



Dearest Star

Dearest, are you there?

Where are you lost?

Darkness is falling apart at the light of the stars.

A silky dress of million jewels each woman would yearn for.

Dearest, are you still there?

What are your sleepless eyes gazing at?

Smiling in awe, seas of constellations
forming at your stare.

You see, there's beauty even in the
darkness, for it's the darkness where the
most beautiful things are hidden.

My dearest, can you hear me?

Where are your thoughts flying?

You're shivering as your look meets two
sparkling eyes just like yours.

The eyes that once turned mortals into
stone at their glance, now shedding dead
the light of two stars.

My dearest, can you touch me?

What fantasies are twirling in your mind?

Following the steps of mighty Perseus,
Searching for his beloved Andromeda in
worlds of cold and unknown, reaching the
stars that shape her gentle form.

Oh dearest, are you still breathing?

You wanted to be a star once, didn't you?

Craving for a light, the Milky Way is waiting for you to join its luster.

And yet, how insane, there you shine fearlessly, the brightest of them all.

Oh dearest, will you fall for me?

Or is your splendor such you wouldn't
deign?

Possessing at last the place where you have
always belonged to.

Alongside Cassiopeia, though fairest than
her, a diamond in the night sky above the
world's insight.

But, dearest, did it really need
to be so high?

This was created by students taking part in the programme
"Four Seasons in the Sky"

