

Hayden Planetarium

Liz Glodek

As the film ends, a little boy turns
to his mother and whispers (What you
should know first about this mother
and son is that they are faithful,
gentle people. What you need
to know about this mother's son
is that he believes in the nature
of goodness. I believe he is the only one
left who does. And earlier this day
he overheard a man he admires,
reveal *The answers are in the stars,*
not God. Maybe he shouldn't have been listening;
maybe none of us should have heard it.
But we did. And when he heard it,
having only last year received
his First Holy Communion, I could see
the doubt in his eyes, the terror behind
their still blueness.), *I guess it's true.*
God isn't real. We are all just starstuff.

On Your Old Age

Liz Glodek

I know you are frightened of old people, of sick people because you will one day be old and sick. I know it because of the look I see on your face when we walk by the elderly, pass a drugstore with canes in the window. I know you are terrified of the old man who whispers, *It will happen to you, to me, to you*, and that you won't see him one day. And that you yourself may be that old man, propped against a building, sitting on an milk crate, waiting for death like we now wait for coffee. I know this is your fear. I know it because I can feel it every time you touch me to make sure I am near you when we cross the street, when your eyes lose their focus, when you say that you are tired at midnight, when you wake up at noon. I know your old age scares you more than death does, that being a stoic doesn't save you from being decrepit, from losing your mind, from wanting to live, from wanting too much. Forgetting that it is too much.