

Stars

A colossal art of gases floating freely
Its gleam making other objects around it look silly
Separated from the world by millions of miles
Spell bounding the onlookers in its own queer styles
Revolving in orbits, well defined in their kind
An enigma fabricated only to boggle the mind
Well on their journey, these stars travel time
Never do they fatigue, on and on they shine
Having no voice, the stars only mime
Such is their perplex, a verse to rhyme

-Neelay Shah

(Age: 14 Summers)