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Reflections of Stellar Ecology

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Reflections of Stellar Ecology

At ten thousand feet we'd watch the satellites trace their quiet geometries across a sky as black

as a bird's eye. What was I, ten?
eleven? Mom said some were UFOs.
We'd see them first as they

rose above aspens silhouetted
darkly along the horizon on one side of
the beaver pond and watch

them disappear in pine shadow on the other. The pond was like a hole of universe punched through the thin

plate of flat earth. In still waters you could see the milky-way burn from one bank to the other. A fish would set

a ring of ripples spreading across the stars. Were those galaxies gently rocked by the trout rising

to take a caddisfly laying eggs on the Pleiades?

—Steve Peck