

## Star Shaped

Sometimes I get dismayed with the monotony of the day.  
When the night falls, my mood changes.  
I swiftly move to the window pane.  
It's the safest place for my problems to be traded for peaceful wishes which are aimed at a far way place.  
A vast space far away.  
I just love to star gaze.  
I just love to absorb the silence that the stars make.  
The golden rays light up my eyes and my soul and my eyes become whole again.

You see the stars are laughing when they sparkle.  
They communicate to each other by dancing, just like bee's do.  
And illuminate the idea of a brighter future, just like we do.  
When the dark night decided to marry the moon, the Universe threw stars as confetti.  
And they settled.  
Some say they settled because its a long way down.  
I believe they settled as a symbol of hope.  
Discreetly hanging around so that every small child could shake a snow globe and secretly know that the shape of a snow flake is the closest thing to a star this world can ever own.

We mortals talk of reaching for them and rightly so.  
The Egyptians built pyramids directly beneath them.  
Spinning particles of heated Hydrogen and Helium representative of 'freedom and growth'.  
Epicentre of all that we know..... or at least all we believed that we knew.  
That's until the stars smiled and whispered that are theories weren't so.  
Such freedom once again introduced us to our growth and their truth.

Regardless of the fixation I hold in my heart.  
Regardless of my standing next to this window,  
Wrists binded together,  
Ready to catch one,  
Fingers wide apart.  
Regardless,  
I'm still very much aware that my star shaped hands won't be holding any, any time soon.  
I've come to accept that.  
But the idea that I can't capture stars in my eyes,  
And light up the next persons life with these flames,  
Prize wide open a parochial mind,  
And then repeat the process over again.  
Now surely its wise for me to reject that.

So for now I'll get back to staring at stars,  
Fighting sleep whilst yawning,  
Acknowledging natures masterpiece,  
Until the largest star of all comes calling,  
To inform me that its morning.

**Stephen Morrison-Burke ©**  
**Longlist Poet – Birmingham Poet Laureate 2012/13**

