

Untitled (The moon is dark tonight...)

The moon is dark tonight.
New moon?
No. Cloudy, just like most nights here.
The stars are silently twinkling--
Darkened--
Far beyond my grasp.
I crush the leaves at my feet as I walk,
Listening, haunted, to their muted cries.
The creatures of the night,
Even they have fled in my wake.
Against a tree I lean sadly.
Through the wheat fields I run madly.
No one notices while I shout at the clouds.
Clear! They said clear!
A million curses on the weatherman.
Give me back the cold twinkling,
My metaphor for everything.
In my dream, I am already there,
But here my feet remain planted.
The wind blows his cold reminder,
Only I am here to torment.
Watch over me. Don't make me go back.
I've already wept those tears.
Please, not a dress rehearsal.
Let someone besides Echo follow me.