

With Star Dust On My Fingers...

For Amy

I love my little
Blue Chinese Cap,
With the Red
And Plastic Star!

Statement ?
Hell no!
Not for Chairman Mao,
Or even *Uncle Ho!*

“The reason
I love stars” –
I said to Amy,
“Is that in
The precious years
I have left,
I’m going
To reach right up -
To touch them!

‘Cause if I don’t,
I’ll never know,
Just what -
I could ever do!”

When I’m old and ninety,
I want
The memory that lingers,

That I reached up
Just as high -
As ever
I could go!

Not that I died -
With star dust
On my fingers!

Tim Barritt. 2.7.10.
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