The Star of our Life
(& the life of our star)

by
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This is a ball,
a hot glowing one.

We all live in its thrall;
it’s our very own Sun.
It lights up our sky
and hides in our night,

masking stars that seem shy
till it sinks out of sight.
But it self is a star, just looks big and shiny, cause it's nowhere as far as the stars that seem tiny.
It's just the right place to keep us all warm, from the coldness of space, out of which it did form.
That was eons before, when a cold dusty cloud got compressed to a core within its own shroud.
From gravity's power, it started to glow;

with each floor of its tower, core pressure did grow.
Pushing atoms to fuse, turning some of their mass into power to use, like the burning of gas.
The light that is made from this fusion of matter by a chain of cascade to the surface does scatter.
This is the source of our Sun's steady shine,

just half through its course after eons of time.
But when finally spent
our star will then morph,
puffing outward to vent
from Red Giant to white dwarf.
All we know will be gone but that's far away,

so be sure with each dawn to bask in Sun's day.
For over four billion years it's been warming our Earth,
so that oceans of tears could evolve to your birth.