

## MY STAR

The clouds, you tell me,  
 Where is my Star?  
 Behind the high mountains?  
 Behind the horizons far?  
 Behind the deep oceans?  
 Behind the almighty winds?  
 Does it wait for me?  
 My Star that always exists!

Mary was sitting still on the front veranda of the house. The evening quietude entranced her. The sky was studded with stars. Her eye captured their live dance. First, it seemed that it was only her imagination that the stars were “talking,” sparkling to her with their bright “smiles.”

Suddenly, among this unusual abundance of the living world, she noticed a beam, leading straight down to her. Not knowing why, Mary kneeled. She felt very vividly that it was her Star.

The gleam, falling straight to her feet, turned into an ascending ladder. An instant of hesitation—and she stepped up: first carefully, then more hardily and joyously. Finally, she is on the peak, somewhere very, very high. She can hardly see the Earth, so far left behind, wrapped in the ocean of stars, meteorites and space dust. Mary was about to take a step and felt the rocky surface. She saw rather than felt—it was a planet! Yes, it was a new planet.

Mary was looking for a paradise garden, but saw nothing except craters. The planet was absolutely ‘naked.’ Suddenly, she noticed right in front of her a mountain flower of unusual beauty.

Before her eyes, the flower made its way through the rocky crust—the planet was greeting her. Thrilled, Mary leaned forward and touched it. The flower flew off the ground towards her.

Turning back, she saw a green meadow. How? She stepped on soft, golden-green grass—a little island of emerging life. That was her planet, that was her Star...

It was time to go back to Earth. Taking a last glance at her future home, Mary carefully took a step back, onto the same ladder which appeared in the darkness. The last step—and she was again on the veranda.

The strange feeling wouldn’t leave her for a long time. Home... Now

she knew what it meant.

The Star, sending her its light, stays in her mind always. It doesn't disappear. It follows her everywhere. It is in every moment of her life, always with her—Home.

*Nadia Tretikov was born in the Ukraine. She is a published author of poems and short stories, including one thriller The Running Elephant, published in Russian, by Toronto Media in 2003. This anthology is her first publication in English.*

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