**Musings of the Moon**

*March 9, 2013*

Oh I wish that you had never ever gone away Oh I wish it I've never ever

heard you say that you no longer love me why did it turn out that way Pleae

believe I never meant to cheat.

Please believe I really tried.

I gave you all my Trust.

Save I must confess.

I held inside.

So many secrets I should have opened to your breast.

So many times I should have opened up and told you all.

Told you yes.

Why was it that we came to be no more Oh I wish that I had never ever.

Shared my anger and my fears.

When I should have rather asked you to hear my sorrow.

Taste my inner tears.

For now all that calls tomorrow.

Is the loss of all our years.

'Was it something that I didn't do or something that I said Why must you share each night another's arms instead

While alas there is for me nothing but this cold and empty bed as I lie and

mourn the day you walked out the door How can it be the love we had has up

and gone away?

The Ghosts of 3 AM still drive me mad what more can I say.

If it would bring you back.

I would fall down on my knees and pray.

Yet I know that it is over and you're gone.

When you left you never even looked back never even said goodbye.

Just walked away with him and never told me why.

Now the hurting never stops but it hurts too much to cry.

Looks like there's nothing left to do but soldier on.

Perchance if I could cry more teardrops than the droplets of the sea.

Wish more wishes than the stars for what I want to be.

The grace of heaven would open and you'd come back to me.

We would lie and twine together oh so soon.

Just as I could will the Sun to rise and set.

Hold back the Sands of Time.

Roll back the Tides.

Know no regret.

You are no longer mine.

Square the circle of lost love.

Cyper pi and hold the Holy Grail.

Count the pebbles on the beach.

Then I could try and never fail.

To have You know how much I cared.

How my world turned for thee.

Even now that I might dare.

To hope You will still come back to me.

Until I ask where or when.

Please hear my hope and Plythe.

And I hear you answer in the wind.

Forget. Don't even try.

As Spark and Flame of hope are snuffed out.

My Heart and Spirit die.

My soul dances with the Loon.

Yet I still wonder why.

Our love faded away so soon.

Perhaps I can know the answer if I listen.

To the Murmur of the Star light.

Quiet Song of One's Inner Silence.

Soft sad Music of the Night.

Musings of the Moon.