

Waiting for the Stars

above my head is a world so removed from the one I know
the one etched in my mind and my very soul
before stars had filled my vision with their soft golden glow
a haven against the dark unknown
placed there years ago in a moment of laughter
a gift from loved ones who knew me well
they remained faithfully on my walls
being the last sight before my eyes shut heavily with sleep
to the first upon waking with the sun
and every night had ended with a wish
to reach beyond my ceiling
and touch the stars
explore the wonders
but now was different — the view above me
harsh sterile white lights against harsh sterile white walls
consuming me like a black hole
smiles linger as thin masks of forced bravery
betrayed by tears unable to contain themselves
grand dreams to see the universe turned into simpler ones to see tomorrow
but I dare to be ambitious to walk under the night sky once more
to slumber where sleep comes easily
for I will wait until the stars appear again