

59-1000  
the moon was

the moon whispered nightly throughout the autumns of my youth  
every moment halloween, a thrill in the air  
the moon blinked not when my sister died alone in her room  
an icy chill that e'er exists, the gloaming of despair  
the moon shone bright on the evening when I met my only love  
holding hands and walking, six inches off the earth  
the moon peaked through the window of the silent hospital room  
on the day when my life forever changed, my daughter dearlys birth

and tonight the moon will reappear  
only he my weeping hear  
feign a smile at the noon  
but sharing heart whence comes the moon

the moon was  
no because  
no reason  
every season  
the moon is there  
so i can bear  
dying soon  
under the moon