

THE MOON

JORDAN BOWERS

The Moon, a forgotten soul
of a past lover.

Her fulness admired in
the darkness
as She shined upon you,

Her curves full and filled
to your gaze so far below

and your eyes shift and turn
as She shows you Her dark side,
slowly but surly
for you should admire all of Her
or none.

As Her darkness showed you
turned to the Sun, for it is always
full
curved and
bright

but you run back to the Moon
when She exposes Herself once more.

For you a relationship of convenience
For Her a relationship of confusion.

While you love the Sun who
can cover the Moon you admire,
just remember

The Moon can cover the Sun
and surround you in the darkness
you are so afraid of.