

# The Woman On The Moon

As I look up in the night sky,

It fills me with curiosity.

Every night I wonder,

About this mysterious world.

What is she doing up there?

Why is she left all alone?

Is it a punishment or a blessing?

The woman sits alone just beyond the light of the moon.

She is there all alone.

Far away from friends and family.

Far away from war and strife.

The rocket ships can't reach her.

She sits quietly on the dark side of the moon.

She is the moon's miracle.

A child who once disappeared from earth.

I only see her at midnight.

She seems to be weeping all alone.

I can hear her singing at twilight.

A song filled with joy and cheer.

She sings about the beauty of the earth,

The family she once knew,

The life she once lived.

How did she get there?

Who is she?

Where did she come from?

How can I meet her?

I want to bring her back here.

But, she is way out of my reach.

The birds can't lend me their wings to fly.

How can I get up there?

With every passing night the glimpse of her silhouette faded.

In the twilight her song became a whisper.

Until one day I couldn't see or hear her at all.

I catch a glimpse of the full moon on a rainy day.

It's like the moon is crying for her.

I understand how the moon feels.

I miss her too.

I wonder if she returned to the home she once knew.

Where is she?

What happened to her?

# Bloom

A fragile being hiding from the world.  
A cocoon that that encloses boundless potential.  
The potential to grow immensely  
All inside a seed, a child, a dream.

You see a weak and feeble creature.  
I see hope for a new world...  
Potential without bound.  
A new reason to believe.

I see the seed.  
Standing tall.  
In a cold winter storm.  
But, I don't see its frailty.  
All I see is the flower it will become.

We are all just like the seed.  
We may lay dormant.  
Seeming weak.  
Seeming pathetic.  
But we are all flowers just waiting to bloom.

So do it.  
Right now.  
Bloom and show your beautiful colors.  
Beauty is fleeting.

# Is She A Flower?

She picked the flower for it was like her.  
It stood in a field of others just like her.  
Desperately trying to stand out.  
Quickly discarding the wilted leaves.  
Leaving all shame behind,  
Leaving all mistakes behind.  
Not allowing itself to show its frailty,  
Fearing being forgotten.  
It basks in the bountiful rain showers.  
It's in it's element.  
Bending, dancing, shaking in anticipation.  
The image of luminescence.  
A facade of light using the shadows as a hiding place.  
Her petals make her transcendent.  
Her beauty lies in her ignorance of itself.  
Hopes and aspirations overshadowed by harsh winds.  
She dances through it all.  
She dances to be magnificent.  
She dances to be memorable but, to still be forgotten.  
She dances because it is a part of her.  
She is the most beautiful flower that ever existed..

# An Angel In The River

A feather danced through the stream.  
The water glistened beneath the moonlight.  
I was all alone combing through the tree branched.  
The scent of pine mixed with the river's salty tears.  
Tears that made even the stones sob uncontrollably.

I saw a light moving elegantly through the water.  
Wings stretched out as water splashed them.  
Before my very eyes. A vision of beauty.  
A painting. A miracle. An Angel.

I approached without thinking.  
I needed a closer look.  
My feet just moved.

Flaxen hair that was carried by the wind.  
A orb of light above her head.  
A gold and ivory robe that seemed to shine.  
Her beauty made the river seem stagnant.

All I could do was watch.  
She turned and gazed upon me.  
The forest wind stopped.  
As if the leaves whispered "Hush"  
It was so tranquil.

She began to speak.  
I couldn't understand her but,  
her voice enthralled me.  
I was unworthy of her words.  
In that moment, I learned the true meaning of angelic.

Her mouth stopped moving.  
The wind began to blow again.  
She looked up and spread her wings.  
She flew away into the sky.

The most beautiful thing i have ever seen was gone.  
Their was as angel in the river one day.  
All she left behind was a feather and memory.

# A True Beauty

On a sunny day she sat atop the hill.

The breeze blowing through her hair gently.

The sun shining on her.

She watched everything around her with a childlike sense of wonderment.

The kind that many of us lose and a young age.

The kind that we all want back.

She doesn't see the shadows in this world.

the hate, the misery, the war.

She has no use for those.

She sees the love, the kindness, the understanding.

Human cannot compare to angels, but she's the closest thing we've got.

I cherish her.

I envy her innocence.

My soul can show her nothing but, love and affection.

She is a glimmer of hope in this cold world.

The grass whistled for her,

The flower petals became fireworks for her.

The wind sung and danced with her.

The sun looked at her with nothing but love.

She belongs to the world.

She is the beloved child from the sky.

She is a true beauty.