

## Starlight

How lovely are the days  
that drip by like a snail  
inhaling the morning dew.

I wish to bottle the good moments  
when my voice tangos with the heavens  
as they are so very few these days.

I awake with an emotional amnesia  
unable to reach the same stars  
with which I danced only moments ago.

My hands reach out towards you,  
orbiting this feeling so fleeting,  
but there is only endless space.

I hurtle outwards, seeking starbursts,  
worshipping memories of starlight  
until the next miracle kisses my soul.