

sister moon

sister moon, i pray to you
treading the haze that lights my way
the sounds and green make friends of me
while even brother bear lurks unaware
of the glance thrown that holds my throat.

searching the ground for angel's counsel
the rustling of leaves is my brief reprieve
and the closest nature comes
to change in my pocket.

your star the smile, only comes out at night
so random in the black, 'til veering back
you appraise the whole constellation.
thus grounded i keep my own counsel
grazing on my fondness for stargazing.

the moon's grace wears a pale gold face
but your shyness can't fool me, your highness.
and the closest you come
is the daze of wind's breath.

wondering the woods to find what's true
a grunt gives pause, his eager paws
i'm marked by brother bear, like tall tree
now nothing can stand in the way of me
'cept hesitance entranced by her waiting stance.

heal me mother earth
and i'll spend my time in worship
to one of your children, that let's me in
that fold of hair a river, as black as your horizon's lover
or burnt, as though the auburn dusk turned
golden in the breaking day.

just save me before i'm gray
or silver, if it's worth more
to you.