the stars fell down
   to the earth.
the moon soon followed.
   at first, we thought
   that this was good.
the flowers glowed
   and the trees began to sing,
but the sky grew dark
   and the ground too warm.
our eyes were down,
   but we were blind
   to the grass that was singed
and we were deaf
   to the songs that were screams.
our stargazing was soon cut short
   as the stars winked out
one by one.
the moon began to crumble
   into a mountain of dust
that was carried by the wind
   back to its home,
the now empty sky.
though now much smaller,
   the moon was back.
and though much dimmer,
   the stars began to bloom.
we lift our eyes
   and just to make sure,
every night, we look for the newborn moon
and count the stars.
   Count the Stars
    Gillian Ham