

# STAR IN MY CAR

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Walking towards my car, I smile  
at the dark confetti of wet leaves  
shaped like stars that lie scattered  
on the pavement around my tires.

They look festive and cheerful in the dusk,  
glistening and blazing dark red,  
though those that are flipped over  
reveal a more lighthearted magenta.

They look like otherworldly flowers,  
a galaxy swirling with dew drops and rubies,  
and I am struck by the realization that  
star-shaped things are always beautiful.

I reach my car, stare down for a moment  
at the mini-cosmos parading around my feet.  
I open my car door, climb in, then notice  
I have a passenger. One of the stars

clings to my shoe, then slips off to nestle  
on the floor. Where does it think  
I'm traveling? Most people wouldn't believe it  
if I told them a star fell from the sky

and landed in my car, but then again  
most people would just see a damp leaf,  
if they even noticed it at all. Funny  
how beauty is dependent

on our taking the time to see it.  
It doesn't seem right to take this star—  
as if I could own it. Stars belong in the wild.

I lift it gently to set it free,  
put it back with its family. Together,  
even fallen stars can create constellations.