

# Matter in the Stars

*by R J Tomlin*

Somebody once told me that the matter in the stars,  
Isn't distant and unreachable – it's the very same as ours,  
And that billions of years ago, through gaseous resistance,  
They exploded through the galaxy to make our own existence,

They erratically erupted, throwing out their matter,  
And dispersing through our universe their stardust was there scattered,  
They made particles, elements, atoms, and more,  
Released throughout the universe from a star's broken core,

They formed into planets, into moons and milky ways,  
Over billions of years to form the world we have today,  
And though it may sound ludicrous, perhaps insane, it sure is true,  
That parts of those very stars live on in me and you,

So those lonely nights you have, when the cold is creeping in,  
When the rain beats at your window and you feel like giving in,  
All those times of angst and suffering, of pain, or even fear,  
When you wish to cast the world away so you could disappear,

Wrap up warm, head out the door, brave the wetness and the frost,  
Wander out into the night until you're stranded, beat and lost,  
Stroll alone under the moonlight, walk alone beside the shore,  
Venture off until you don't know where you're going anymore,

And when the sounds of cars has faded, the busy bustle far away,  
And you can hear the wind that whispers, and those leaves and branches sway  
Stare up far into the sky and watch those stars twinkle so bright,  
And know the fact that they're still shining, means that everything will be  
alright.