

Staring into her eyes,  
the sunburst of color,  
the subtle striations of light and dark,  
galaxies reflect back into mine,  
planets, stars,  
a supernova of swirling colors,  
combining together into a hazel unlike any other.

The dog barks at a squirrel in the yard,  
and the moment is gone.

We laugh,  
and turn back to the 5 o'clock news.