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## While Under A Beam Of Moonlight

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## While Under A Beam Of Moonlight

### 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  
empyrean gardens,  
secret thickets and  
bubbling springs, with  
the ethereal murmur  
of nature's  
clear ambience,  
obscured by an eclipse  
of shadows.*

*Sated with  
a sentience 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*

*While  
under  
a  
beam  
of  
moonlight*

*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