

As wolves howl at the moon with yearning souls for her love, I ache for yours, a pull so forceful that my spirit cannot be contained inside my mortal body. You're the satellite god that controls the tides of my emotions, drowning my every thought in the wash of your existence, taking the breath I gladly sacrifice.

Your sweet light that lingers as daylight rises guides me when night falls. Like a moonflower, you open me up petal-by-petal, and the warmth you bestow on me is soaked up until there's nothing more I can feel. You make me drunk: intoxicatingly numb and feverishly silly, able to take on the world and then some – as long as I have you beside me.

You are not my sun nor stars, you're my moon: inexplicably ethereal. I do not shield my eyes from your unfathomable beauty, nor can the noise of others overshadow you. Your phases may change, yet your heavenly presence never falters, and when your glow disappears, I'm left empty and incomplete.

As wolves eagerly await Artemis's return each evening, I wait for your voice, your smile, the twinkle of your eyes that put diamonds to shame; for there's nothing more I want to see, there's no one more I'd want to be with, than you.

With a love as vast as the universe itself, I helplessly relent my will, for no power nor hold is stronger than yours.