PUBLISHED IN THE QUATRAIN

The Moon

Timeless thoughts of weighted memories
Alienated by a painful distance
The fun and laughter are now long gone
As is the thought of times of old
A new beginning embarks in grayness
Leaving behind it's sorted treasure
The tiresome journey will be taken in darkness
As a warm solemn moon painfully offers guidance
New lands are courted on the quest for new light
Craving to be amazed by their glow
Remember the moon though not brightly lit
Let it comfort the trials of the rough seas
Someday you might find your new light of dawn
But navigate carefully, for when you look back
Your moon might be gone.

Seamus 11:11