

The silent image of a poetic light the  
crescent moon enhances the  
blackened night my eyes are bound to  
the beauty that I see the moon's  
magnetism - it beckons me pores of  
my mind rise and fall in lnation lost in  
a spell entranced in lunar fixation  
alters the rhythms and the tides of  
the oceans eclipsing hemispheres of  
my emotions moon enters in its new  
phase-governs both the nights and  
the days bathe in its heavenly rays -  
strange allure the one that I praise