As ancients seen, so do I
A throbbing light, a painted globe
Upon a pinpricked sparkled sky
Suspended in the nothingness of black.
Always there, poetic universal rhyme
Dangling upon an invisible track
Of time

No man has more monument or shrine
Still, you do not speak, or smirk, for thine,
calmly, gently, slip thy turn
Though you speed at thousands
No mass thou burn.
To me.

So say man, so say the stumbling blinded child
From ancient Babylonia and Sinn, the wild
Danu, Rig Veda, all true. And the snaking Danube.
Why oh moon, do they all honour you?

Yet still, you do not speak.

Should man hold tongue and learn your ways?
Of course you see the madness, of the groping human days.
I have never seen your sadness.
Though I felt my own,
in so many different ways.

Lunatic you said, lunatic he made.
King Lycaeon loves to hate you, too.
Your full of awe and moving, magical mystique
Still I watch, yet still great moon,
you do not speak

Oh to have your silence, to thunder your roar
Of watched human woes
Yet to dance as you dance,
with arrogance of one who knows.

Yet from here, you look so small
I could grab you and squash you in my palm
With no difficulty at all.
And yet,
You never look like you will ever fall.

I love you.
Yet I do not know you.
Yet you have watched us all.
The Good, the bad, the humble, the weak.
Yet sweet moon,
You never speak,
at all.

THE MOON