

Bright

by Pennfana

For something that still shines. (Warning: major fluff)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Brighter than the stars above

That shine so far away,

Brighter than the rain that falls

On a sunshower-filled day,

Brighter than a thousand suns

Could ever hope to be—

I thought that it would not last,

But your star still shines for me.

Brighter far than the candle-light

I thought 't would be by now,

Brighter than the moon's own bright

On shimmering nights of snow,

Brighter by far than any light

I ever hoped to see;

I thought that it would not last,

But your star still shines for me.

Brighter than the beacon hot
That guides the traveller home,
Brighter than forget-me-nots
Under a black light shown,
Brighter than the crystal
Bearing rainbows in sunbeams;
I thought that it could not last,
But your star still shines for me.
Bright when I thought it should be dim
And when I thought 't would fade away,
Brighter than the Northern Lights
That shine not in the day,
Brighter than the sunset we watched
Redly glowing behind the trees;
Though we may be parted, your bright star
Will always shine for me!

A/N: This is the most recent in a series of poems with a star as the most important symbol. This particular one has been simmering for the past two months, and I'm rather proud of it. The rhyme scheme was a complete accident, which is why it isn't particularly consistent; I tried editing this poem so that it was, but the result didn't please me as well as what you see here.