

# COUNT THE STARS

GILLIAN HAM

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the stars fell down  
to the earth.  
the moon soon followed.  
at first, we thought  
that this was good.  
the flowers glowed  
and the trees began to sing,  
but the sky grew dark  
and the ground too warm.  
our eyes were down,  
but we were blind  
to the grass that was singed  
and we were deaf  
to the songs that were screams.  
our stargazing was soon cut short  
as the stars winked out  
one by one.  
the moon began to crumble  
into a mountain of dust  
that was carried by the wind  
back to its home,  
the now empty sky.  
though now much smaller,  
the moon was back.  
and though much dimmer,  
the stars began to bloom.  
we lift our eyes  
and just to make sure,  
every night, we look for the newborn moon  
and count the stars.