

Underneath the Sliver night Sky

Marcus T. Blake

A poem I wrote in my first year of university.

The Silver moon, huge and bright
Riveting the tides, illuminating the night.
Choirs of snowflakes dancing in the sky

The Silver moon, glowed, conscious in the sky
Flowers, trees wrapped in glorious light
The Silver moon, huge and bright

The Silver moon shines, luminous in might
Hearts and prayers gleaming in delight
Wishes blooming, converging into butterflies

Waiting for her wish to be fulfilled, underneath the snowy hill

The little girl sits in the moonlit mist
The Silver moon, huge and bright

Wrapping the little girl in a cosy mist
Mending her heart, that's broken into bits
The Silver moon comforts her, with its gentle light
The little girl smiles, joyous in delight.
A bright cluster of stars dance in the sky
The Silver moon, huge and bright
Riveting the tides, illuminating the night.