Stars  
by Shawn Jacobson

While at a wintry bus stop,   
my gaze ascended to the sky  
as to the heavens, great city of God.  
The citizens of Heaven in their splendor  
observed my predawn vigil with bright regard.  
The starry host bid me wonder.

Can this glorious realm be naught but desolation  
bleak ice, dead rock, roiling gas, and empty space?  
Are clouds of dust the only things that move  
between the cosmic lamps of heaven?  
Is all vast space sterile, devoid of life?

Or are the stars attended by verdant worlds?  
Can these strange planets be harbors for life?  
Could such living creatures strive for purpose,   
to partake of some grand angelic song ordained  
by that majestic presence great that forged the stars?

I would soar to the heavens to join the great journey  
seeking the majestic one the great star maker.  
With brother beings diverse, with sister beings sublime,  
with angels in strange guises, I would travel  
ever upward to ultimate glory.

But now the bus arrives and I must go  
to take my place in life’s race and mind my place.  
Yet as I steel myself this working day to face  
surely, I know, I will look up again, and wonder.

As I live my life  
wonder lifts my gaze on high  
to wonders divine