**Light of the Moon**

*February 28, 2013*

Once more I lie in the Light of the Moon.

No more Taste the sweet buds of Love.

Bear your goodbye as the Call of the Loon.

Sounds a mournful sigh as a poor wretch as I crys at the Death of the Dove.

My bed where once we lay in bliss.

Once adorned with the warmth and grace as we twined.

Alas now is nothing but nothing but this.

Dark night. Empty arms.

Cold Dawn Break to find. A day without You.

Eternal day of regret.

For all that I did or did not do.

No hope still endures.

No flame burns. And yet.

Say pray may my world still turn round from this Blue.

Bell Jar that captures my Self Soul and Heart.

Cage of Bars of my need for your love touch and mind.

A whisper of maybe you may still whisper yes and the barred doors will part.

Pray say may you perchance endulge this One who still loves thee.

Pray say might Thee be so gracious and kind.