

## **“Moonbeams”**

Every night I see her dancing in my dreams.  
Her hair flows like moonbeams,  
Her dress dappled with stars.  
She slowly turns to face me,  
Tears lining her lashes  
Before pirouetting off on pointed toes.

Every night is the same dance in the light  
It's always such a sight  
Dancing ballet in silence  
I want to talk to her  
And ask for her name  
But I cannot speak, and she smiles sadly.

Every night I watch her patiently in turn  
Her soul calling out in yearn  
Looking for someone not there.  
One night she collapsed at my feet,  
Weeping silently yet gracefully  
Beads of stars falling on the floor

Every night her dance is changing,  
Adapting, and morphing  
Pantomiming the story of her loss  
They were shining and bright  
Flowing cape a radiant sunset,  
Wrapping around the two when they danced

Every day they danced and every night she danced  
Chasing each other in circles, romanced  
In this eternal interlude  
One night they vanished,  
She, left alone,  
Kept her fouettés to herself

Every night after I heard of her sad tale  
She still continued to dance without fail  
And I mourned with her grief.  
When the nights ended  
She left like always,  
So I searched for her love, unrequited.

Every night I find nothing and no one  
I have lost count of how much she spun  
Sadly I tell her the news  
Slowly stopping in her tracks  
She reaches for my hand,  
And smiled sadly.

Every night she stopped showing up in my dreams  
I never saw her flowing hair of moonbeams  
Or stars flowing off her in waves.  
Her goodbye was fresh and burning  
But her gift never left me,  
Their story, engraved deep in my soul.