

# Stars

Though mind-bogglingly distant they are from us,  
Yet they reside in the stratosphere of our minds,  
The recesses of our hearts.

Did we not live once on some star, at some distant time,  
As a subatomic particle,  
Which coalesced to form the agglomerate called a human being.

These almost-eternal beacons of light are the soldiers of space,  
The source of energy and life ( at least around one star),  
The massive ones curve even light around them.

They change colors and size with age as if to express their state of mind,  
They most often live in large clans,  
And sometimes cannibalize each other as in some human tribes.

Some of them die a heroic death with spectacular outburst,  
Passing on to the eerie state of black-holes,  
Others dissolve into the ignominy of white dwarf-hoods.

Stars are our distant dreams,  
Our ancestors,  
Our destiny is entwined with theirs.