

## The Sight of The Stars Always Makes Me Dream

Stables and sheep are easy to **grasp**

Tangible

Solid

Objects held **fast** by gravity strong

And history **told**

Of that place far away,

That story of **old.**

Like donkeys and inns with straw-covered **mangers**

where babies are laid in the presence of **strangers**

There's a sense of the **right**

A shout of the known

The coming of **light** in this hay-lined **throne.**

It all makes **sense**

And so we **embrace**

This **space**

This moment when

**rhythm and rhyme**

Break step

And eternity slides into **time.**

But

Of angels and **starlight**

Prophecies

**Dreams**

We fear to rush in

Lest we travel beyond where everything **seems**

Logical

Sensible

Explicable

**Right**

Yet

In a moment **apart**

Gazing up

**Heart** undistracted  
Away from the clamour and unending **noise**  
Comes mysterious whisper to feel and **rejoice**

For the sight of the stars always makes me dream  
Dream of further and deeper  
Of something **beyond**  
Of wise men and **prophets**  
In star-gazing **bond**  
Of hope that won't **stop at** what's known.

For knowledge transcendent  
Is deeper than **doubt**  
And hope that goes further  
Demands that we **shout**  
**He is here**  
**He has come.**

The sight of the stars always makes me **dream**  
Of something beyond  
Of his presence **unseen**  
Where logic and certainty  
Both find their **place**  
within the Eternal  
Full of truth, full of **grace.**

And the sight of the stars is a glimpse of the **more**  
A tear in the canopy, half-opened **door**  
A beacon of hope in the darkness **around**  
A whisper so tender that a way can be **found.**

And stables, and shepherds  
Donkeys and **inns**  
Have their place in this story of God breaking **in**  
To the dirt, to the desperate, sad and the **bleak**  
And the lost and the troubled, the humble and **meeek**  
But the sight of the stars  
And the prophecies **spoken**

The stories of angels  
Are mysterious **tokens**  
Of promise and hope and a Saviour alive.

And the sight of the stars is a glimpse of the **more**  
A tear in the canopy, half-opened **door**  
A beacon of hope in the darkness **around**  
A whisper so tender that a way can be **found**

And

In a moment **apart**  
Gazing up  
**Heart** undistracted  
Away from the clamour and unending **noise**  
Comes mysterious whisper to feel and **rejoice.**