Hey Stars © James Moyer

In October of joy
and August desire
and April of sighs
you’re always up there

Hey stars, what do you tell?
Autumn is always in the air
Hey sun, you are a star
warmer than bloom
warmer than seed
burning the flowers in the field

It’s October again
and August is gone
but never the wind
you run through the skies

Hey wind, what do you say?
Yearning is every thing that cries
Hey breeze, you are the wind
softer than breath
softer than skin
breaking the hearts of those who feel

Your October of skies
or August of dust
or April of streams
is more real than dreams

Hey rain, what is your creed?
colder than mist
colder than sea
water the flowers on the hill
Hey rain, you are the spring
bringing me joy to no avail