

# The Starfish Poem

by Charles Dale Gray

An old man walked the beach one dawn  
Amid the Seagulls' cry  
To search the shores of drying sand  
For starfish left to die

And finding starfish here and there  
He'd cast them to the sea  
Then search again the sandy shore  
Where e're a star might be

I stopped to chat with him a bit  
To see why all the fuss  
He bade me stroll along with him  
While starfish we discussed

I asked him, "What's the purpose"  
You'll never get them all"  
The beaches run for miles and miles  
It matters not at all

Millions wash ashore each day  
Marooned upon the sand  
What difference can your efforts make  
I fail to understand

Just then the old man lingered  
Another star he'd found  
And with a twinkle in his eye  
He plucked it from the ground

And to the safety of the waves  
The rescued star he threw  
I watched it sink into the sea  
To start its life anew

"My boy, it makes no difference  
to people near or far.  
It only makes a difference  
to that little rescued star.