

The Silver Eye

by Miriam Manglani

She is the silver eye
of the night's sky,
slivered, halved, or fully awake,
still as a frigid lake.

She has a penetrating stare
with gray-blue glare,
makes us wanderlust,
yearn to find our stardust.

A seed for dreams
that grow when she gleams
in the womb of the night
she is love's waning light,
our passionate insight.