Little star

Little star, so far, so near,
I see your eye's one shining tear.

Little star, so wild, so tame,
I waved my hand. You never came.

Little star, so quick, so slow,
you whisper like the drifting snow.

Little star, so dark, so deep
the sea you swim in as I sleep.

When morning comes in like the tide
you will have reached the other side.

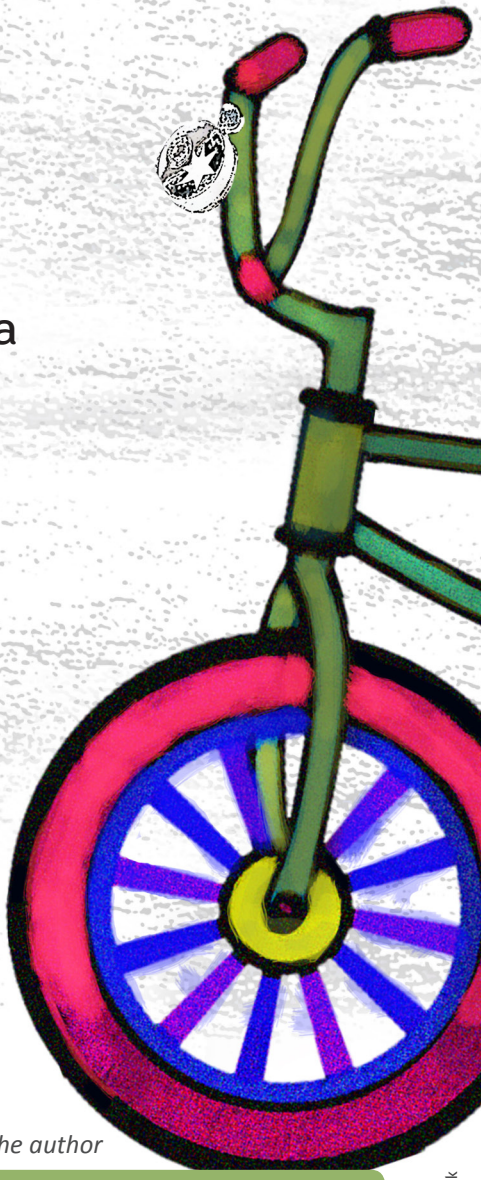
Swim, star, swim, through the midnight sea
(when your hair is dry, come back to me!)

Little star, so near, so far,
shine on Wick and Zanzibar

on Dundee, Belfast and Armagh,
and shine on my bike's bent handlebar

shine like its silver bell
dring dring
shine like its silver bell
and sing
sharp as a silver bell.

James McGonigal



Little Star, James McGonigal, *by permission of the author*

NATIONAL POETRY DAY IN SCOTLAND

Thursday 4 October 2012 – STARS

Supported by:

CREATIVE SCOTLAND
ALBA | CHRUTHACHAIL

Year of Creative Scotland 2012

Free pdf posters and teaching notes from:

www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk

Design: www.contextdesigns.co.uk