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While Under A Beam Of Moonlight

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Cover Page Footnote
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In another grove
of Ashtaroth
submerged in the glow
of Pasht, I
wandered suspended
from the ground
beneath leaf-colored
branches.

I discovered
empyreal gardens,
secret thickets and
bubbling springs, with
the ethereal murmur
of nature’s
clear ambience,
obscured by an eclipse
of shadows.

Sated with
a sentence of wonder,
my emotions
were cleansed
in a singleness of purity
from the hardening
of daily
impurities.

I felt
the hair on
my cheek sway
in the soft
breeze.

My eyes
were shaded from
the luster of the
moon
by the night’s
gentle hand.

The tongue
of my mouth
licked the sweet
drops
that plummeted
from wet leaves
overhead, silvery and
ripe.

I swallowed
with my nose

the cool perfume
of air,
whose scent
kissed
my lips and caressed
my warm breath.

Then, with one eye
still watching me,
the sky grumbled
and flashed,
beckoning me from the darkness
of nature’s
trees.

And while I
remained bathed
in the mist of this
beam, I could
hear
the distant
sigh of a land
strangely asleep.

My body
was showered
and lashed with
thorns
that splattered my
skin with its
blood.

It reminded me
of where
I stood, that I
was frail and prone
to its fickle
charms.

And while the storm
roared,
I paced with my
feelings torn, miles
away from the cities
of men.

The trees
danced with the
wind and laughed
scornfully at my innocence.

HAROLD DILL