

Title: *My Stars*

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In the dark there are bright and dim stars.

The bright stars twinkle in a special way.

When your eyes meet a bright star as soon as you blink the star gets lost in the sky.

It seems hard to keep the will to search for those twinkling stars.

I think I have found my bright stars, but I'm scared to blink.

My eyes have been left open for too long, so I feel warm tears on my cheeks.

I might just close my eyes for forever.

If only stars didn't move, it seems that I can't watch them forever.

Maybe my stars will come back.

I wonder if my stars know how much I admire them?