

Star-Crossed Stupidity

Stars abound the sky.
So profuse that they may seem like preposterous piggish feed.
Consumed by indiscriminating maggots
without lead.

From this far, disseminated and sundry.
Yet do not make the mistake of saying they are dittoed.
After all, the apotheosizes of our sky must be held in the highest regard.
To reduce the appealing ethereal to stained speckles is a crime
to what constitutes the well-intentioned and kind.

Stars may seem abutting
Yet only a perspective change is needed to see the great expanses between each.

I know you probably can't comprehend them from that close.
But I am sure you can guess as to how much each uniquely contributes...
The violent surging of heat.
The boisterous and eccentric atmospheres.
And the most unforgettable celestial fixture—those all too familiar chromatic particles.

It's such a pleasant surprise to see the universe in all its wonder and grandeur
thanks to these unimpressively small items.
You should take your time to learn about the myosotis on the cosmic pasture.
Albeit small, they make a world of difference.

If only those gorgers,
would take their time engrossing—
those intangibles are not meant to be briskly gored.
Best if you just had faith in their brilliance and perpetuity...

Then we would be better off.

Don't let the abhorrent indulge on their teet of star-crossed stupidity—
I am not one of those stained speckles;
the same goes for you.

Stars deserve more respect.

- Tayseer