**My Star**

By Robert Browning

All that I know

Of a certain star,

     Is, it can throw

     (Like the angled spar)

     Now a dart of red,

     Now a dart of blue,

     Till my friends have said

     They would fain see, too,

My star that dartles the red and the blue!

Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:

      They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.

What matter to me if their star is a world?

      Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.