

Selected Value: Empathy

## Star

I used to lie on a rock –  
its surface pierced through my skin  
tickled; the waters shimmered and shadowed  
– it's all too fickle, I thought, as I shut my eyelids  
wrinkled, from all these years of fear.

Until the arm of another rested on me one day,  
I shivered from the sweet warmth it carried  
In the midst of the ringing of my heartbeat was “are you okay?”  
Pause – I didn't look, but I felt her sparkle fuse with me.

She stayed, she smiled, she listened,  
Then she showed her palm: “Do you want to follow me?”  
She told me of the world, the children with laughter that glistened,  
the colours of leaves that transformed through seasons,  
“And the stars,” she whispered, “They shine through the darkest nights,  
just like you, my starfish, you needn't forget.”

We stood as we looked through the glass  
And I wondered what they're thinking as they walked?  
“Milly befriended a stranded star whose rays fire laughed fingers were.”  
I would be close to them, and let my embrace paint the world with colours.