

My Lady, Moon

By: Victoria Adams

The Maiden,
She is born anew
In a halo of the sun's ray
She turns her waxing head toward earth
Her smiles fall lightly down for her sleepy face

The Mother,
She grows pregnant with life for the brightest night
Full and true she comes to term
Wrapped in a starry blanket
Her full belly illuminates
All comers of night,
For one night

Howl
To the full moon
My lady calls my soul
To her ever darkening embrace

The Crown,
She holds entropy for the living in the folds of her phasing form
With her constant wave of waning hopes
She welcomes the deepest dark
She falls from her grace
Into a final position
In her final sleep
She show the
Circle of our
Existence
To us all
Once
More