

Stargazing

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I shiver.
Do the stars make my sins glow,
clouded by shame?
Is God looking down on me
cringing, debating if He should leave me
to lie here alone?
The lights above me flicker
as if unsure if I deserve to admire them.

*Who gets to decide that? Me or the stars?
He says, a gentle thunder from Above.
Don't you know that you,
too, are a light? I called you,
saw you beyond the clouds.
I admire you, I give you a new glow.
Let me be your cover, shiver no more.*