

The Moon

Through my bedroom window,
Framed in the night's sky sits the Moon,
Like a giant white ball fixed and still,
Watching over a sleeping world,
Like an anxious parent watches its child,
Still, I lie, sleep still distant,
My mind wanders over the day just finished,
Happy thoughts, regretful thoughts,
Still nothing can be changed,
But you, dear Moon, keep me cheered,
Wrap me up in your warm bright light,
Till sleep takes me on another adventure.