

A Better Moon

Ian Anderson

I see you better now, shaded in deeper blue.
Hardly needing to carry the find-your-way lamp
down to the river.
Tonight flies a better moon.

Sad water buffalo lie fast near the shallows;
a splash revealing the fly-catching fishes.
Dark Gods silently watching.
Tonight flies a better moon.

I guess you've known lovers here, compliant in passion;
softly laid in the old reed bed, harshly
lit in the noon sun.
Tonight flies a better moon.

Now cloaked in this milky light, new as the virgin dawn,
shrouded sweetly in all kinds of mystery,
you turn, smile and then are gone.
Tonight flies a better moon.