
Warmed their faces by the brightest of fires,  
And played with brilliant children in the blue Spanish sea  
But even amidst all that gorgeousness,  
Their hands began to slip.  
First from palms, then to fingertips, then to nothingness.  
They stood still,  
She faced south, and he faced west.  
He called out to her,  
I'm leaving now, and I blame you for the state we're in  
And through all of our adventures I've done nothing wrong  
And though you've taught me how to breathe,

I'm taking my new voice and leaving you hear with nothing.

She looked back and cried out to him,  
We drew a map together that you promised you would follow with me.  
I too am scared,  
Especially after you stole my strength and made it your own.  
But I am still reaching for your hand,  
Knowing it will fit more perfectly than ever  
If you will only reach back to me.  
But he didn't reach back, he was vain and confused.  
He tried to make a new map, but he didn't know where to put the "X" anymore.  
So he walked in circles,  
He lost his rhythm,  
He froze by the fire,  
And he drowned in the sea,  
He made himself what he had feared the most,  
Incomplete.  
And even though the decision was his, and his alone,  
He blamed her for that too.

But the whole time she followed him  
Looking for fallen twigs and fresh footprints to see where he was going  
But all he left in his path were messages written in the dirt with a broken stick  
Scrawled lies of anger and shifted blame,  
Until one day he wrote the word "help" when he needed her most.  
But by then she had stopped trying to read his thoughts  
And make sense of his misery.  
So he headed back to where he started,  
Back to his books and his records and his telescope,

Battered and broken,  
He finally reached the edge of his street  
Only to find her waiting for him.  
And upon seeing her soft smile,  
He immediately knew what he had done,  
He knew what he had lost,  
He knew how sorry he was.  
For the first time she was real to him.  
They sat and spoke about everything they should have  
In the beginning of their story  
And through all the tears he learned that she had been walking her entire life  
And that she wasn't waiting for him to go into the world

with her at all  
No, she was in fact waiting for him to invite her into his  
house  
So she could read his books, hear his records and look  
through the telescope  
Behind the safety of his locked door.

What a fool he thought  
I didn't realize that with all this time I spent looking out  
this window  
You were right there looking back at it.  
At me, at this, at us.  
I already had what you had been traveling these roads  
searching for.  
She crumbled under the weight of hearing her own  
truth.  
And through their honesty,  
They were both as strong as they can be  
And now under the relief of each note of forgiveness  
No thought appeared to them, just a feeling.  
And he whispered to her,  
I've seen your efforts,  
And I can feel your love for me,  
And I am whole.  
I still have places to visit and mistakes to make in  
private  
But take my home and make it your own,  
Recite lines from my favorite books in the garden,  
Hear the songs closest to my life while you sleep in my  
bed,  
And look through me waving at you through my  
telescope.  
He raised his hand and he rested it on her chest,  
And he drew an X across her heart.  
"of course" he thought.  
He slowly closed the old wooden door  
And he locked it behind him.

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