IN KINGSTON THERE ARE STARS

The snow was so white there was no air to see
Or road to see or anything to see but the windshield wiper
That went swish and swosh and go to sleep.....
And what are you doing out on a night like this?
The car I drive is old and gone and so is the night almost.
If it could only take me where I must go.
I pray a little and I sing a little
And I recite a poem about a girl and stars.
Think about stars.....does anyone ever except lovers and poets
And ones like me who had to find their way
In a world without compasses and charts and nothing but stars?
Stars look at you like they eyes of a beautiful woman
You can never have because she is so beautiful and so far away.
You look at stars because you are lonely,
And the snow falls and falls and you are a man on a road,
A long lonely road to where you are going.
The road is closed and the police are there.
One says,"Where to, Mister?"
"To Kingston," you say, "a place where there are stars."
The plieeman calls another.
"This man wants to go to Kingston, a place where there are stars."
The other lawman looks into the car at me.
He could have been my brother......he was that fine.
"Let him go," he said, but nobody else."
He looked at me closely....."I knew a man like you once."
He coughed in the cold night. "Sure about the stars?"
"Yes," I said.
"Go with God."
I was glad he said that.
It was like prayer.
The road should have been closed...it was that tough.
Somehow I made it to Kingston in a beat-up car
And I looked up at the sky and it was a blanket of white
And I opened the door and came in,
And I had not lied
There were stars within your eyes.

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