

written collaboratively with my sunshine

The moon beautifies the night,
Illuminating it with its light,
Giving the darkness fine clothing,
Being something worth observing,
A cloud comes over and affects its shine,
It's glory, somehow, multiplied a thousand times,
My lips are fine on their own,
But together with hers, they are on a royal throne,
Each individual bone is strong and firm,
But the muscles are what make us run,
What is a king without his queen,
A man whose greatness is obscene,
The light of the moon covered by the cloud,
Is great, and delightful and peach and crowned.