

she was the moon, beautiful  
yet somehow always just out of reach.  
always hiding herself away  
in her most intimate moments.  
always just not yet ready  
for what the world had to give her.

she kept her distance, even after the universe  
opened up for her & offered her a home.

she shied away at the earliest notion  
that the planets only rotated for her.  
that the waves caused by this rotation  
were created of her own volition.

she hid herself away in the darkness  
& when she returned she was bright  
& full & new & wondrous.  
& even though she returned with a new outlook  
& new perceptions of the space that surrounds  
her ability to be open & bright & genuine  
she quickly disappeared.

she was the moon, & she shied away  
as the moon so often does because  
even though she is beautiful & illuminating  
& a reflective beacon for the sailor lost at sea  
& the dream destination of the little prince  
who would reach out his window  
in the slightest attempt to call her home  
she must still follow her cycle.  
still protect herself from the universe.  
still keep her foretold independence within her heart.

she was the moon & she was alone  
& she told herself she was happier that way.