

Stars

We trudge

Together

Virtual arm

In virtual arm

Or weightless palm laid light upon a distant shoulder

Like Flanders Friends

Blind

We advance in lockstep march

From equinox to longest day

The arcing sun no help

And cannot lift the grey.

But stars there are

And not by night alone

A million pinholes - the sum much greater than their parts -

Pierce the shroud.

They care, they cure, they tend, they teach

And like their counterparts beyond the clouds

They reach out

And point and guide, wink and nod

Towards the distant light

Just out of sight.

Three months down the line.