

ABOUT US

The Star Show

I saw gravity's tender hand pull lost particles of dust and gas together at
the start

Seemingly inconsequential matter that would give birth to something
beautiful

I felt the first traces of heat caress my face as they were generated in the
protostar's heart

Could a simple change in temperature really sustain billions of lives yet to
come?

I admired the vibrant hues the star took on... Yellow, orange and everything
in between

While listening to the chatter of humanity basking in its light

I will be here when a giant emerges, a shade of red that is desperate to be
seen

Devouring everything around it like a ferocious beast

I will remain when the star cools off, and mimics the shades of long-gone
moons

A picture-perfect sight that, perhaps, far away life could glimpse

I will even remain when white lets black gradually engulf it

Like the lights at the end of a theatre show.

I'll be sad it's over but happy I watched every bit of it – I'll be happy I saw
you

Don't ever think that I wasn't watching you, down on Earth, too.

Neda Aryan, Top Ten Winner in the About Us poetry competition