

Stars In the Sky

When stars fall from the sky
Lumps of clay watch
With rapt attention, hoping to
Snag a small sparkle of the
Brilliance thrown off, almost within
Their grasp, to lift them beyond
Their ordinary rain-soaked
Bogs of existence.
Sometimes a sodden lump bursts out of
The mire of mediocrity, slung into
Starry skies, shining brightly,
Urging, encouraging, other lumps of clay
To keep hoping, adoring, glorifying stars
With their envious love.

Harlan Richards