

Andrea Beaudoin /
ALLEGORY:
A BRILLIANT STAR

I once held stars
in my hands
but they burnt out
and I had no light
to burn away the
darkness which
enshrouded me.
And deeply I
mourned my loss.
My tears washed the
pain away,
but its fingerprints were stained
in my heart
and my soul was ravaged
by the brutal sword
of depression and despair.

One night I looked out
my window and saw
the moon, and
marvelled at its
mystical magic, and
it shone its silvered
silence into my soul
and smoothed the
rough edges,
and once more I
was whole.