

# Moonlight in Melbourne

I cast my gaze throughout the wondrous city of Melbourne, in and out of bustling houses and across luscious verdant parks filled with young children playing soccer under the streetlights. In one house a young girl, eyes as blue as the daring ocean, kisses each of her toy's goodnight. This is a classic scene that I often see, but in many different ways.

Taking place next door, I find a mother and son sharing a tranquil moment reading their favorite bedtime stories together. Tucked in bed, beside one another spreading happiness and laughter around. The door slowly opens, and a warm smile greets the two of them with a tray of chai and Indian shortbread cookies called nankhatai. The father sits down on the bed and the happy family of three enjoy a serene night. When the little boy becomes tired the parents tuck him in and with a kiss on the cheek, the little boy closes his eyes.

Lights are out, streetlights are down, and the silence of the night begins to rise. I am left with only the company of my own thoughts and feelings. This is my favorite time of night as I appreciate the beauty of nature around me. The night is still and subdued, the breeze is brisk and bitter. My attention is captured by a sudden movement, a possum, searching the night for its dinner, its eager eyes lay sight on an apricot tree. The possum vigorously chews on its apricot, happy with its meal. Tall trees cast faint shadows and silhouettes as they whisper to each other with the rustling of their leaves. I then cast my view to the city behind me filled with a slight commotion. Skyscrapers reach above, and unique buildings fill every city street.

Melbourne has always been my favorite city to watch over. I experience true joy observing people of all ages with different ethnicities, finding comfort in nighttime rituals, and reminiscing in the memories of their homeland. I feel honored to be a part of a magnificent community and be able to contribute to the universe we know today.

Awaking me from my tsunami of proud thoughts and emotions. The flinders street station clock strikes exactly 5:00 in the morning. Out of breath a jogger stumbles by with clammy hands clearly gasping for air. He sits on a bench holding his chest close. He begins to stare up at me in awe and a strong connection lingers between us. A smile begins to appear on the jogger's face. Something as simple as meeting eyes led to the most wholesome moment, almost like I had known this stranger my whole life. I feel as if my light casts a beacon of guidance and happiness to this stranger and that this magical moment will last forever. As dusk reaches dawn, the jogger's attention is captured by the rising sun, and I know it is my time to leave.