

MIDNIGHT MOON



Elegant,
And Beautiful
At Midnight
The Moon
Flying
Forever
But losing her
Soon

Unhappy
And Graceful
In Her flowing
White Dress
All floaty
And Dreamy
While we all
Rest

Eternity
Behind her
The whole world
Alight
So why can we
See her
Only at
Night?

By Teresa Bockmuehl, Cuddington,
Buckinghamshire.
The poem is based on the drawing
Moon Ballet (1934).