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A Love Letter to the Moon

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A Love Letter to The Moon

Emily Beaudin

Like a single silver gleaming eye,
Standing out upon the gloomy night,
Glistening brighter than all the stars in the sky,
Yet much softer than any artificial light.

She is my company when nights turn long, Staying with me when minutes turn to hours,
She has no voice, yet she sounds like a song, She knows no time, but she blooms
like a flower.

With her by my side our time is always fleeting. Her beauty and reassurance a
forbidden sight,

That I don't get to see till the sun starts retreating, When daylight fades into the
harmonious night.

Femininity, Radiant, and a beauty so true.

You may ask what her name is,
Well I call her the moon.

Ascension

John Ogan

On a blue and green marble floating through space
It has taken a few billion years for us to get here.
In that time we have learned there is more to being human than just being here.
It is our consciousness and kindness that keeps us here.
With our minds like no other, we have more than just life.
We can understand how and why things are and build in and beyond the sky.
But all we do does not matter if our kindness ever dies.
Our purpose stops if we choose to hate or despise or despair.
Out in the cosmos, in the infinite space,
What we send forth— matters.

*Dusk (at right),
Madeleine Church*