

What Color was The Moon?

I cleansed myself in the waters of our moon
mixed with a healthy hint of sun

A sea of gold and green- another one of those
compassionate jokes they like to play on me.

Well, I'd be lying if I said I didn't have fun playing along
So I accept those hidden coats of golden smoke-
the ones you left for us
in the waters of grief.

In their warmth
the songs that made me weep this morning
are now just as likely to make me smile
in the calm of my evenings.

In my chosen language
I wear your love everywhere I go
but I still think we should watch each other close
It's rare, what we have
and it can't be stolen
but on occasion I misplace my coat
and need a friend to help me find it again