



When
Light

Touches
Sky

Sarah Friedberg

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FOREWORD

Sarah Friedberg is a keen observer of how time passes. In *The Girl Who Wished through the Mirror*, she watches real time and dream-time imitate each other, and become uncomfortably close. The consequences are life-altering. They destabilize perceptual acuity. In *Waiting for Dunno*, a day drags on and the characters talk; they experience nothing unusual; finally, they give up and go home. We wonder: was their outing worth it? Perhaps, they learned how to wait. Life can be boring and instructive simultaneously. Sarah unspins Time's multiple strands. It's as if she wants us - her readers - to stop, back up, and read what she written for all its latent messages.

Still, nothing in these previous works can prepare us for "When Light Touches Sky." This poem is a quantum leap for Sarah, exposing a vulnerability that is intensely human, even as it's expressed in ethereal terms. As the sky darkens, Sarah is drawn to its changing colors, which suggest that light is a perceptual analogue to love - penetrating, inescapable, unstable, and unsettling. She asks us to share her vision. Her very personal vision, since there is no indication that anyone else sees what she sees and translates it emotionally as she does.

As in *Waiting for Dunno*, Sarah's own photos are integral to what she describes and (in tandem) how we interpret it. They draw us in and help us think, just the way the sky drew Sarah towards her vision. That vision, not solely a product of Sarah's imagination, was anchored in the visual and fixed in photos. What she sees leads her

to extrapolate; what we see, allows us to follow her emotional logic.

“When light Touches Sky” is the poem of a person alone with her thoughts. She can think *anything*. No one is there to ask “Why?” or to suggest that what she sees isn’t real. The poem is Sarah’s own truth, echoing the excitability of solitude. But still, her vision is not merely her invention. While no one else is around, Sarah follows the sky’s suggestions. She allows it to penetrate her thoughts, so much that it excludes whatever else she might have thought as time passes into darkness.

In the time that it takes to read “When Light Touches Sky,” we recognize how, maybe all along, we thought that the sky was like love. Sarah reminds us of this startling connection between immensity and our own limited, yearning existence.

~ Sandra Sherman

PREFACE

They say the eyes are portals to the soul: the song of life, the heart of feelings. This is how we fall in love; know when someone's lying to us; and feel so deeply that the feeling carves itself into our being. Eyes are marvelous because they are so capable. They let you see the night, the golden specks of pure sunshine as the moon rises, and they let you find beauty in a world that can seem so dark.

During winter break, I was in warm, delicious Florida, walking my dog with my dad on the boardwalk next to the beach. I have a habit of taking pictures of the sky, so I took my phone out at 5:15 a.m. to capture a photo of what seemed like ominous blue. Usually, I would then walk away, forget about the photo, and take another one the next day. But - and I don't know why - the sky called to me and whispered, "Just give me one more chance."

I came back an hour later and the blue was the same -the clouds, however, grew and so were bolder in my gaze. The intensifying dullness disoriented me. But as I turned to leave, I couldn't help but think, "What if the truth they want to tell is still elusive? What if they'll change to the blue I wish I saw . . .?"

I returned once again, this cycle continuing. At 5:15 p.m., I saw this beautiful melody of hidden light that the sky appeared to make just for me. I felt special, and waiting for 12 hours felt worth it.

Then, I don't know why, but I think that's when I knew: the sky is Earth's soul. It is the song that penetrates to the tips of humanity's fingers and face, our first love of mysterious beauty that changes and tempts. Sometimes, it hurts us with angry fire that bursts from the sky or cries heavily, drowning us. Then it sinks warmth through our eyes to reach our hearts so we forget that horror.

This is why in "When Light Touches Sky" I wrote about this helplessness. The Earth's soul hides itself as something pure and honest, and only when it carves itself into our bones do we realize its true intentions - and then we can't root it out.

We become bound to it because it starves us of care. We think scarce love is worth all that hurt.

I wrote about this masked truth. I wrote because I hope people see and realize. Please open your eyes and be aware.

Here winter's whisper doesn't reach



Rays of glory protect this peace



Oh, lustrous sun



The siren of light who sings



Makes me follow



Even for a glimpse – I wait



Lured by the song



That carved me in your burning sand



From notes that make me mourn



My aching bones you dried



Oh, you sing again in beautiful blue



A metamorphic melody, whose voice



I feel in dusk's breeze



The haze of that kiss



You graced me through the day



I know in my soul



I'd follow you, though you burn me



Like the stars you hide in moonlight.



FOR THE BACK COVER:

Sarah Friedberg is a student at the Portledge School in Locust Valley, N.Y., where she is especially fond of literature and drama. In her spare time, she reads, composes music, and writes poetry. When Light Touches Sky is her third book, following The Girl Who Wished Through the Mirror and Waiting for Dunno. All her books explore the relation between Time and the development of perception.

When Light Touches Sky is a meditation in poetry, asserting that the sky is Earth's soul. The poet experiences the sky as a type of song, which penetrates her physically - right to her fingers and all over face. It is analogous to first love, with a mysterious beauty that changes and tempts. The reader shares the poet's experience through a series of ever-changing, ultimately darkening images of the sky that recreate each line of the poem graphically.

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SARAH FRIEDBERG