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The Moon Lit Affair

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Away from Human Eyes

Kathryn MacDougall

I sit on my blanket in the garden across from the library.
I wonder how the sun can be so smooth, as smooth as cream.
I am amazed by its caramel grace and languid lush touch.
Such a lovely day to be known as a human, away from human eyes.
I lay in the grass in the field that lays behind my home.
I wander through memories thought long passed gone, long gone.
I am relieved by their liquid clarity and ponder upon them overmuch.
Such a lovely day to be known as a human, away from human eyes.
I walk on that path down to the pond in a whispering marsh.
I consider the dove and black bird as they flit and sing, fleetingly sing.
I am caressed by the tantalizing trills and morose melodies.
Such a lovely day to be known as a human, away from human eyes.
I think over this past month, and know the sun better for it now.
I realized the time has been best spent than ever it has been.
I finally befriend casual contentment and soulful simplicity, simply.
Such a lovely day to be known as a human, away from human eyes.

The Moon Lit Affair

Natalie Dust

You don't know love till you've seen the moon
Cooing lullabies across the skies
You and I under the sweet trees of June
Milky stars lightly kissing your eyes.

My skin tingles all over from your touch
The night illuminates my silent words
My heart sketching constellations for you, it's almost too much
I whisper "I love you" like hushed humming birds.

My love that glows with wonder
When I see you all else melts away
Then clouds your mind and pulls you under
But when twilight breaks I must return to day.

For I shouldn't love you, it isn't right
But I can't help it Mr. Moon, "I love you," Goodnight.