**Whispers of the Moon**

*March 10, 2013*

As I lye alone and listen.

To the whispers of the Moon.

On my Soul a teardrop Glissins.

As the Call of the haunting loon.

Sings of my own sad longing.

For all I might long to be.

That your sweet voice might grant a song.

A song of your love for me.

I might feel your gentle touch.

The rapture of your scent and hair.

Ah that the Gods might grant me such.

You be here. Or I be there.

Perchance such Gift of Grace and I might dare.

To entreat you I might indeed.

Be blessed with your very all.

Love with no limits.

No More. No Less.

Pray will you heed my Call.

Pray come and lay beside me.

Pray share this bed of mine.

Pray let our bodies spirits kiss.

Touch and mingle.

Meld and Twine.

With Trust and Love together.

Now and for all time.