

Crescent

O little moon !
Peeking through naked branches
Hanging in the inky sky
Did I ever tell you
What magic you bring, what mystery?
Comforting me with your consistency
There you are again
And again!
Lending patience lending permanence
Reminding me of those nights (O those nights!)
Maybe diffused behind the softness of cloud
Or ringed by a circle of crystals.
Nights when it seemed like sacrilege to sleep!
Instead...wander down the road!
Breathe in the sweetness of willows waking for Spring
Renewing all possibilities!

Molly Child