Stars

Look at the stars,
Way up there,
So very far away.
High in the sky,
They shine so white,
And never seem to stray.
Like little dots,
Or specks of paint,
Just floating up above.
I wonder,
What they do up there,
And what they are made of.
Are they just holes,
Poked out the sky,
By giants long ago?
Or maybe they're,
Electric lights,
Strung up to make a show!
So far up there,

I'd like to be,
To take a look first hand.
To just get close,
And have a peek,
That really would be grand!
By Gareth Lancaster