

1-1-2011

With Starlight Eyes

Christopher Garcia

Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Garcia, Christopher (2011) "With Starlight Eyes," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 8, Article 10.

Available at: <http://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol8/iss1/10>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

With Starlight Eyes

Christopher Garcia

She came to me with starlight eyes,
That begged for my affection.
And in the dark, I could still surmise,
This woman was perfection.

Amongst the fog and chilling air,
Our eyes seemed locked forever.
To keep your gaze on that night,
Was quite the long endeavor.

For you are not of this world,
A nymph or fairy perhaps.
Perchance a sprite or goddess,
Or an angel on relapse.

Regardless of your intentions,
I have made my own.
For when our eyes locked that night,
Your beauty had me blown.

What matters where you came from?
For two souls in love must trust.
That regardless of circumstance,
The love will not combust.

But that was long ago,
And since then life has been grand.
But now I sense something awry,
Something I cannot understand.

I often find you pacing,
And looking toward the sky.
As if something is pulling you,
And I fear our last goodbye.

One night as I was watching you,
Your starlight eyes gave voice.
I know your gaze well enough,
To know you'd made your choice.

Then with a kiss aimed at me,
You flew off the same way you came.
And in that moment I realized,
Life would never be the same.

And when our daughter asks,
“Daddy, where did mommy go”?
I will struggle to reply,
Because even I don't really know.

So with tears in my eyes, I will say,
That “Mommy was a shooting star.”
And I hope she will find peace,
Knowing you are not so far.

I will tell her of the day we met,
So that she may always remember
That a star came into my life,
On a cold and dark December.

And before bed every night, before she gets tucked in,
The bedtime story will remain the same.
So that from her window you shall see,
She bears more than just your name.

For she looks to me with her mother's eyes,
That beg for my love and affection.
And even in the dark, I can surmise,
That our daughter is perfection.

So Starlight, Star bright,
Know that I miss you dearly.
And as for the little image of you,
She misses you, sincerely.