

Tuesday 6th July 2021

My dusty,
dry, shadowy
places are beautiful.

Shady, spooky holes.

Glamorous light surface.

Yellow, cheesy spotty

bubbles. Guides your way

in the dark space.

The Moon Speaks

I, the moon,
would like it known - I
never follow people home. I
simply do not have the time. And
neither do I ever shine. For what you
often see at night is me reflecting solar
light. And I'm not cheese! No, none of
these: no mozzarellas, cheddars, bries, all
you'll find here - if you please - are my
dusty, empty seas. And cows do not
jump over me. Now that is simply
lunacy! You used to come and
visit me. Oh do return,
I'm lonely, see.