

Poem Twenty-Four

was inspired by this weekend's full moon. Happy Monday.

asked the moon
if she loved

hanging
out with the stars

I understand why
so do I

being
in the sky
full
of thanks
hovering and just giving glow
knowing
there is nowhere
else to go

okay with being seen
in all my glorious phases
sometimes I'm just a sliver

still

woman is a light-giver

I
she
we
wax and wane
with cycles sacred and perfectly sane
so blame her madness on the moon
but let her dance and howl

we need her
dance and howl



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